

MODERN SCREEN

NUMBER

0

ENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



ASTA
and
MYRNA LOY

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LOMBARD?



Irresistible

Irresistible brings you lipsticks in fashion's newest shades . . . BLUE PINK and FLASH RED . . . the colors being worn by debutantes. ~ For a perfect blend of beauty and smartness buy both these new shades of flattering Irresistible lipstick—and be prepared to match your lips to your every costume! ~ Blue Pink and Flash Red add such allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. ~ But remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder to match each shade of lipstick.

You'll adore, too, the fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Try it today—on your skin, your hair, your clothing—you'll never again be without it! All Irresistible preparations are certified pure. Only 10¢ each at all 5 and 10¢ stores.

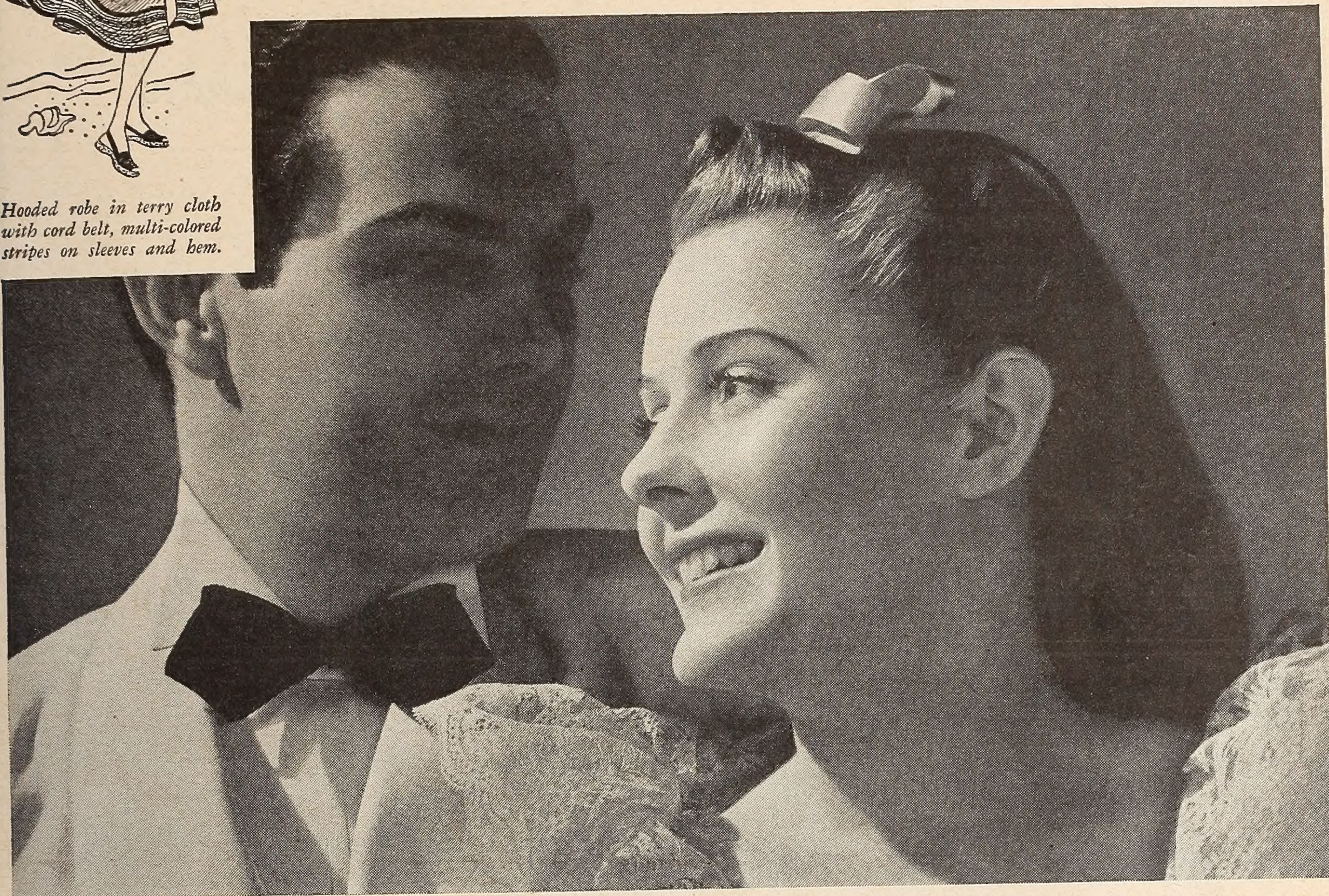




Hooded robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.

Her striking beach coat arrested his glance
but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

ABOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—see your dentist at once! It may mean nothing serious.

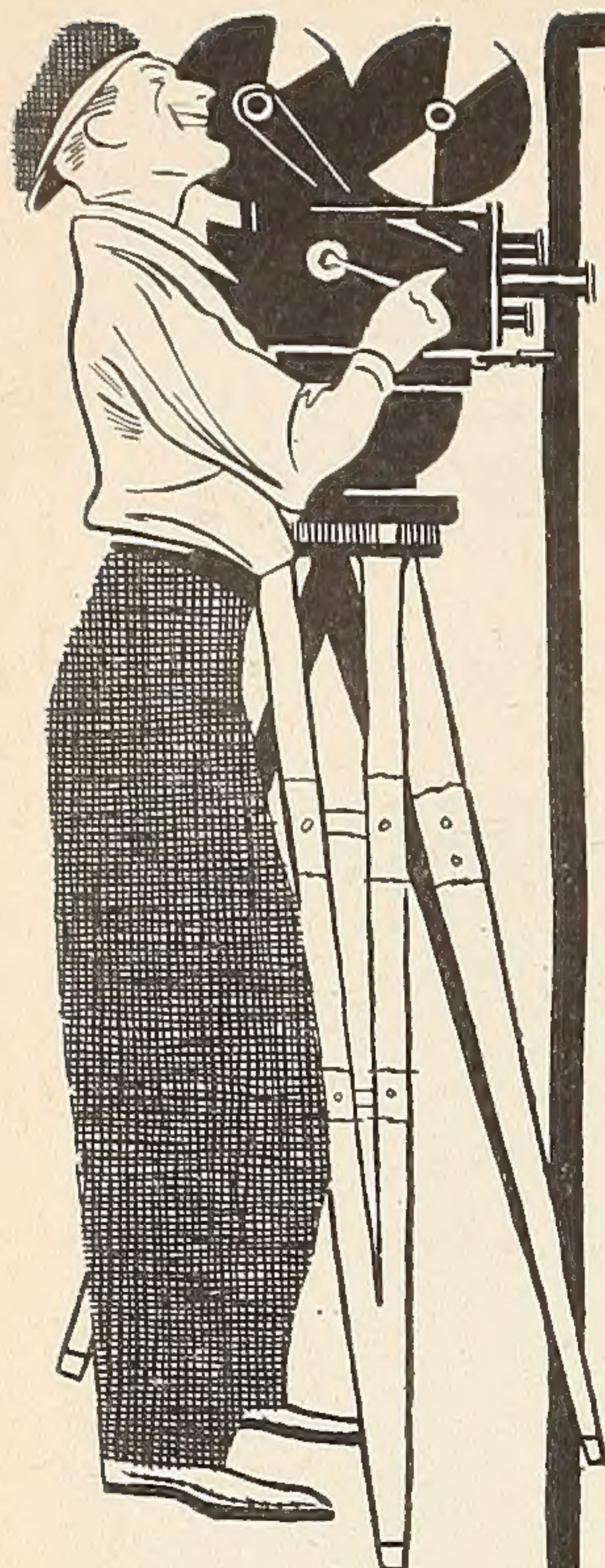
Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums...lazy gums awoken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Regina Cannon
EditorLois Svensrud
Hollywood EditorAbril Lamarque
Art Editor

MODERN SCREEN

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Fresh charm, new beauty — can come with
a Lovelier Skin!

READ CHARMING MRS. CONNORS' BEAUTY ADVICE:

Camay helps my skin look its very best—and I can't ask more than that of any beauty care! If you want to help your skin look its loveliest, just be faithful to Camay!

Weehawken, N. J.
April 28, 1939

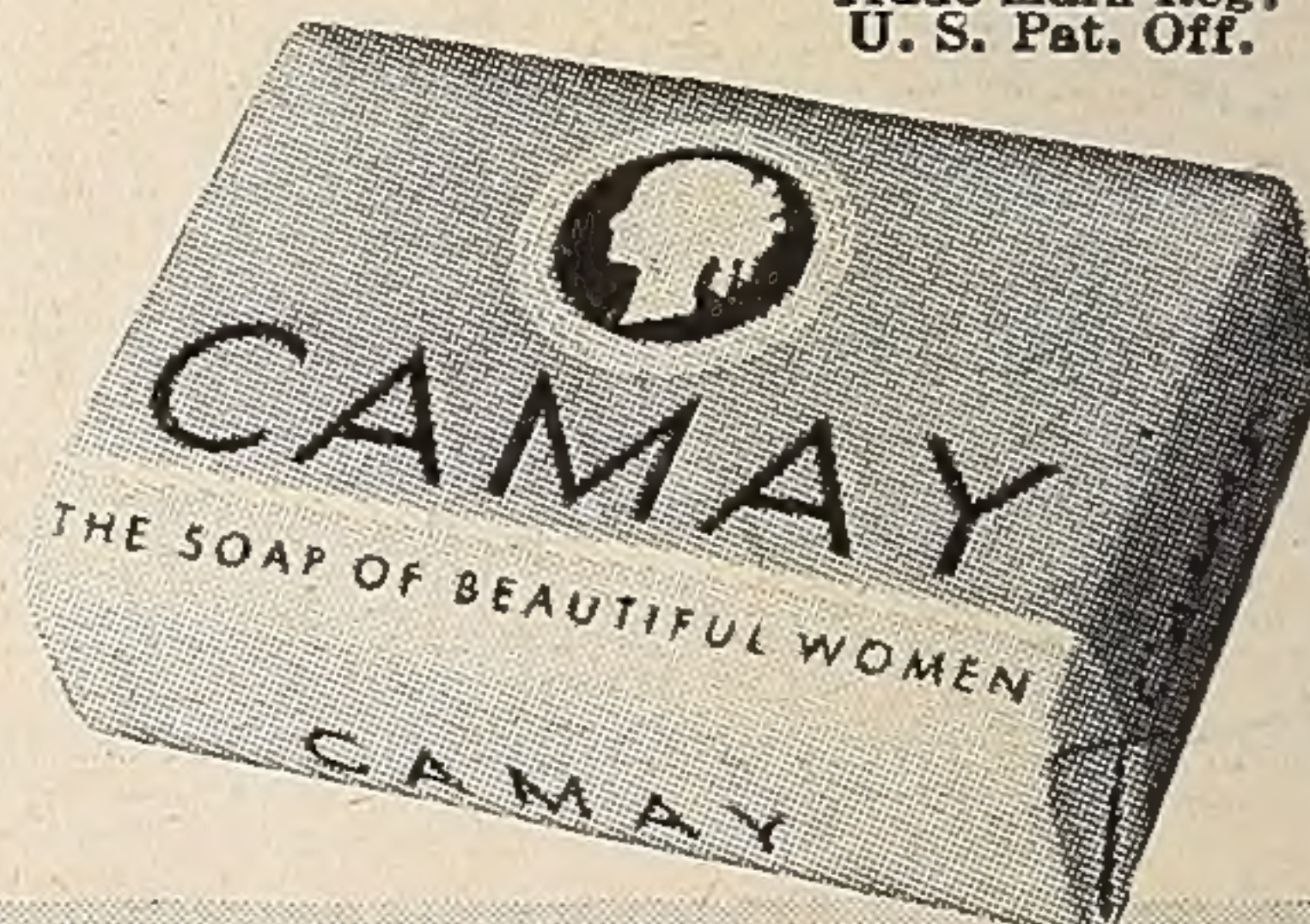
(Signed) MARGARET CONNORS
(Mrs. Vincent J. Connors)

WOULD you expect to help bring out the hidden beauty of *your* skin without giving it expert care—a *beauty* care? Of course not! Nothing is more important, according to charming Mrs. Connors, than thorough, but gentle cleansing—and *she* recommends Camay!

You'll like Camay, too! For Camay's searching beauty bubbles cleanse skin completely...yet their caressing *mildness* makes even sensitive skin grateful for such gentle

care! For your beauty bath, too, you'll find Camay a wonderful help in keeping skin on back and shoulders lovely—a refreshing aid to daintiness! Yet Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Watch *your* skin respond to its gentle care!

Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Lady Esther says—
**"The wrong shade of powder can turn
 the RIGHT MAN away!"**



Why spoil your own charm? Find
 the shade of my powder that glori-
 fies your skin—the one shade that
 is Lucky For You!

YOU KNOW how critical the eyes of
 men can be. So why guess—why
 gamble when you choose your face pow-
 der? Actually some shades make you *look*
years older. Others flatter you. Until you

do the Lady Esther test, it is almost im-
 possible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be
 very deceiving, and unless you compare
 many right on your own skin and with
 the help of your own mirror, you may
 never know the shade that flatters you
 most—that *makes you most alluring*—that
 brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may inno-



*Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge,
 and find the powder shade most flattering to you!*

cently be using a shade that's all wrong
 for you—a shade that clouds your beauty
 —a shade that suited you four months
 ago but which is *all wrong* for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to
 take such chances. For there is, among
 my *ten thrilling new shades* of face powder,
 one that is *right* for you—one that will
 bring you luck.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to
 try *all my shades* which I will send you
 free. Don't skip even one. For the shade
 you never thought you could wear may
 be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes
 will know—*your mirror will tell you*. Other
 women will tell you that you look young-
 er and fresher... and men will murmur
 to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you
 receive my ten shades—and make your
 "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two
 amazing qualities in this superfine pow-
 der. It's free from the slightest hint of
 coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!*
 If you use it after dinner, you will be free
 of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find your *luckiest shade*.
 Let it flatter your beauty always—help
 you win more luck in life and love.



*There's a "4 leaf clover"
 in life for every girl
 who finds her lucky
 shade of Lady Esther
 Face Powder.*

(46)

(You can paste this on a
 penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID
 your 10 new shades of Face Powder,
 also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

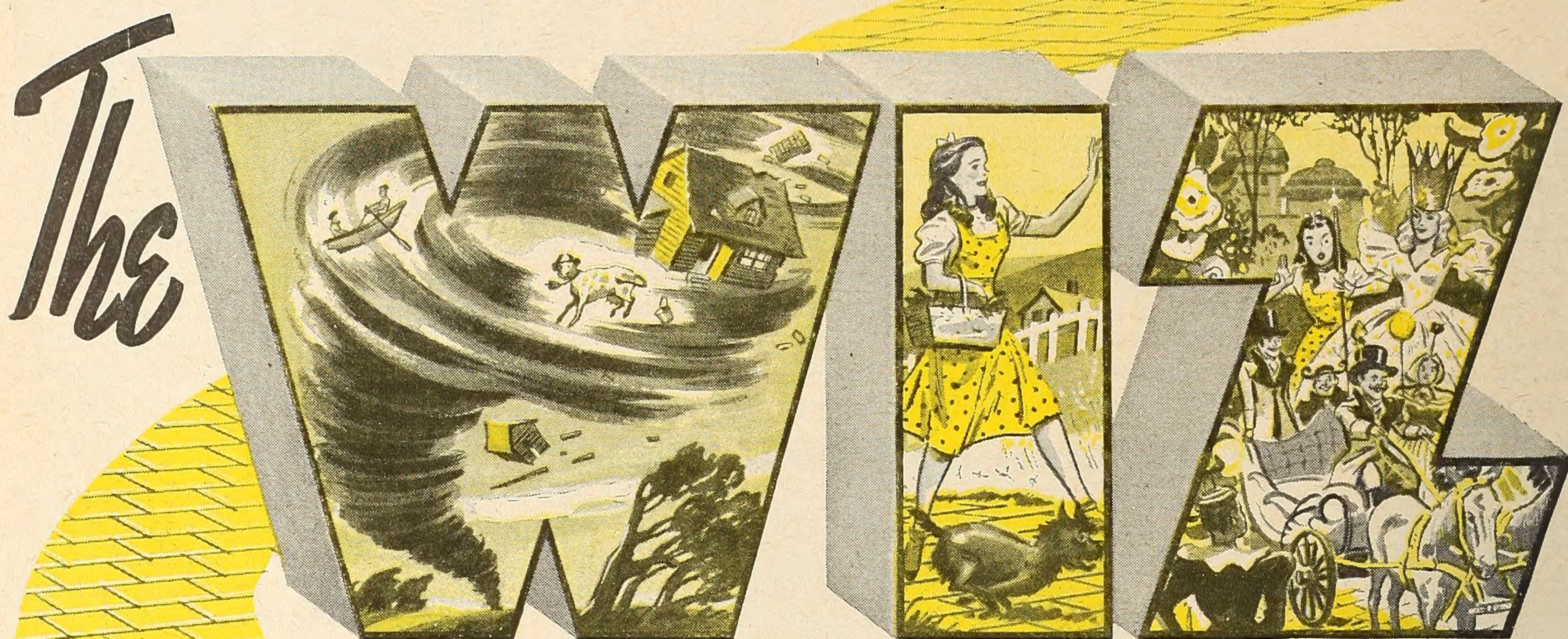
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

LADY ESTHER POWDER

MODERN SCREEN

Gaiety... Glory...

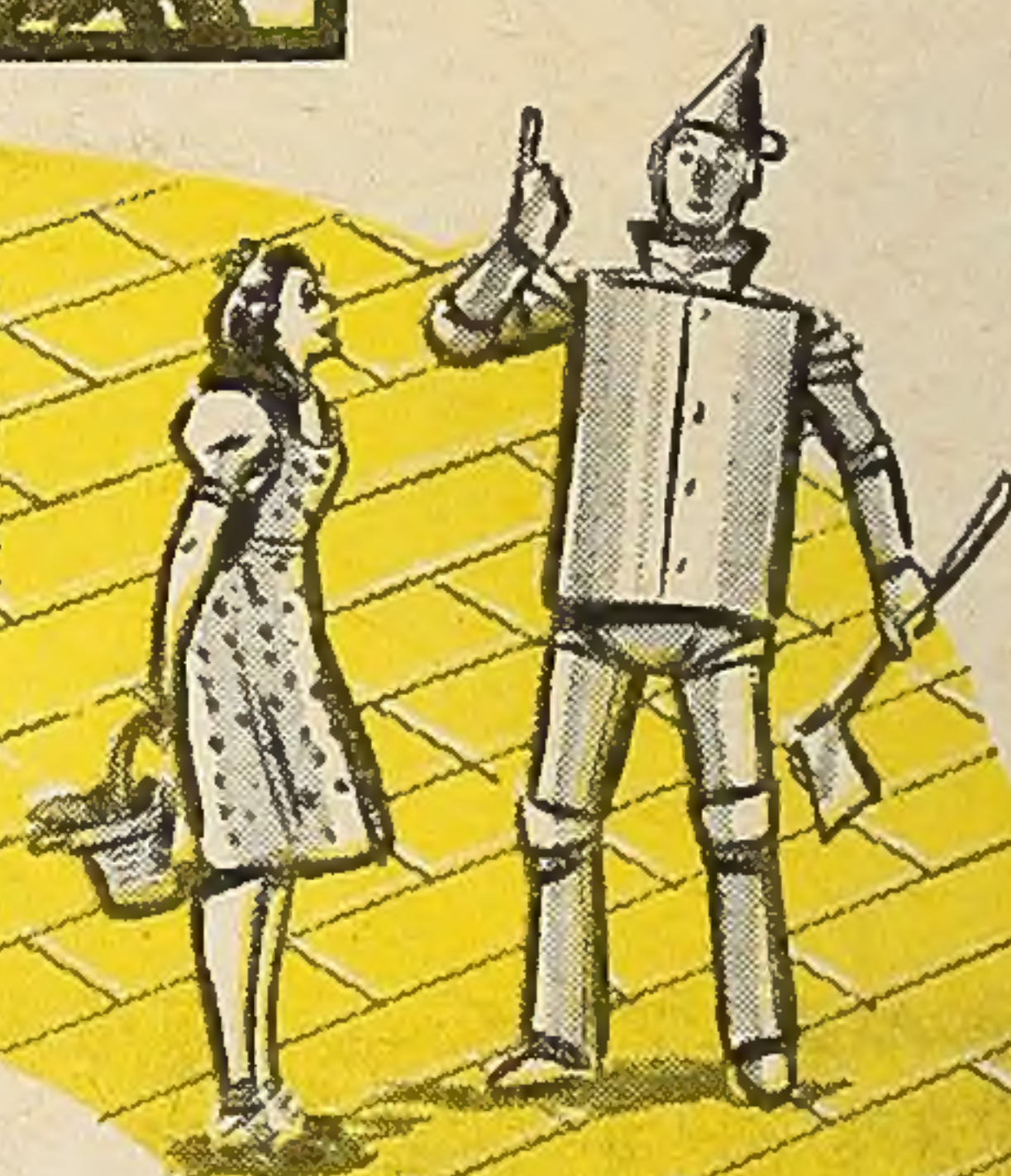
IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!



Don magic red slippers
(presented by the be-
loved Good Witch),
whirl from the Every-
day with Dorothy and
Toto, the wonder dog
—first exciting stop...
Munchkinland!



Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow
—in his hunt for a brain—dodge
self-picking apple trees that pelt
you with their fruit—



Meet the Tin Man—oil
his rusty joints—hear
him creak out his sad
tale—he's minus a heart
—and doesn't know
where to find one—

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (as Dorothy),
FRANK MORGAN (as the Wizard), RAY BOLGER (as the Scarecrow),
BERT LAHR (as the Cowardly Lion), JACK HALEY (as the Tin Wood-
man), BILLIE BURKE (as the Good Witch), MARGARET HAMILTON
(as the Bad Witch), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (as Uncle Henry) and the
Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar
Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming
Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming

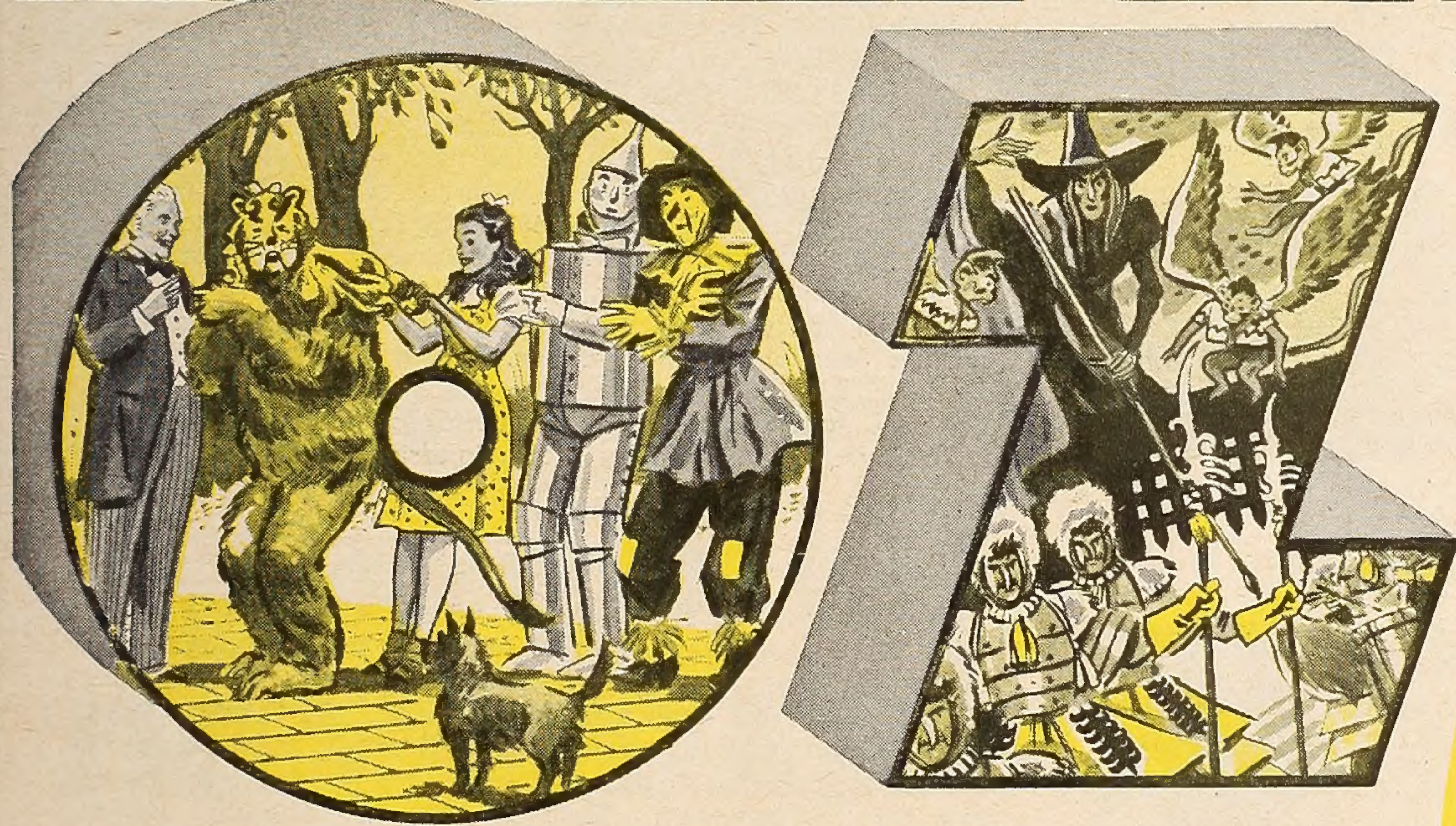
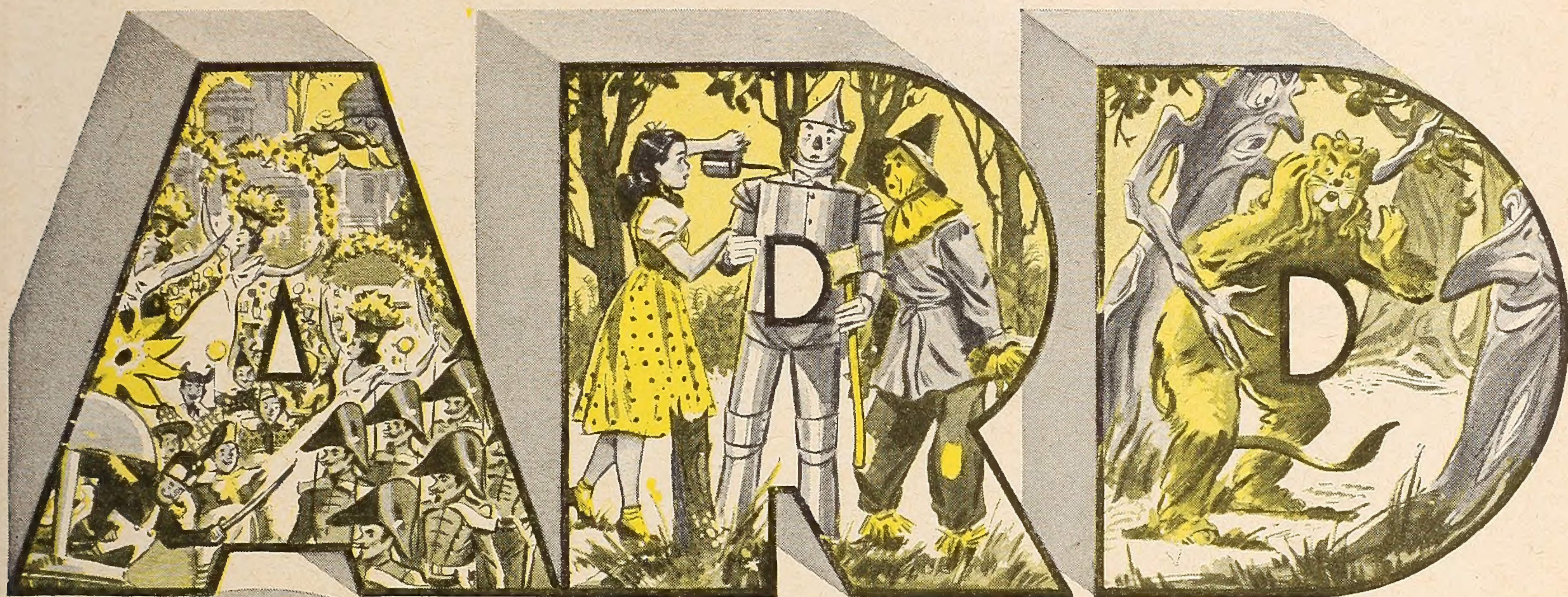
Glamour



Magic Music

BY HAROLD ARLEN AND E. Y. HARBURG

"Over the Rainbow"
 "If I Only Had a Brain"
 "We're Off to See the Wizard"
 "The Merry Old Land of Oz"
 "Ding Dong"
 "If I Were King of the Forest"



DARING WHAT NEVER HAS BEEN DARED BEFORE!

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!



Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★ Young Mr. Lincoln



Sincerity of purpose and superb artistry mark this picture. Young Mr. Lincoln is admirably portrayed by Henry Fonda, who here falls heir to the best role of his career and does full justice to it. The story deals with only a few years in the life of Lincoln, dating from 1832. In depicting the early struggles of the young lawyer, the scripters have stressed the wise humor and sympathy which characterized the man.

Having decided that law was simply the difference between right and wrong, "Honest Abe" hangs up his shingle in Springfield and draws for his first important case one that would appall the most experienced lawyer. He is called upon to defend two brothers in a murder trial and the ensuing trial forms the basis for the story. Into that one situation are packed all the elements of human emotion. Alice Brady, as the mother of the two boys on trial, gives a performance that should be remembered when the Academy Awards are handed out.

Though Ann Rutledge (Pauline Moore) appears but briefly in the picture, the influence of her love is always apparent. Mary Todd (Marjorie Weaver) comes in for a relatively unimportant role in this period of Lincoln's life. Both girls give satisfactory accounts of themselves, while Donald Meek, as the cantankerous lawyer opposing Lincoln, provides many a chuckle. Directed by John Ford.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Man About Town

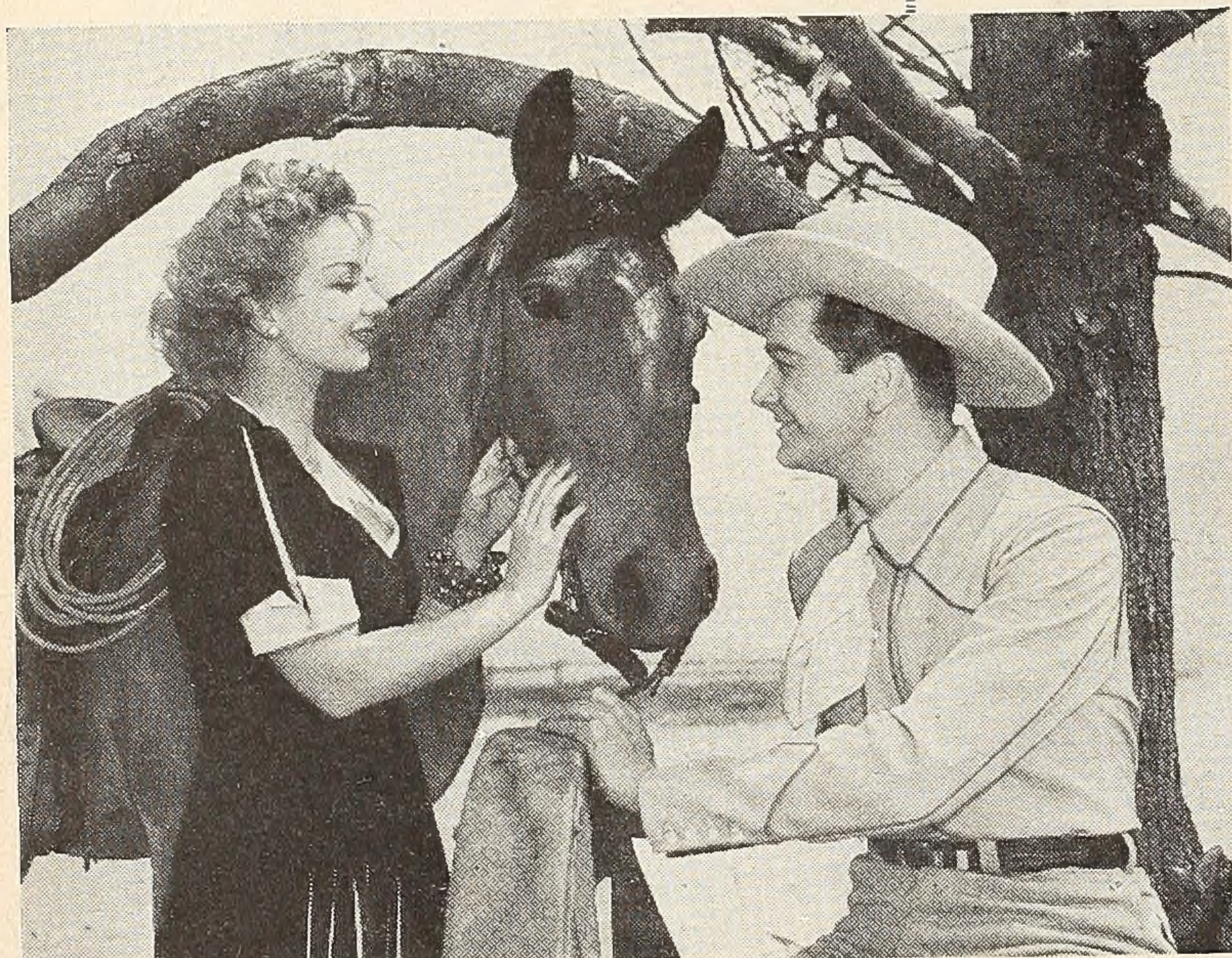


This is Jack Benny's best picture to date. You'll get your money's worth all right, for, besides Benny, there are girls, gags, guffaws—and Rochester. The latter gentleman comes close to stealing every scene he darkens, but this has not stopped Benny from giving him plenty of opportunity.

The story is laid in London this time, which fact provides a swell excuse for some hilarious fog scenes and a sequence at the country place of Lord and Lady Whosis, admirably portrayed by Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes. Benny, the hero, is a nice young man, but he can't get any girls to go out with him. He's that nice. He doesn't stand a ghost of a show with the girl of his dreams, Dorothy Lamour, who favors gents with more spunk—in particular Phil Harris. It isn't until Benny unwittingly gets himself entangled with titled ladies, that doleful Dottie begins to appreciate the slow-poke hero. By that time poor Jack hasn't a moment to spare for her. He's too busy avoiding the titled husbands who have decided to give up shooting grouse and concentrate on comedians, instead.

There's Matty Malneck music and some beautiful numbers by the Meriel Abbott dancers. Betty Grable and Isabel Jeans add decidedly decorative touches. With the exception of Dorothy Lamour, top-notch characterizations are given by everyone. Directed by Mark Sandrich.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Maisie



A surprise is in store for you with this picture. Put out with no fan-fare whatsoever, it turns out to be highly entertaining with excellent performances by all the cast.

To Ann Sothorn goes most of the credit. As "Maisie," she gives a grand performance that will leave movie patrons clamoring for more of this actress, whose breaks have been few and far between. She's a giddy, good-hearted show-girl here, who becomes stranded in a Wyoming cow-town. Flip and smart-alecky though she appears to be, there's nothing phony about this blonde. And Ann Sothorn registers the quality of her honesty one hundred percent—even on hard-hearted Robert Young who's leery of anything in skirts. You'll like Robert Young in this role, which is decidedly different from his former care-free play-boy ones.

Ruth Hussey, a cold and calculating number who tries to outwit the heroine, gives an excellent account of herself. Ian Hunter, as her unhappy husband, is as satisfactorily competent as ever. Cliff Edwards draws a grand role as Young's sympathetic side-kick and has the opportunity to sing some of those famous ditties of the lone prairie. There's not so much as a cattle rustler in sight, but the background of the beautiful Wyoming country provides a romantic spirit in the best western tradition. Directed by Edwin Marin.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* (Continued on page 14)

Dirty Faces..Hungry Hearts

BUT WITH A SONG IN THEIR SOULS !



Kids who'll dig right down into your heart—so human, so natural, so downright lovable! And a glowing romance that will send you from the theatre with a lump in your throat!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*
Jascha **HEIFETZ**
in
**THEY SHALL HAVE
MUSIC!**
with
Joel McCREA • Andrea LEEDS
Gene REYNOLDS Walter BRENNAN

Directed by **ARCHIE MAYO**

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS





TREACHER TALKS

BY MARY BURGUM



When you ask Arthur Treacher why he hasn't married again, he says, "Nobody has asked me." Right, Arthur and Shirley Temple puttin' on a song and jig in "The Little Princess." Some pep!

Honest, witty and shrewd, there's not a grouch in his system

HE IS six feet three in his bedroom slippers, a height he attained at the age of nineteen, and he began his theatrical career as a chorus man, in London, shortly after the Armistice was signed. The explanation of that one is that Charles Cochrane wanted a male chorus for one of his shows—every man in it to be six feet two or then some. And if Cochrane's colossal chorus wasn't a lucky break for A. Treacher, he wouldn't know about lucky breaks.

Because, you see, the towering Mr. T.'s life up to that point had been devoid of that divine satisfaction which comes from doing something you really want to do. He didn't want to be a chorus man particularly, but he had always wanted to go on the stage. And what with having no experience, no contacts and nothing to offer but a splendid physique and naturally good diction, it was ripping of Cochrane to think up this notion at exactly the right time.

The Treacher boyhood was spent in an English public school. Perhaps you know that when our British cousins say "public" school they mean private school. A real public school is called a board school. Anyway, young Master Treacher went to Uppingham, where English small fry are prepared for Oxford or Cambridge. He was a so-so student—"inferribly lazy," says he—and spent most of the term waiting for the "vac." "Vacs" were spent at home with the mater, a little bit of a woman. The pater, a big man of six feet, had died when his son was seven. He had been a barrister, which is British for lawyer.

Mother and son moved from Brighton, where Arthur was born, to Hayward's Heath, where Mrs. Treacher still resides, except when she is visiting her son in Hollywood and dragging him to the Trocadero, Lamaze, the prize-fights and premieres. Hayward's Heath is named for a famous medieval highwayman who used to rob the rich to help the poor, just like Robin Hood. The Treacher home was called Muster Green because, in olden times, all the townsmen used to "muster" on that "green," see, and fight off medieval gangsters with the broad sword and anything that came handy. Treacher's new home in Hollywood is called Muster Green, too, and he's thinking of having cards printed to explain what it means.

Arthur Treacher's real name is Arthur Veary Treacher. The Veary is a family name which was stuck in the middle of all Treachers' names of either sex. He is an only child and he and his mother adore each other in a restrained,

British sort of way. Father wanted son to be a barrister, too. That was one of the things A. T. didn't want to do. But his dreams of the stage were unthinkable—oh, absolutely—so he just kept on wondering how he could possibly squeak through his exams at Uppingham and not be "sent down" first term at the University.

To save his suffering any embarrassment, the war broke out. Lying slightly about his age, which was easy to do considering his size, he joined up with the Queen's Westminster Rifles. He was commissioned in May, 1915, in the artillery, and he swears he spent the entire four years and four months of his service in two mudholes near Ypres.

"What no leaves in Paris?" I asked.

"I spent my leaves in England," he said.

He was gassed once, but emerged with no physical scars. Spiritual scars? Well, the usual ones, which men don't talk about very much, some disillusionment, weariness and bitterness. However, he emerged with one definite thought.

"After spending my youth preparing for a career I didn't want, and four and a half years serving my country, I do not think I could be considered a selfish bounder because I decided that, for a space of time at any rate, I would do something I wanted to do."

Cochrane's show was a hit and it led to other things. Most of them, you'll be surprised, were not comedy—blood-and-thunder dramas, horse races on the stage, Bengal Lancers rescuing lovely ladies from bloodthirsty natives in the nick of time, that sort of thing.

"It was before the cinema had moved in on London to any extent," says Treacher. "They actually put horse races on the stage, on one of those treadmill affairs, you know. Bang-up entertainment. Something like your old New York Hippodrome shows combined with the chariot race in 'Ben Hur.'"

From 1919 until 1926 he never played a single butler and then Jake and Lee Shubert said how about coming over and doing a turn at the Winter Garden. Broadway, the English actor's idea of heaven, treated Treacher pretty well until 1929, what with "The Cat and the Fiddle" and a Mary Nash and an Ethel Barrymore play. Then, of course, Fate happened 'round again.

"Oh, dear, yes, it was bad," he says in that droll way of his. "And was I in a dither of delight when I had a chance to audition for a radio job. Three hundred a week it was to pay, and I wanted that three hundred. How I wanted it! I had one suit and (Continued on page 12)



We believe you, Junior, but the boy friend doesn't, the landlady doesn't, the boss doesn't — and the boss' son doesn't. And this little difference of opinion develops into one of the

biggest comedy hits in years!... How Ginger wins her man by losing the argument rouses as much hilarity as a tankful of laughing gas. Try either one if you want some fun!

GINGER
ROGERS

DAVID
NIVEN

"Bachelor Mother"



CHARLES COBURN • FRANK ALBERTSON

E. E. CLIVE • • • PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION

Directed by Garson Kanin, Produced by B. G. DeSylva

Screen Play by Norman Krasna • • • • Story by Felix Jackson

RKO RADIO PICTURE

Summer Days are
TAMPON DAYS

Here's Why
Women Choose

FIBS*

THE KOTEX* TAMPON



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PRODUCT—SO IT
MUST BE GOOD*

Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features*, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

*THE ONLY
TAMPON
THAT'S QUILTED*



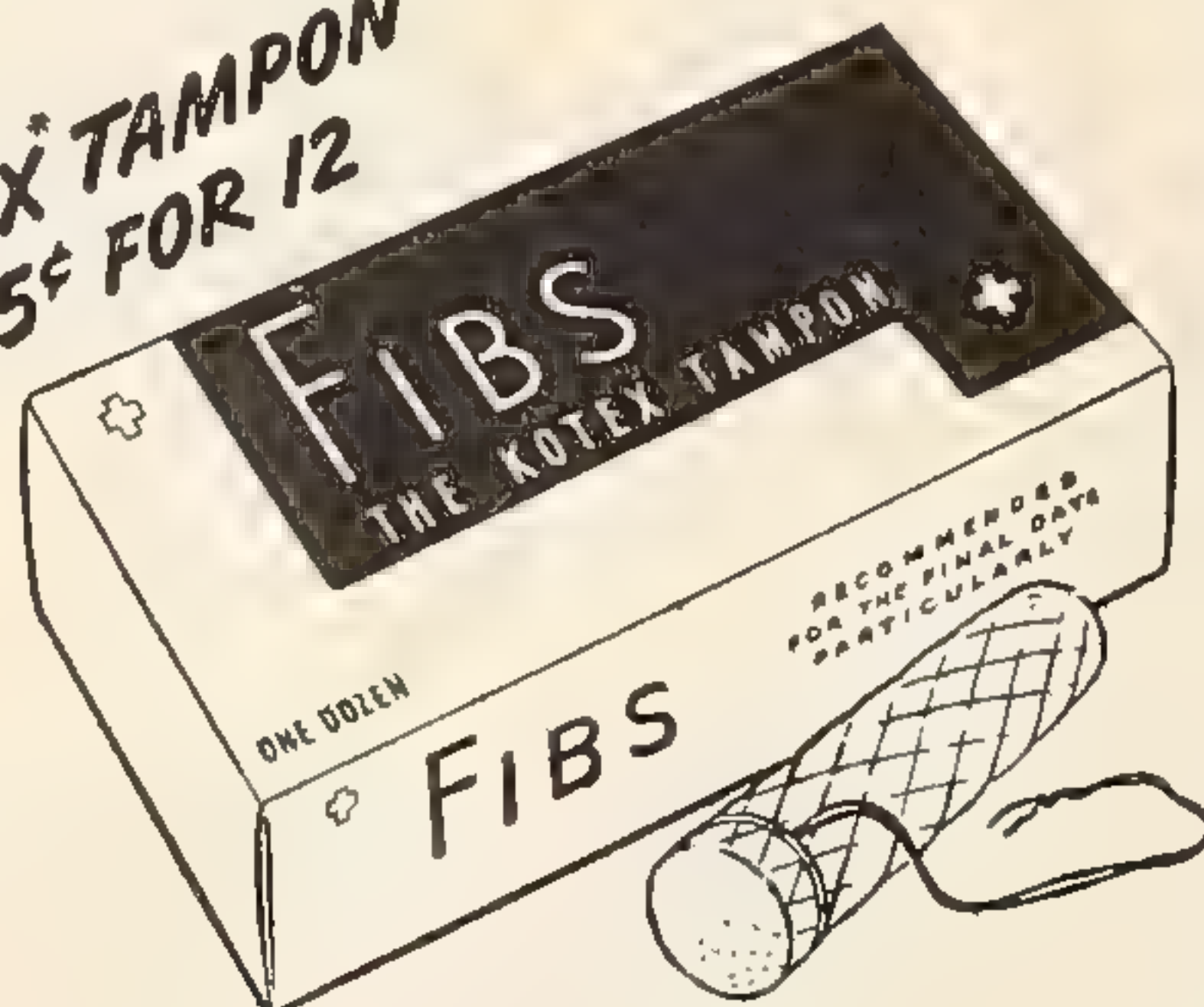
Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, *so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!*



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(NOT COTTON)
BECAUSE IT'S
MORE ABSORBENT*

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a *full dozen*. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

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I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the
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City State

plenty of debts, and images of rare roast beef kept coming up before me, with sometimes a whole cauliflower on the side. I'd lived on tea and toast for so long I began to cry every time I passed a restaurant.

"Well, they were going to put on some serial thing or other that had been running in one of the magazines. It was a love story and I was trying out for the lead. I gave it everything I had. 'Darling, I adore you, I worship you,' I said, and I am quite certain Barrymore couldn't have done it better, at least as far as the vibrations went. But all the chaps in the studio just clutched their tums and nearly expired laughing. 'Oh, no, I say, old boy,' said the coach between spasms. 'This is serious, you know. I mean, you're in love with the girl, old thing.'

"So I tried again, putting in more umph, and the same thing happened again, and the coach said, 'Old fellow, when we want a good comedian, we'll send for you, haha, I adore you, I worship you, priceless.' That was the first time I knew I was priceless. I'd not played lovers on the stage—well, I mean, really, I couldn't, now could I? But I figured they'd not see my face and my voice wasn't supposed to be funny."

SINCE then, Mr. T. has been being funny and enjoying it pretty well, with a couple of minor reservations here and there. New York was hopeless in 1929, so he finally hooked up with Mitzi Hajos, that certified Czech among musical comedy troupers, and she toted him on a seventy-two weeks' tour of these United States.

"One can see a great deal of a country in seventy-two weeks," he says. "I'd get up fairly early, and I used to pop into buses and trolleys, and rubberneck around the various cities we visited. I'll wager I know them better than many of their residents. Made a number of friends in Chicago, which alarmed Mother a little at first, after all she'd heard. At that time, you know—Capone and all that sort of thing.

"And the size, height, speed and the bigness of everything—amazing! Forty miles of onions, hundreds of miles of wheat! All the poor families owning cars and radios and going to the movies every night and playing Bingo. You've no idea how stupendous all of it is to us, after our little patchwork farms and tidy little flower beds. And a poor English family saves up for a whole year to spend one day at Blackpool (British Coney Island) during the summer. Amazing!"

"Am I right in assuming that you like it pretty well?"

"Oh, absolutely," said he. He added that, if his mother could be talked into leaving Hayward's Heath and joining him at Muster Green, California, he'd become an American citizen. He has no other obligations. He was married once, shortly after the war, but it didn't work. There's no story there, just a youthful mistake, amiably abrogated.

It was in 1933 that Treacher was knocking about the West Coast with a casual little stock company, organized by E. E. Clive and George K. Arthur. They were broke, too. Treacher signed up with them on the basis that if anybody got a movie nibble, he should take it, just so's he didn't walk out in the middle of a performance. Later, the stock company was joined by an extraordinarily handsome leading man named Arlington Brugh, and if you don't know that he is today's Robert Taylor, where have you been? Almost everybody in the company got a movie bid of a sort and would do his cinema stint and

return to the stock company if he had to. Treacher did quite a few bits at twenty-five bucks a day. His first outstanding part, which took him out of the stock company for good and all, was in a Crawford-Montgomery bit of fluff called "No More Ladies."

Treacher and his screen wife, in the picture, arrived at one of those Crawford-Connecticut weekends and when A.T. was introduced to all the folks, it sounded as if he said "Ahdedodelie Ahmzhore." That's the best I can do with it—you really couldn't understand a word he said all the way through the picture. This was by design, and is no reflection on A. T.'s excellent speech. Audiences clasped their sides and rolled in their chairs every time he opened his mouth. He was marvelous, and just why he hasn't been permitted to give us more of this British double-talk since is one of those Hollywood mysteries.

"Oh, I say, yes," he said when I recalled the role. "If you're going to ask me what part I'd like to play most, I'm going to say that part in 'No More Ladies.' You know, you really say something when you do that sort of thing, only you run it all together and you say, 'Delighted. Oh what perfectly terrible people might do these things happen to me.' Or they say, 'Will you have a drink?' And you say, 'Ah, thanks. Terrible whiskey hope they don't put too much ice in it why do Americans like so much ice.' Simple, what? And always gets an appreciative laugh from the audience."

The "couple of minor reservations" we spoke about have to do with playing butlers and with being imitated. Not professionally imitated—that's okay. But he gets perfectly furious when people come up to him and say, "Oh, H'i s'y, h'old, chawp," and things like that.

"Why do they always pick on Englishmen?" he wants to know. "If there are a Frenchman, a German, a Dane and a Hungarian with me on one set, everybody always imitates me. And they do it all wrong—that's what's maddening."

ABOUT the butlers, I said, "If you're sick of playing butlers, why don't you do something about it? You're a scene-stealer and a picture-saver—you should be able to do a little dictating once in a while."

"I have done something about it, madame," he answered. "I am no longer under the aegis of Twentieth Century-Fox. I'm a free lance."

"And how're yuh doin'?"

"Well, at any rate, I've turned down two parts, which is something I've not been able to do before. Always been absolutely obedient. I haven't played a butler for fourteen months, now." He said this with the pride usually reserved for crowing over loss of weight.

Treacher and Darryl Zanuck are still speaking to each other. There was no studio row.

"It's just that I'm really too expensive for what one studio can do with me," he explained honestly. "I mean, it's pretty silly for me to howl about being 'typed,' isn't it, for I am a type and that settles it. But I do feel that I can diversify my work more than I have been able to, and that's all I ask of the movie business."

He says that any time Mr. Zanuck wants him to come back and play in a Shirley Temple picture, he'll pop right over, even if it's a butler again.

"People sometimes can't believe that a little girl could be so famous for so long and not be considerably spoiled," he says. "Shirley Temple isn't. She's a delightful child." (Continued on page 62)

CAGNEY



MEETS A

RAIDERS

OF TROUBLE!

For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . *It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by* WARNER BROS.

EACH DAWN I DIE

with

JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Presented by WARNER BROS.

Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff • From the Novel by Jerome Odum • A First National Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

★★★ Susannah of the Mounties

Shirley Temple in a rugged and picturesque Mounted Police barracks high in the Canadian Rockies is still Shirley Temple with all her dimples and curls, but she gives her fans some good dramatics and more than a little fancy horseback riding.

The Mounties, headed by Randolph Scott, find little Miss Temple the sole survivor of a wagon-train destroyed by Indians. They carry her back to the barracks, and she becomes a key figure in the inevitable clash between the Indians and the pioneer builders of the Canadian Pacific railroad. Martin Good Rider, the young Indian chief, is left at the barracks as a hostage guaranteeing peace from his tribe. Shirley is thus introduced to customs of the colorful Blackfoot Indians through a series of hilarious incidents, and even goes so far as to smoke the pipe of peace.

The picture is highlighted with dashing scenes of Indian raids and battles with the Mounties. Hokum is frequently evident, but Shirley, the Mounties and the Indians make up for the faults. Randolph Scott is such a handsome hero that it's small wonder that pretty Margaret Lockwood falls in love with him. The English actress does very well with her role. J. Farrell MacDonald, Maurice Moscovitch, Moroni Olsen and Victor Jory complete the capable cast. Directed by William A. Seiter.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Daughters Courageous

This is by no means a sequel to "Four Daughters." The same players are there, but they've developed entirely new personalities and plans for the future, and the picture turns out to be just a captivating little story of a father who returns to the wife and four daughters he deserted twenty years before.

Claude Rains does an about-face from the genial, musician father of "Four Daughters," and emerges as the whimsical tramp who again wants his wife, daughters and home. He comes back to find Fay Bainter, mother of the four girls (Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola Lane and Gale Page), about to marry Donald Crisp, who has enough money to insure future happiness for the entire family. Meantime, Priscilla has fallen in love with John Garfield who is an amazing prototype of her wandering father. The debatable social problem with both mother and daughter trying to decide between fleeting happiness and security is convincingly worked out.

John Garfield is not as startlingly vital as in the former picture, but his performance is persuasive. Claude Rains' portrayal of the restless father is excellent and Fay Bainter keys her role with sympathy and warmth. May Robson makes the most of a small role. Frank McHugh, Dick Foran, George Humbert and Berton Churchill complete the cast. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—Warners.

★★★ Jones Family in Hollywood

Here's your chance to make a trip to Hollywood in company with the Jones family. Dad Jed Prouty Jones is chosen to represent the American Legion at their convention in the cinema capital and invites Mother Prouty along. But when they step into their car for the trek west they find a trailer attached—with the kids and Gramaw all set to go.

From then on Pop Prouty takes an awful beating from everyone. While he dutifully puffs away at his tuba in the Legion parades, the folks are seeing the town from Hollywood Boulevard right through all the studios. Daughter June Carlson finds herself a glamor boy (William Tracy) with whom to fall in love and son Ken Howell discovers the girl of his dreams (June Gale) who is a cinema cutie. There's many a harrowing and hilarious incident befalling the members of the family before they are safely headed for home.

The script is better than ever, and the inside views of Hollywood studio life will be a further attraction. The cast are up to their usual satisfactory standards. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Charlie Chan in Reno

Suave Mr. Chan here gets thrown into the midst of Reno-vated ladies and suspected murderers. It's the most serious

"I WAS A LEMON IN THE

Garden of Love..."



"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst

enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic*. . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint

for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Can't anybody fall for a girl like me?

situation that has been whipped up for the famous detective, but don't think for a moment that Charlie Chan is stumped. Before the final reel he has unsleuthed all the problems and even over-ridden the obstacles placed in his path by the well-meaning No. 2 son, Sen Yung. If you're a fan of the Charlie Channers, you'll find this glorified who-dun-it a real entertainment treat.

There's an unusually competent cast assembled this time. Pauline Moore does a good job of the unsavory role of suspected murderess. Phyllis Brooks and Kay Linaker give extraordinarily good accounts of themselves and Kane Richmond and Ricardo Cortez come in for good roles. Slim Summerville walks off with every scene in which he appears. He's the sheriff whose efforts to assist cause Mr. Chan more than one headache. Eddie Collins provides a good quota of laughs, too. But the laurels for acting ability go straight to Sidney Toler. If you have doubted his ability to fill the Chan slippers, see this picture. Directed by Norman Foster.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★The Mikado

The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, long a favorite of the stage, has been brought to the screen with great success. None of the charm of the gay comedy and lilting tunes has been lost and the result should please the most discerning Gilbert and Sullivan devotees. Kenny Baker, the only American in the cast, does very well with the role of Nanki-Poo. Youngest tenor ever to undertake the role, his voice has never been heard to better advantage, and he shows a fine appreciation of the role. John Barclay as the Mikado, Martyn Green as the Lord High Executioner, Sydney Granville as Pooh-Bah and Constance Willis as Katisha give excellent performances, while Yum-Yum is decoratively portrayed by Jean Colin. The chorus of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company is really superb.

Technicolor has never been used to such advantage as in this production. The scenes are breath-taking in their beauty, with magnificent palaces and riotously blossoming gardens for the backgrounds and lovely costuming. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—*Universal.*

★★Tarzan Finds a Son

With this new story of life in the jungle, the Tarzan stories reach the height of the series. Action shots are full of sheer beauty, color and suspense, and the plot is so plausible that old and young alike should approve.

Six-year-old John Sheffield proves himself an amazing miniature Johnny Weissmuller. He swings on grapevines, plays with ferocious animals and swims with the agility of the grown-up Tarzan. His infectious giggle is a rare delight. The story opens with this tiny athlete the sole survivor of a plane crash. Tarzan and Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan) carry the baby home and adopt him as their own. Five years later a party of searching Englishmen (Ian Hunter, Frieda Inescort, Henry Stephenson and Henry Wilcoxon) discover this blissful little home and try to break it up by taking the baby back to London with them. It takes a charging herd of elephants plus all his jungle friends to straighten things out for Tarzan.

Underwater swimming scenes are astonishingly realistic and gracefully performed by both Tarzan and his son.

(Continued on page 93)



**Yes, Ruth! When you learn that
everyone needs MUM for popularity, charm!**

WHEN men fall in love with Ruth—it's never love for keeps. She's pretty, she's smart—but it makes no difference. Men fall *out* of love so surely when a girl neglects to use Mum!

If Ruth only knew that just a *hint* of underarm odor is enough to ruin charm! But like many another girl she's unaware that she's offending—thinking that because she *bathes* each day she can be sure of daintiness.

Underarms must always have *special* care! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*.

Mum keeps underarms fresh *all day!*

Begin with Mum today and see why more women use it than any other underarm deodorant.

USE ANY TIME! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. It's safe to use Mum *after* dressing. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing.

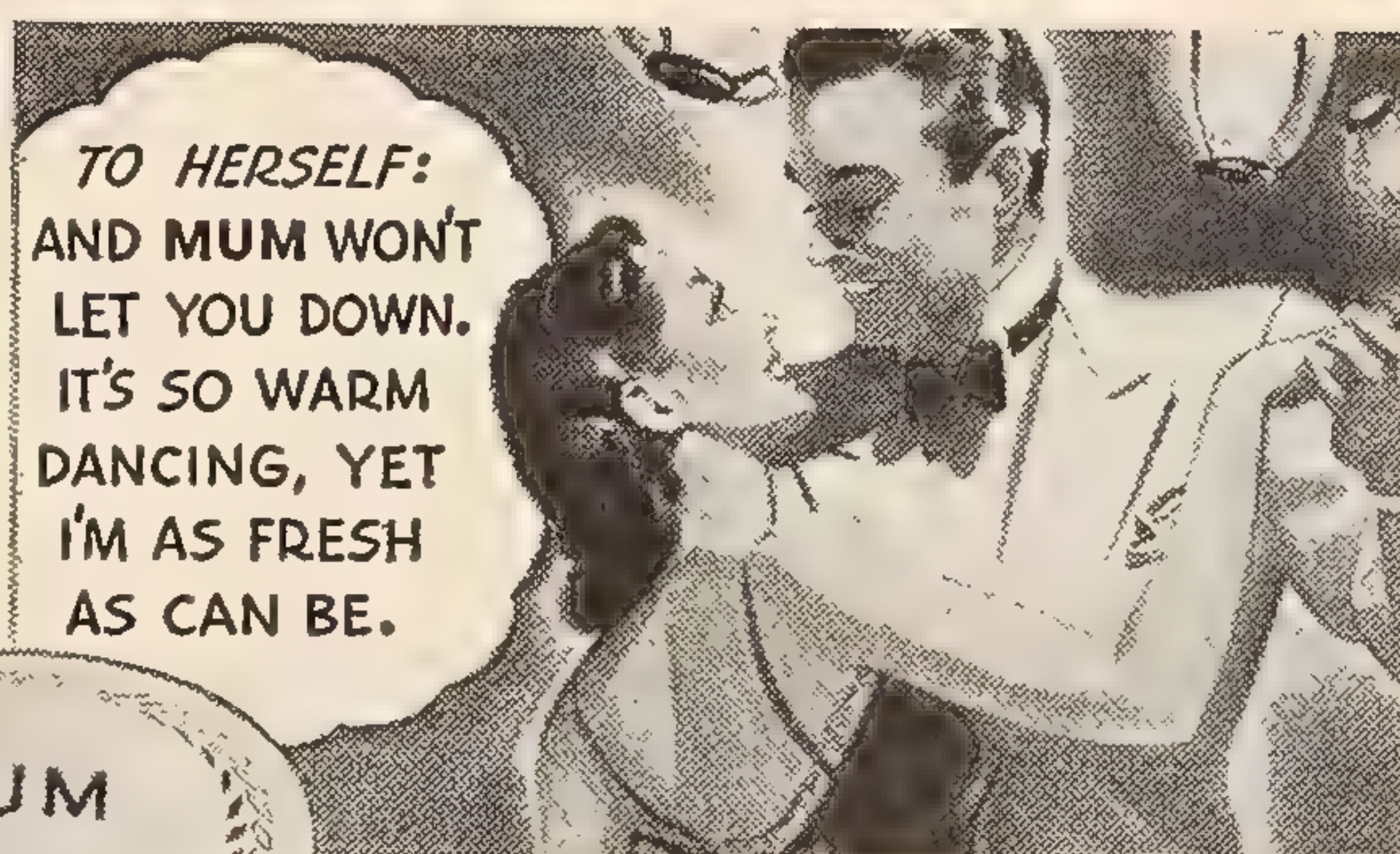
USE EVERY DAY! Mum is so quick! Yet Mum stops all underarm odor, without stopping perspiration.

MAKE CHARM SECURE! Don't take chances! Today—get Mum at any drug-gist's. Regular daily use makes you sure of charm, sure that you can't offend.

ONLY 30 SECONDS FOR MUM'S ALL-DAY PROTECTION



GRAND THAT
EVEN AFTER
DRESSING, I
CAN USE MUM.
MUM DOESN'T
HARM FABRICS.



TO HERSELF:
AND MUM WON'T
LET YOU DOWN.
IT'S SO WARM
DANCING, YET
I'M AS FRESH
AS CAN BE.



For Sanitary Napkins
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Between



WOMEN all around you—some of them your best friends—are using Tampax regularly. Clubwomen, socialites, business women, housewives, actresses are enjoying the new freedom that goes with the use of Tampax. Over 150,000,000 have been sold in 63 countries. Don't let another month pass without discovering this modern, *civilized* sanitary protection for women!

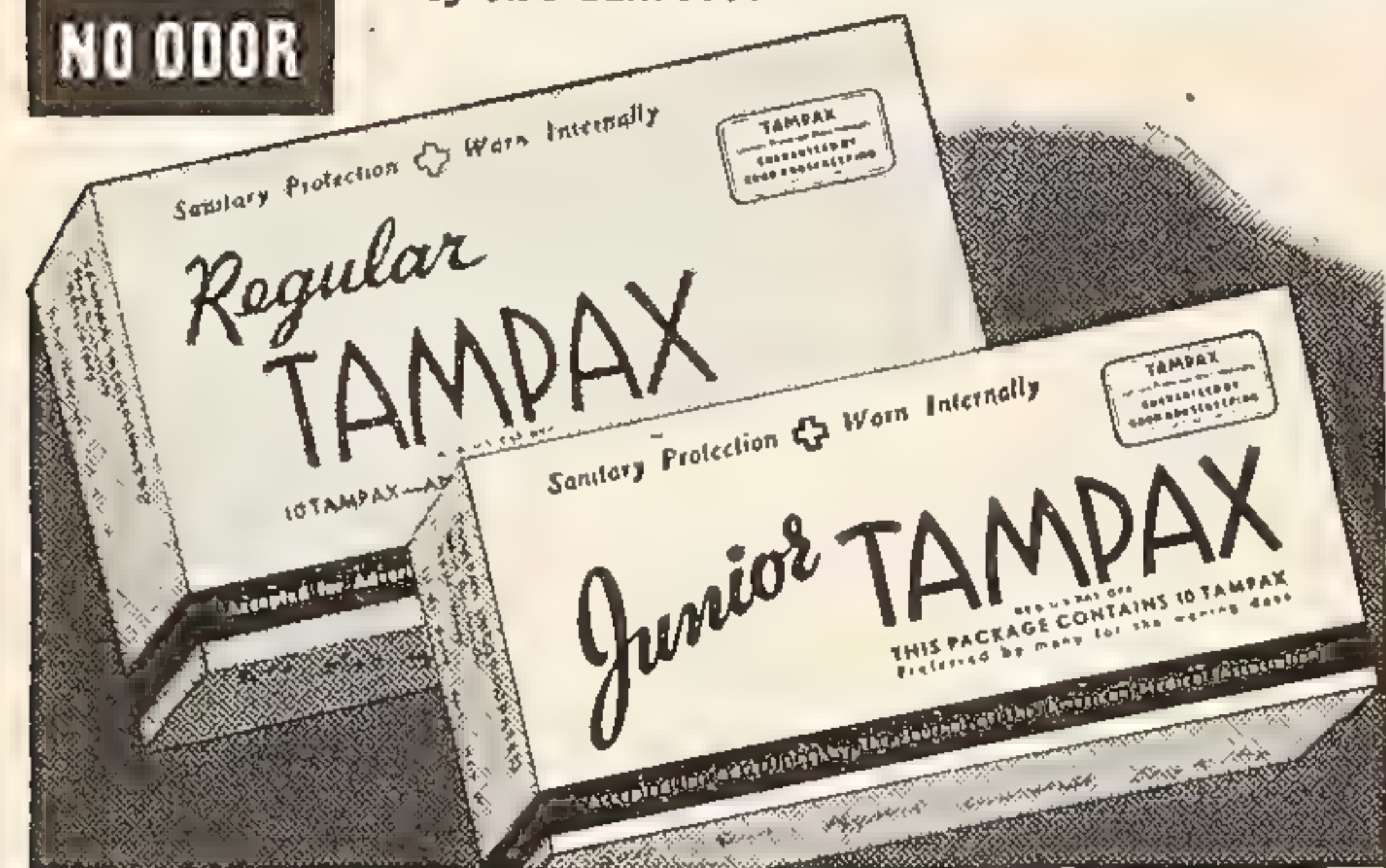
Wear sheer formals *any* day of the month; no belts or pads to "make a line," because Tampax is *worn internally*. Perfected by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax acts gently as an absorbent. It is very neat and efficient. The wearer is not conscious of its presence! Best of all, odor cannot form. And there is no disposal problem after use.

Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (four months' supply) will give you a money-saving up to 25%.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

Tampax comes in patented individual container. Your hands never even touch the Tampax.

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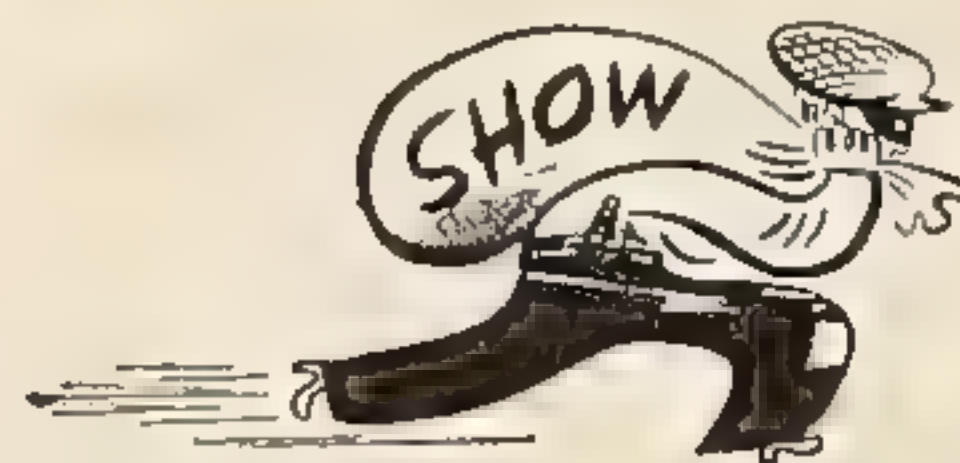
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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Show Stealers

(\$5.00 prize letter)

I'm becoming impatient with the expression "show stealer." Ordinarily it is applied to someone brought into a dull sequence of a picture, who, by some deft trick, speeds the tempo of the show and keeps the audience from walking out. As a rule he leaves the hard-working star struggling bravely to cover his chagrin, is boosted to stardom where he continues relying on his bag of tricks until a long-suffering public cries, "Help!"

Orchids to Geraldine Fitzgerald. She has no bag of tricks. Her work exudes artistry and intelligence of the highest order. In "Wuthering Heights" she had a role with which many actresses would have stolen the show. Though she played it flawlessly, subtly, lifting a play, which already topped the stratosphere, into the stars, her acting left no reflection upon the sincere work of Miss Oberon or Mr. Olivier.

In "Dark Victory" she gave Miss Davis rhythmic cooperation toward the greatest performance that lady has ever done, and left us all wondering if life couldn't be much different with such a friend as Geraldine portrayed.

All filmdom will do well to study Geraldine. Quietly and intelligently she casts aside the opportunity to grab off laurels for herself to work toward the perfection of the play.—Mrs. D. Benton, Rochester, Minn.



Glamor

(\$2.00 prize letter)

A few years ago, Hollywood added a new word to its vocabulary—"glamor." It is such an all-encompassing word that it is now used to describe nearly every star. It has become so trite that its original significance has been lost and its only connotation to Hollywood is sex appeal.

I think it might be well to remember the true meaning of the word "glamor" and to apply it only to those who truly possess this elusive quality. The dictionary definition is "a charm on the eyes, fascination, witchery." It is more subtle than sex appeal; it can be truly applied only to those stars who give such excellent and inspired performances that we are carried above and beyond ourselves into a magic realm of the imagination. A star need not be physically beautiful to be glamorous—the creation of a mood is much more important.

Obviously physical beauty does not constitute authentic glamor, for there are many so-called glamorous players who are merely insipidly beautiful and never advance beyond featured roles in inferior B productions because they lack ability.

Stop dubbing everyone "glamorous," Hollywood, and the word will once again assume significance. As it stands now, all it means to us is that a new personality is being given a trite build-up.—Shirley Campbell, Crescent City, Cal.



Young Mr. Lincoln

(\$2.00 prize poem)

Upon the screen he lived for us once more,
More human and more real than ere before.
And as we watched, we felt that quiet power
That made men chose him in their darkest hour
To guide them safely on their dangerous way,
To lead them through the darkness into day.

Here Lincoln ceased to be a man apart,
Became a neighbor with a kindly heart,
A trusted friend whom everybody knew.
And we who watched became his neighbors, too.

Thanks, Henry Fonda, for the best portrayal yet,
A Lincoln that we never shall forget.

—L. P. Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah



Bobby Breen

(\$1.00 prize letter)

What's all this about Bobby Breen? Slams to the right of him; slams to the left of him! It seems that Master Breen, through no fault of his own, is being made the target of movie columnists. Such publicity is ruining the future of a very promising singer.

Who says he is a "sissy?" Just because he has the fortune to possess a shy smile, and a refined sweet face is surely no reason why he will not eventually outgrow these "handicaps."

Has no one noticed the marked improvement in his voice? Surely a child with his talents cannot be overlooked just because he doesn't happen to possess a "Dead End" personality.

I say let's have more pictures starring Bobby Breen and his golden voice!—Pat Mahoney, St. Petersburg, Florida.



Who Was It?

(\$1.00 prize letter)

We who find it impossible to keep unscrambled in our minds the names of a

You 'n' Me

Lucky fans win cash prizes every month! Write us your frank opinions

dozen or more characters and the actors who portray them plead for programs which would give us some real information instead of merely an explosion of adjectives about next week's bill.

Only too often an outstanding performance is turned in by an actor who must forever remain anonymous to us, because we were unable to memorize the entire cast of characters, or, if the cast was flashed in at the end of the film, it was snatched away before we found the name we wanted.

To those few motion picture theatres where our kind of program is distributed, much thanks. To those who don't have them—why not? You might at least post a list in the lobby to enable us to find out whom to thank for a job well done.—A. Wynne, South Orange, N. J.



Donald Meek
(\$1.00 prize letter)

To me, Donald Meek is one of the finest comedians on the screen. No matter how small and unimportant his part happens to be, he always makes me laugh long and heartily. Maybe the rea-

son I feel this way about him is that in him I see someone with my own shy, retiring, and easily flustered personality.

His part of the shy bookkeeper in "You Can't Take It With You" was, to me, the most perfect part he's ever had. I hope he gets some more good roles such as this one. There must be many more moviegoers who feel the same way as I do, so let us see more of a great comedian.—G. H. Williams, Morristown, Tenn.



A Texan Speaks
(\$1.00 prize letter)

You know, we down here in the Lone Star state are pretty proud of our colors and our tradition. In the recent Errol Flynn success, "Dodge City," we got a great deal of pleasure out of the scenes in the Gay Lady saloon and that swell crack about the Texas boys in the Civil War. We don't especially like to have the Texas boy and girl in your films always a hillbilly!

After all we are comparatively a new state, but we are intelligent, broad-minded people. And all of us don't chase

cows down the main thoroughfare. We like real, honest-to-goodness pictures, comedy mixed with drama, and in "Dodge City" we got just that. We found in Errol Flynn, the fighting Irishman, a real he-man and we almost feel like adopting him here in Texas, as one of us. We found Olivia de Havilland portraying a fine upstanding Texas girl, and we were proud of her.

From this letter you would think the whole picture was about Texas, but we appreciated our small part in it.—Hazel Linder, Houston, Texas. (Cont'd on p. 96)

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

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—in lovely blush tones. Perfect
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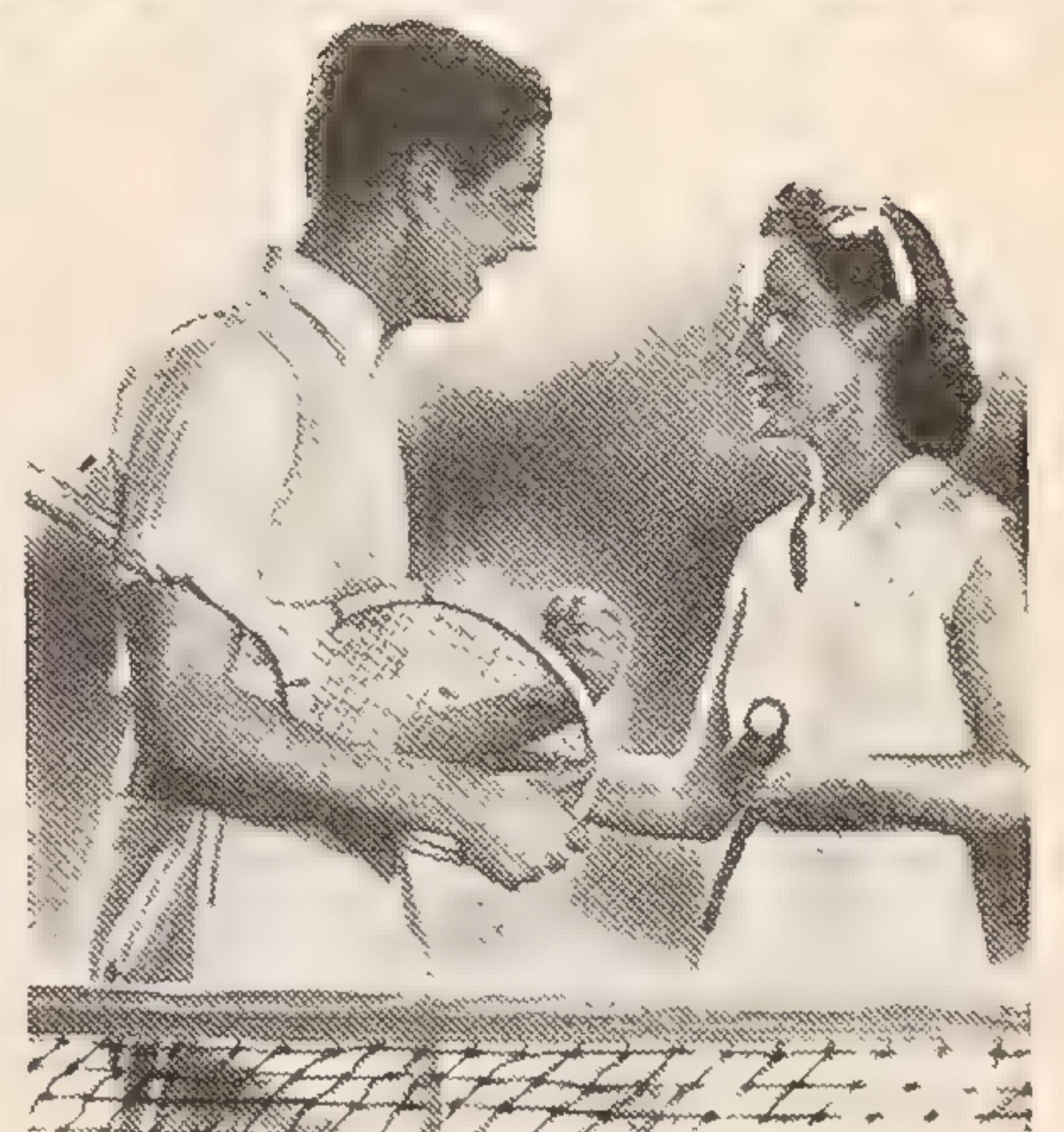
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as charmingly feminine as an old-
fashioned corsage. Veiled bonnets, tiny
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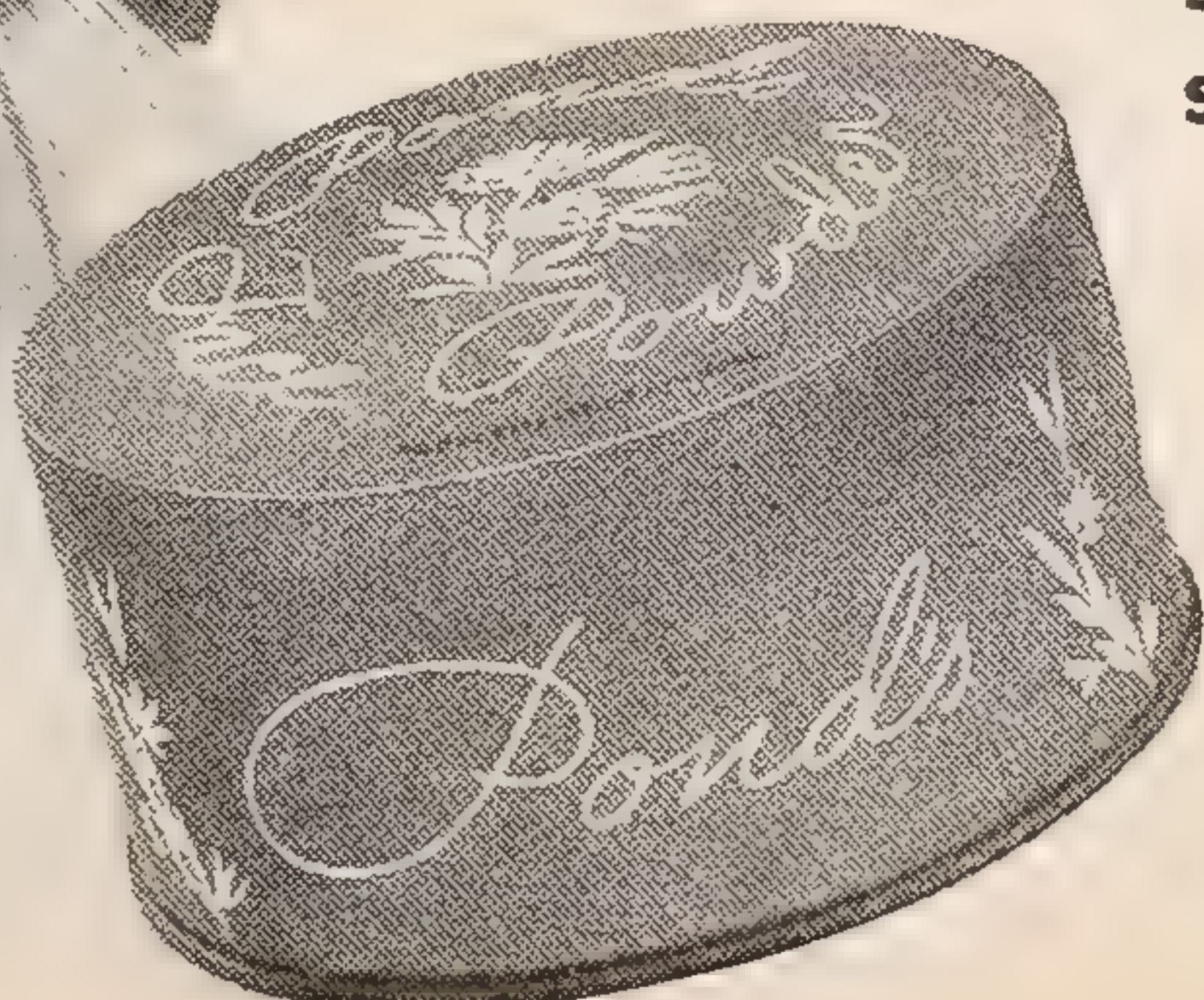
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Don't let a dark, brazen tan
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ROSE DAWN **SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)**
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"Africa holds a hundred nameless dangers! Fever... heat... cannibals... jungle...!"

"Darling, I beg you... make Stanley turn back... before it's too late!"

"Death shall not seal the secrets Livingstone knows! We go on until we find him!"

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The famous words of Stanley... an unforgettable thrill!



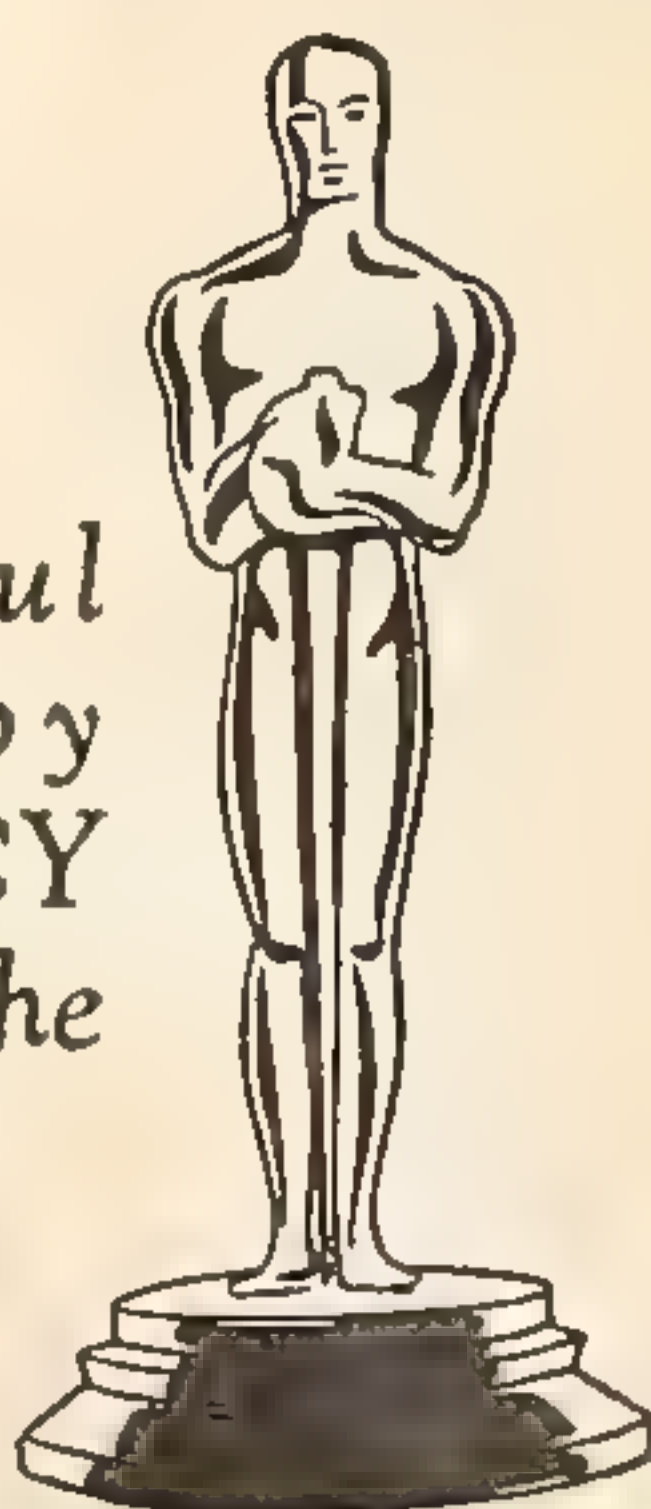
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STANLEY and LIVINGSTONE

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Another masterful performance by SPENCER TRACY... twice winner of the Academy Award!



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Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers

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THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!



DOROTHY LAMOUR



JEFFREY LYNN



DEANNA DURBIN

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH

Is it true that her marriage to Clark Gable is responsible for Carole's re-

THERE ARE persons in Hollywood who are sore at Lombard. She doesn't care, however, because she probably doesn't know of her misfortune. If she did, she would doubtless do something about it, because Carole is too good a business woman to wilfully make anyone sore at her and too warm-hearted to deliberately give offense to anyone. It never pays to make enemies. Least of all in Hollywood where that little, old office boy you've heard about today may be a producer tomorrow. Lombard knows all this. Yet she is making folks mad. What's the matter with Lombard? That's what Hollywood is asking.

Carole has long been a particular pet of the boys and girls who write stories about the stars, because she was always cooperative, because she always gave swell, honest copy, told the truth and didn't blue-pencil every word she spoke that was more pithy than a nursery rhyme. Lately all is changed. There is, these days, an un-Lombardian evasiveness, a disregard of matters she once attended to richly and generously.

Perhaps, you may say, Lombard has been shy of people, of the Press,

because she has not wanted to discuss her recent marriage with Gable. But that is no good, for Carole has gone out socially, and has given interviews since the beginning of her romance with Gable.

In my effort to diagnose the case of Carole I've talked to her best friends. I've talked to Fieldsie, now Mrs. Walter Lang. And Fieldsie, as every Lombard fan knows, is Carole's most intimate friend. Carole and Fieldsie were Sennett girls together, sharing the same custard pie, driving to and from the studio in Fieldsie's car so that they could pool the expense of gasoline. Later, they shared a house together, and Fieldsie acted as Carole's business manager. And so, from Fieldsie and one or two other old pals, I garnered the material I needed to answer the question, "What is the matter with Lombard?" Out of it all, came these pertinent facts—and they are facts:

In the first place, Carole, so her friends believe, is being badly advised of late concerning her relations with Press and Public. They say that she is being counseled to be difficult, aloof, hard-to-get; advice which

neither fits nor becomes the good fellow who is Lombard. But if she hearkens to this counsel, one might say, isn't she of the same stripe herself? The truth of the matter is, she doesn't hear it. Not properly. Not so she makes sense of it.

Carole doesn't rightly pay heed to what is said to her. Not unless she is backed up against a wall and told about appointments in good trenchant words of one syllable. She doesn't heed because she hears so much all the time, so many demands—requests buzz around her until there is confusion in her head. Fieldsie told me that, after being away from Carole and the studio for some months, she went back one day and wondered how she had ever kept her reason in the mêlée which is Lombard's life.

She said, "It's a wonder people didn't hate both of us, Carole and me. You get so lost in that world of too much to do." Phones ringing incessantly. Agents calling. Conferences. Telegrams. Fittings. Noise. So that, when someone says to Carole, "Will you come to my baby shower next Tuesday?" or "Will you give me an interview next Friday?" her natural

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable snapped at Cafe Lamaze on one of their very rare night club appearances.

Carole goes dramatic again in "The Kind Men Marry," with Cary Grant. Few people realize how seriously she takes her work.



LOMBARD ?

cent unprecedented behavior?

and impulsive generosity of spirit says, "Yes, sure." Her necessarily limited number of hours and powers of attention fail to make note of the promises and they are lost in the mad shuffle of stardom's demands. And we find ourselves asking, "What's the matter with Lombard?"

Fieldsie told me that when she was with Carole constantly, she would cut through the mesh of people, tell Carole that she had made such and such appointments for today and that they must be kept. And when Carole would say, dazedly, "Tomorrow, I'll do them tomorrow," Fieldsie would say, firmly, "No, not tomorrow—to-day." And Carole, her attention thus riveted, would answer good naturedly, "Okay, let's go." Now Fieldsie is no longer with Carole. Now Carole's advisers do not pin her down to her promises, but feed her natural non-chalance by telling her to "forget 'em." This is one of the answers.

For another thing, Lombard is the busiest little woman in all Hollywood. She always has seven times more places to go and things to do than there are hours on the clock. It's simple (Continued on page 83)

When Carole goes hunting with Clark, she is no delicate doll leaning on Gable's broad shoulder. Not if he knows it!

BY

GLADYS HALL



Did you know that James Cagney was once a Broadway hooper? Right, Jane Bryan and Jimmy in "Each Dawn I Die."

After reading this story, you'll understand how Cagney is able to get right inside the innards of the characters he portrays on the screen.



BY
NANETTE KUTNER

I WAS AFRAID to meet him. For years now he has been my favorite actor. He is the only one who can draw me into a movie theatre, and there was a shameless evening when he drew me into two theatres and I saw one Cagney picture right on top of another. So I was scared to meet him. Stars can be disillusioning—and don't I know it. I didn't want Jimmy to be.

I could remember a lot, too. I could remember a play he was in, a play nobody ever remembers, before "Penny Arcade" which brought him to the screen. It was written by George Kelly, was called "Maggie, the Magnificent," ran only six weeks and, according to Broadway, was a flop. But I can remember James Cagney. He had a small part, that of a soda water jerker. He stood out like a house afire. So did the little girl who played his wife. Her name was Joan Blondell.

I could remember more—a dancing studio called Michael's. It was a place where you paid a dollar, then they let you practice there for the whole day. And a dance-crazed friend of mine told me about the young man. She said he worked in a special roped-off corner. Here he sold interviews for ten dollars per. To jack up trade, Michael had printed a pamphlet which was mailed around and pinned up against the wall. It said in no uncertain terms, "Buck Dancing Taught by the Competent Mr. Cagney." I never forgot that. Neither did my friend—she says he still owes her half a routine.



"THE COMPETENT MR. CAGNEY"

is the modest and unassuming way
Jimmy once billed himself

There were other things. Eddie Cantor's daughters who had, all five of them, a crush on him, and the night James Cagney dined there, Marilyn Cantor's saving the glass out of which he drank.

And The New York Critics who gave him their 1938 award for his performance in "Angels With Dirty Faces," but who didn't hand him the majority of votes on their first round, nor even on their second. It was only after he had won that they analyzed why it had taken such a long time. Then Frank Nugent of the New York Times wrote that it was because we have learned to accept Cagney's excellent performances as a matter of course, they are always so competent. This was the gist of Mr. Nugent's praise. I do know he used the word "competent," for that's what struck me and threw my thoughts back to Michael's pamphlet. More than ever I wanted to meet "the competent Mr. Cagney."

But I was still afraid. Suppose, like Fred Astaire, who once denied, in the face of newspaper and magazine records, that he had ever worked hard during his childhood, that Mr. Cagney should deny his dancing studio days.

Or suppose he was intelligent like some actors are intelligent, ostentatiously so, with a flow of English accented words and an array of uncut books. Or suppose his social conscience aped the one belonging to that star, who, recently, with his left hand and much publicity, placed his name on a petition in behalf of a labor cause while, using his right hand, he contracted to build a house employing only non-union labor. Suppose, in short, our Mr. Cagney was a phony!

Then I met him. He wore a grey suit and a plaid necktie. He was shorter than I thought he would be, his features finer and his hair more gold than red.

The big surprise is his voice. For his voice is very soft, his words well chosen. And while he speaks, he leans his mouth against the side of one hand, the way Sinclair Lewis does. This gesture keeps his face half hidden, makes it difficult to hear that low voice talking so quietly behind the hand. "I'm a mumbler," he said.

And when I asked what he did in the home he had up at Martha's Vineyard, he said, "I'm a putterer." Mumbler, putterer, he told me a little about the life there and of the local paper that they rushed to read every week "as if our lives depended upon it."

Now he is building in Beverly Hills. The house is off the road and difficult to see. "Six rooms," he says, "and not a room more." In the emphatic way he says this, there is a world of meaning. You know then that, liberal as he must be with relatives, dependents and general hangers-on, without whom a star doesn't seem complete, that this home—no matter what—will be solely his and his wife's. They've planned it that way.

You know also that he has been married long and permanently according to the world's, and not Hollywood's, standards. "We were in vodeville together." He pronounces it like that.

In view of the lengthy marriage and the new house I asked a personal question. "How is it you never adopted any children?"

"We've talked about it often," he admitted. "We were only talking about it last night. But," and he shrugged his shoulders, "I haven't the nerve."

"You mean you're afraid about the way they'd turn out?"

"No, about the way I'll turn out. Suppose I failed them. What right have I to take a kid, how do I know what's going to happen to me? It wouldn't be fair to the kid. It's too great a responsibility." There came the good old Cagney shrug again.

I THINK, inside, he is still the rebel. But I think he has learned to take Hollywood in his stride. It's a living and a good one and that's that. And he must get a lot of laughs about it. For if there's one thing that James Cagney isn't, it's pretentious. He can't stand affectations of any kind.

There was the day some association, unasked, sent Mrs. Cagney a copy of her family tree and informed her she was a D. A. R. "I'm a D. A. R.," she told Cagney.

So he saluted her. He stood right up and saluted and whenever she walked into the room he saluted. For a time there at parties he'd take people aside and point at her as he loudly whispered in a mock awestruck voice, "S-sh, look, she's a D. A. R." He says Mrs. Cagney took it beautifully. He grins, "I guess she had to. I'm second generation I don't know what."

Then he said he liked the interview. "It's conversation, that's the way interviews should be." And he ordered sandwiches and beer.

We were in his dressing-room on the studio lot. I admired the dark woodwork, the general decorations. "Dick Powell must have had it done. This was his. I had the ice house. No kidding, a dressing-room like a skating rink in winter, hottest place around in the summer. So when Dick left, I just moved right in." He winked, the Cagney wink that goes with the shrug and the grin.

The waiter came, bringing the beer and the sandwiches. As he cleared the table he brushed off a pamphlet. Author John Steinbeck's name was on the cover. It was a pamphlet soliciting help for the jobless dust bowl outcasts, for the underpaid Imperial Valley workers.

With reverence Cagney talked about Steinbeck. "I met him. He's a quiet man, calm. He speaks softly yet his words have a kind of meter. And underneath the calm, the quiet and the words, you feel (Continued on page 70)



Ginger

GOES IT ALONE

Without benefit of Fred Astaire's agile support, la Rogers steps out

BY JAMES REID

Fred and Ginger were one of the most successful cinematic teams.

David Niven is Ginger's very able acting partner in "Bachelor Mother."

GINGER ROGERS and Fred Astaire are supposed to have parted. Definitely. Didn't you read in the papers about their touching goodbye scene?

After the last take on "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," one columnist revealed that there was a little party. And "much to the surprise of everyone who knew how little love was lost between Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire during their entire co-starring career, these two exchanged beautiful gifts." Pointedly, the columnist added an insider's comment: "There is talk that this will be their last picture together, which might be the reason for the sentiment."

Fred's contract was up. The implication was that, despite the success that he had found at the studio, he was going to another, where he would have a new partner. A few days later, the news broke that he and Eleanor Powell would co-star at M-G-M in the next "Broadway Melody." Then came a rumor that he would do a picture with Zorina for Goldwyn. And, on the heels of this, came a claim by the above-mentioned columnist that RKO was desperately seeking a dancing partner for Ginger, "who is left completely in the cold since Fred Astaire left."

Meanwhile, "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" was released and hailed as the best thing that Astaire and Rogers had ever done. But nobody intimated that one explanation for the picture's excellence was that, in it, Fred and Ginger hit a new high

in smooth team work. Nobody considered the possibility that they might want to do another together. Everybody assumed that they were through with each other for keeps.

Everybody, that is, except those who knew Ginger and Fred. They both wanted to find out what they could do separately, sure. But that didn't mean that they had vowed never to work together again. That just didn't make sense. They were too successful as a team. And those insinuations that Ginger had become "hard to get along with" didn't make sense, either—unless she had changed drastically overnight.

Something that did make sense was a check into all the rumors. And the most logical place to check was the set of "Bachelor Mother," Ginger's new picture, in which David Niven is her surprise co-star.

As I started in the door of Stage 3, I had to step aside for two men coming out. One of the two was a well-known dancer. His name is Fred Astaire.

I told Ginger of the encounter. Thrusting my tongue in my starboard cheek, I added, "Of course, there can be only one explanation for Fred's being on *your* set. The two of you found you couldn't stop feuding on a moment's notice. You had to sort of taper off."

Ginger grimaced comically. "Reporters are always so understanding," she said. More seriously, I asked her how Fred did happen to be on the set.

"I'm afraid that, contrary to rumors, he was just being sociable," she said. "He happened to be on the lot today,

so he came out to say 'Hello' to me."

But how did he happen to be on the lot, when his contract was up?

"Confidentially," she said with a smile, "he and RKO *may* be talking over the possibility of his doing a picture a year here."

Then she and Fred haven't handed down any ultimatums to the effect that they never will agree to being starred together again?

"Nary an ultimatum." She shook her head. "The little matter of whether or not we make any more pictures together is completely out of our hands. It's in the lap of the gods."

BUT WHAT about that farewell party, and those goodbye gifts?

"We never had such a party. We never exchanged goodbye gifts. From start to finish, that story was dreamed up. Why? I don't know. Why should a simple desire to find out what we can do separately, before people get so tired of seeing us together that they won't want to see us in any form, be interpreted as proof of a bitter feud? There has never been a feud. And we haven't broken with each other now. You, yourself, just saw Fred here. That ought to prove something or other."

"People seem to have the suspicion that, from the beginning, Fred and I have resented sharing fame. On the contrary, we've been grateful to each other for having such fame to share. It was team work that brought us both movie stardom. And it was team work—mental, as well as dancing harmony—that helped us both hold onto stardom after we reached it."



"But do you know how long Fred and I have been partners? Since the release of 'Flying Down to Rio' in 1933. There's a saying that the career life of a star is five years, that his or her popularity wears out in that length of time. Fred and I have been seen as a team more than five years. Can you blame us for feeling we'd be tempting the Fates, if we continued being seen only as a team? Can you blame us for trying to lengthen our career lives by doing entirely different things with entirely different people? Bitterness doesn't enter into it. It's all a matter of plain common sense."

It isn't true that her studio is frantically looking for a new dancing partner for our Miss Rogers. David Niven, who is strictly non-professional, is an adequate partner for such dancing as the script of "Bachelor Mother" requires her to do. A turn or two around a crowded night club floor, and a jitterbug jam session. The picture isn't a musical. It is a light comedy in the mood of "Vivacious Lady," except that this time Ginger plays a working girl, not a show girl. Next she will do "Fifth Avenue Girl," which is a comedy-drama and calls for no spectacular dancing. What she will do after that, she doesn't know.

Talking with Ginger, you get the definite impression that she doesn't anticipate doing musicals without Fred. She told me, "I don't want to do solo dancing. I'm not a solo dancer. And I'd just as soon not do any dancing for a while. After all the years of hoofing—five as a star, and five before that—I'd like a rest. Don't get me wrong. I still love to dance. But I'm fed up with working at it."

What she wants to work at, from here on, is acting. (Continued on page 80)

So seldom does Ginger appear socially that now she's spoken of as Rogers, the Recluse.





LOVE AT FIRST SLIGHT!

BY
KATHARINE
FRINGS

To most gals, Wayne Morris is glamorous romance personified, but to a certain Bubbles Schinasi, he was—well, let her tell you all about it herself!

IN JANUARY eighth last, Wayne Morris up and married Bubbles Schinasi, nineteen-year-old tobacco heiress, and plenty of girls throughout the world chewed their finger nails and wondered why they could never have a break like that. Just imagine! Seeing a movie hero first on the screen, falling in love with him as you watched him, then actually meeting him and finally marrying him! That, they felt, was surely what had happened with Bubbles and Wayne, and how glorious! What a dream come true!

As a matter of fact the story is far more interesting than even the ro-

mantic dreamers imagined it to be. It has taken us a good many months to catch up with the couple and to get the story in its entirety, but now that we have it, we find that it has quite an unusual twist to it. Bubbles Schinasi married a movie star, yes, but not because he was a movie star. Rather, she fell in love with him in spite of it! You can't believe that? Well, listen. . . .

Bubbles was one of those elite young ladies who looked upon movie stars not with scorn, but, even worse, with indifference. A New Yorker through and through, she had lived all her life among people who knew only one entertainment love, the theatre. Seldom did her crowd go to the

movies and when they did, the picture had to be good—or else. Or else they walked out on it.

On a certain Saturday afternoon some ten or eleven months ago, this particular young lady, having nothing better to do, dropped in at a movie house and found herself viewing "The Valley of the Giants," starring one Wayne Morris. She had seen him once before in "Kid Galahad" and she had liked that picture well enough, but she found her interest lagging in this present one. City born and bred, and having little contact with the great outdoors, she lacked even a desire for such contact. Give her the roaring L's on Third Avenue any time. God's Great Country—bah!

She married Wayne Morris, not because he's a star, but in spite of it

She liked the city sidewalk far better! After half an hour or so, finding herself bored, she picked up her Hershey and left. Ho-hum! So what? Another quarter wasted.

How could she know that the star on whom she was walking out was destined, within a few months, to be her husband! Fiction? No, it's fact, and here is the way it happened:

Returning home that same afternoon she found a message on the telephone pad: "Mr. Wayne Morris called and asks for you to please call him back at the Strand Theatre."

"How come?" Bubbles asked of her mother, the society-famous Ruby Schinasi. "Isn't that the movie fellow? I think that's the name of the boy I just saw in a picture."

"Yes, he's a friend of Minna Wallis', in Hollywood. She wrote me that she was going to tell him to look you up when he came here for personal appearances. Well, why don't you call him back?"

"Why should I? What do I want with meeting a movie punk like that?"

"Now, Bubbles, don't be difficult. Besides, you never know to whom he may introduce you!"

It was the thing which all mothers say to all daughters, when daughter hangs back and says she's not inter-

ested. This mother was particularly worried because Bubbles had always been so indifferent about making friends and entering the social whirl. She talked of a career. Someday she was going to write the Great American Novel, and in the meantime she had found herself a job reading scripts for a New York play producer.

But, to keep peace in the family, Bubbles finally did return Wayne's call. She was much relieved to find that he was not there. Well, anyway, she had done the polite thing out of deference to Miss Wallis, who was a Hollywood agent and one of her mother's friends. From then on she could forget about it. Which she did.

That was during Wayne's first trip to New York. He stayed only a short time, was called back to Hollywood sooner than he expected, and so had no opportunity of calling Bubbles a second time. But a few months later he was again due in New York. About that time Miss Wallis also appeared on the New York scene, and Mrs. Schinasi was inspired to give a party in her honor. When she asked Minna whom she'd like to have with them—they'd probably go to the Persian Room and later to El Morocco—she remembered her first fruitless attempt to get Bubbles and Wayne together,

and suggested that this might be an even better opportunity. Wayne was to arrive in town Saturday. Miss Wallis suggested that they pick him up at his hotel Saturday evening, about nine-thirty.

It was strange how close they came to missing each other this second time. When Miss Wallis phoned Wayne shortly after he arrived, he tried to get out of it. "I'm tired, and besides my baggage hasn't come from the station and I only have the one suit I have on. And I've been traveling in that for days! I'm afraid—"

"That's no excuse. You can send the suit out to be pressed. There's time enough before nine-thirty. Now don't fail me."

BUT IT appears that there wasn't time enough, because when they knocked at his door that evening, Wayne, who was still waiting for his suit, presumed that it was the tailor and called out, "Come in." They found him standing in the middle of the room, in just his shirt and shorts.

You might expect that there was pandemonium. Bubbles, until this moment, had been dreading the evening. She still had no desire to meet a movie punk, and was hoping that his train might be delayed or something. As she entered the door she wore that pained expression which plainly said, "I'm only here because I was forced into it." Then suddenly she saw a six-foot-two hulk of undressed man in front of her, and immediately it flashed through her mind that of course he would scream and run for cover. That's what any movie star would do; they all thought so much of their vanity. How he would suffer, because he knew that he looked ridiculous!

But much to her surprise Wayne acted as though he were wearing white tie and tails. He may have blushed a little, but his manners denied any confusion. He came forward pleasantly, greeted them, asked them to sit down and make themselves comfortable, and then sedately excused himself. Nonchalant as anything!

It was unbelievable. He hadn't been at all coy. He had treated the awkward moment as a real gentleman would. He had erased their own momentary confusion, had made them feel at ease, by seeming so much at ease himself.

By the time they reached the Persian Room, Bubbles told herself that he wasn't half bad, but she also told herself that she'd be darned if she'd admit it. In recalling that first dance they had together, Bubbles says that the conversation they had went something like this:

"We dance rather well together, don't we?" suggested Wayne.

"Do we? I hadn't particularly noticed." Pause.

"I'll bet you have never seen me in pictures." (Continued on page 78)



And then they were married and Bubbles Schinasi, nineteen-year-old tobacco heiress, became a movie-hero's wife.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON A

Here's an intimate close-up of a dignified damsel who really does not

IRENE DUNNE is celebrating an event this month—a major event. It doesn't concern her career or her future or even herself. Far more important than all that, she feels. It does concern her little adopted daughter. It is to be the youngster's first party. And so, it is as significant to Irene as preparing for a new picture, which to Irene is pretty significant. Yes, little Mary Frances is her very first and foremost consideration.

Why, in the first place, did Irene Dunne adopt a child? Was there an aching void in her heart? Was she lonely? Were her ears strained to hear the patter of little feet? I'm afraid not. I wish it had been so. It would have made such deliciously heart-throbby copy. But no, you can't possibly induce Irene to be sentimental, misty-eyed or even a touch moony over the adoption of small, rosy blond Mary Frances. You can't even beguile her into being very serious about it. Whenever she talks, or has talked about the baby it has been matter-of-factly, happily, in the light vein, which is so sensible.

There was not, she asserts, an aching void in her heart. How could there be, come to think of it? She makes one picture after another and so there is no time for aching voids. Studios are champing the ground waiting to turn their lights on her. Her arms are, constantly, full of scripts, songs to learn, costumes, make-up boxes. She goes from musical comedy to comedy drama, to straight drama. She is a hard worker, not a casual, spontaneous one. Which means that she prepares for production carefully and conscientiously.

She is in process of furnishing her lovely, pale brick Georgian house in the Holmby Hills. It is a full-time job, building and furnishing a home. It is only one of Irene's jobs. No, no time for aching voids and arms conscious of loneliness. She gardens. She showed me, pridefully, her rows of curtsying tulips, her beds of stock and snapdragons. She studies voice and practises faithfully. She plays tennis. She plays golf. She recently made a hole-in-one at Del Monte.

She swims. She sews. She dances. She plays the violin. She speaks French and German and some Italian. She plans her own menus. She is interested in astronomy. She reads everything worth reading. She "keeps up" on affairs national and international. And she doesn't "smatter" anything. Whatever Irene does, she does thoroughly. No, there couldn't be an aching void in her life.

SO, WHY did she adopt a baby? How come she felt the need of one?

I asked her one twilight recently, as we sat in the wood-paneled, book-lined, austere lovely library of her new home. Irene and the Doctor had been playing golf. Upstairs we could hear echoes of the march of tramping feet. A merry march. And we smiled to hear a masculine voice booming loudly, "Mary-had-a-little-lamb—it's fleece-was-white-as-snow—" Dr. Griffin was indulging in his bedtime romp with his little daughter.

"Do I," laughed Irene, "have to tell you why we adopted her, when you hear that?"

She didn't, really. But she did realize, Irene told me, that the years are

so long, that there may be so many years after the lights of the picture business dim for her, changeable as it is. She did realize that the day inevitably comes when a movie star is a movie star no longer, but only a "remembrance of things passed." There comes the day when phones cease ringing constantly, when there are no more conferences and new contracts to sign and interviews and photographic sittings and impatient producers. The Younger Generation knocks upon the door of a movie star, even as upon the door of Ibsen's heroine. She was aware, she said, that there is no more forlorn spectacle than that of a has-been star whose date pad shows spaces, whose life, long geared to a fast and furious tempo, drops into chill, still waters. Empty hands, empty heart, empty days—a sad existence.

Irene adopted her baby as insurance against the future. She adopted her "against a rainy day." Against the day when she, as all of us, must pass on her interests, her activities, her accumulated treasures of experience, the savour she has stored away. And her chief reason for being so very particular about the baby she adopted, her reason for checking the baby's background so carefully and thoroughly, was so she could be reasonably assured that the child's heredity would fit her for appreciation of the things Irene and the Doctor can give her. She wanted to be as sure as is ever possible that the tiny girl would grow up with the ability to care for music and art and literature, for travel, for the richness of life and living which Irene and the Doctor have



Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in "The Modern Cinderella."



Irene and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, right, en route to church.

STAR

want to be regal

worked all of their lives to make possible.

Irene even took a girl, when she originally wanted a boy, because she was able to find just the right little girl and could not seem to find just the right little boy. She and the Doctor fine-combed all of the "cradles" and institutions in the country searching for their baby. And, at last, their baby was found for them by a noted obstetrician, a good friend of Doctor Griffin's. And once she was found, Irene went daily to play with her, to make sure that this baby and none other would grow into her heart.

"Perhaps, too," Irene told me, "I took the baby because I was influenced, however subconsciously, by the soundness and substantiality which has come to Hollywood. I can remember the time when picture people lived in rented Beverly Hills mansions, with swimming pools. A baby was almost enough of a novelty to be on exhibition. Futures were never reckoned with. The prodigal Present was all. Now all that is changed. The picture people no longer live in rented houses. They build their own homes on their own land. Many of them are moving out to the San (Continued on page 70)

Nothing ever came easy to Irene Dunne. She labored for everything she has. And so, she has learned not to be careless or casual about anything.

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT



Harry Lillis Crosby—Bing on the billboards — and Louise Campbell in "The Star Maker."



WHAT'S

Some declare that way down deep inside he has gone through a slow, positive and far-reaching transformation, that he is not the come-easy-go-easy, democratic spirit that he was a few years ago, when the most serious thing he seemed to have on his mind was the song in his heart.

Some conclude that maybe it's the racing game or the swank, "horsey" social set that he's been knocking around with the past couple of seasons that have effected the change. They think he has stepped out of his natural environment, that owning a string of horses, following the ponies with largesse, still belongs strictly in the class of hobby for the "millionaire blue blood registerite."

Occasionally, too, one hears criticism of Bing's extreme patronage, his back-slapping of some of the world's foremost concert and opera artists who appear on his radio program.

This has been interpreted as reflecting a tremendous awareness on his part of his stellar position—a complete self-confidence—a "take it or leave it" attitude which springs from supreme self-assurance. Another form of snobbery.

With the racing has come also, it is contended, a disposition on Bing's part to hobnobbing with the fashionable moneyed and "smart" sets of San Mateo and Burlingame (pronounced Blingham!), strongholds of the ultra elite San Francisco Bay region. Whereby, presumably, he has isolated himself from the old Lakeside Golf "gang" in North Hollywood, and others of his former cronies.

In short, the accusation is that Bing has gone pretty "grand." That he, of all persons, has assumed the mantle of aloofness, which so often is disastrously worn over any long period of time in Hollywood.

Any star who reaches the success attained by Crosby—success both as an inspirer of enormous audiences

THE FINGER of accusation is being pointed at Bing Crosby, for there are people in Hollywood who say he is becoming a snob.

Do I hear derisive laughter from his devoted fans, who regard him as one of the great Commoners, one of the most human of the Troubadours of the People?

Do you think that Bing could ever forsake the broad, free, mid-lane of the Proletariat for the high road of the socially exclusive "upper crust?" Or do you?

Bing has changed, his friends say.

Can you believe it, they say that Crooner Crosby has gone so



Four good reasons for Bing to be conceited — Dennis, Gary, Phillip and Baby Lindsay. What a handsome group!

ALL THIS ABOUT BING ?

BY ELZA SCHALLERT

and huge financial returns—is bound to be the target for reproaches. It is the common belief that success and fame should never change the individual. Rather it is the naive hope that this may never come about. And that no matter what evolution takes place in the individual's career, he himself must remain the same. Good, bad, or indifferent—but ever constant!

Of course, change must occur. The main question is—how much?

One would have to go back quite a way, in Bing's instance, to measure any transition. A lot of people naturally like to think of the Bing Crosby in the Rhythm Boys days, when he was just one of a trio who sang with Paul Whiteman's Band. That was about twelve years ago. And it was a few seasons later that Bing and the boys appeared in a film musical with the maestro, called "King of Jazz." Shortly after that they were engaged to sing at the renowned Cocoanut Grove, which was then and still is one of the most coveted goals for entertainers with a weather eye on a film contract, and now in addition, the lucrative field of radio broadcasting.

It is from that time that Bing is so well remembered, as a simple, un-

assuming young fellow whom everyone lauded for those very qualities—a chap trying to get along and who, everyone felt, had loads of talent.

He later justified their belief in him, for it is now a matter of history that Bing emerged from the Rhythm Boys trio and became a soloist. His individual style of singing, his crooning, his glissando, his decor of whistling while putting over a song, all constituted the first big hurdle in his race for fame and fortune. From then on, an astute business management became the senior partner in his career, which grew and expanded like the banyan tree—but that probably is an oft-told story. Still, his is one of the most fascinating sagas of success ever to come out of Hollywood, where bad management so often rules and ruins careers.

Today Bing's star is in its zenith. His work and his personal life spell fulfillment in every way. He has been a builder in the truest sense. Every block in the structure of his professional career, his domestic life, has been carefully and thoughtfully laid on a sound foundation. Its strength reflects his deep sense of integration. Home, family, career. Each is protected by the other.

The roots of his career reach out in every direction. Pictures, records, radio, song publishing enterprise, real estate, a talent agency, and lately, the race track and breeding farm. The

name of Crosby represents out and out, or part ownership, in numerous business undertakings, all of which prosper well. Much of the success of these may be explained by the fact that they are run by a single organization—a family unit—the Crosbys. Bing—Everett—Larry—Mr. Crosby, Sr., the father of the three smart boys—and recently another gifted Crosby who has joined the circle and is doing right well by himself, Bob, the young orchestra leader.

Yes, as Bing contemplates his own achievements he may well and rightfully feel a certain glow of satisfaction. There is first of all the personal happiness he derives from his domestic citadel—his wife and four young sons. Then there is the welding of the family forces into a veritable little kingdom. And last, but not least, speaking of purely practical things, there are the large revenues of today and the remunerations that may be anticipated tomorrow.

Indeed, Bing's star is in its zenith—and the Moving Finger writes on. What does it matter that some Hollywoodites accuse him of getting a little smug, snobbish or "high hat?" What does it all amount to? What difference does it make?

This, I might say, is the impression I received when I talked to Crosby recently. It was a most interesting and in some ways a unique encounter during many (Continued on page 98)

grand that even his closest pals can't get him on the telephone



Spence was in movies a year before he knew he was appearing in B pictures.



Spencer Tracy and Nancy Kelly are excellent in "Stanley and Livingstone."

TELLIN' ON TRACY

or—inside stuff on an

Academy winner

BY JULIA SHAWELL

AMONG THE stars and directors and producers and electricians and hot dog stand proprietors in Hollywood when you mention Spencer Tracy's name the answer is inevitably, "Oh, he's a good friend of mine." Clark Gable, Jimmy Cagney, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, the wardrobe woman at M-G-M and all of the rest of them say it and a glow of warmth comes into their eyes. You can wonder about that unanimity of emotion among such a varied host of the cinema city's inhabitants—until you meet Spencer Tracy and then you realize why, if this shining star were to do anything foolish, all of the others would say, "Somebody ought to tell Tracy; he's wrong this time." Because Tracy hasn't been wrong very often when it came to honest feeling and following his heart or his mind.

Not so very long ago this husky, pleasant-faced redhead, slouched at the wheel of an open car, sped through the Metro gates in Culver City and over the miles to his eight-acre farm outside Hollywood—his wide-mouthed grin telling any passing motorists, "This is a grand world." He turned in at the gates of home and, as interested wives do the world over when their mates have embarked on a new difficult venture, Mrs. Tracy was waiting for him at the door. Her talented husband whose last few years of film stardom have been filled with one successful role after another had started that day on one of the most important assignments of his movie career. At Fox, they had commenced shooting "Stanley and Livingstone."

"How did it go, Spencer?"

"Say, it was wonderful," replied the enthusiastic Spencer. "Watching those 'youngsters' work."

Patently Mrs. Tracy smiled for she admits indulgently that with all his success her husband is still Hollywood's most ardent fan about what he likes. And she knew she'd have to wait until after Spencer had expounded the talents of Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly to hear what had happened to Mr. Tracy and his efforts that day.

Finally she managed to get him round to Spencer Tracy's part and Spencer said he guessed it would be all right. Not that Mr. Tracy's remark gave any indication of the value of his role to the picture. Until after "Boys Town" was finished he was sure he was a "bust"—Tracy

whose human, sensitive, dramatic characterization of the priest in that film brought lumps into countless throats and made him the favorite cinema actor of more people than he dreams. His attitude was in keeping with the fact that when he first went to Hollywood under contract, he worked a whole year

before he learned that there were Class A and Class B pictures and that he was making Class B pictures which didn't show in the important theatres and that was the reason most of his New York friends knew only vaguely that he was drawing a regular movie salary.

That vitality in every line he speaks on the screen, the amazing energy he exudes even when he's merely sitting at a desk before the cameras is no trick he turns on and off for his public. It's as much a part of the real Spencer Tracy as his incorrigible red hair through which he is always running his hands. It's evident in everything he does. It is like a strength-transmitting current emanating from him even when he's slouched in an arm chair and talking about casual things. It permeates his infectious hearty laughter. And, most of all, he has the gift for spontaneous heart-full laughter.

NOT THAT Spencer Tracy's life has been so amusing. He's had his difficult years, his disappointments—times when it looked like the hard knocks were an avalanche. He's had his personal troubles and his professional setbacks, but neither life nor what it gave him could ever stop the force that made him take everything in his stride.

Not long ago he and Mrs. Tracy made their first trip to New York in several years. Eastern film officials met the pair at Grand Central. They were rushed to a swanky Fifth Avenue hotel, but they hadn't been registered an hour when Tracy was down the elevator and rushing over to see Broadway. This was the street that had once seemed like Paradise Lane to him when he thought about it in those little hick towns where for seasons he toured in road companies and where sometimes he was stranded. It is only a five-cent subway ride from Brooklyn, but years ago it had been a million miles away from his immediate possibilities of attainment.

Tracy hadn't gone ten steps when he was discovered. Little boys followed him and fur-draped ladies turned back to watch his brisk stride (Continued on page 95)



LUCK OF THE IRISH

Geraldine must have been born holding a shamrock

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

BELIEVE IT or not, the luck of the Irish is as fabulous as a screen star's salary and as consistent as California's climate is reputed to be. Indeed, the shamrock might as well have four leaves so faithful in favor is it to those born on its native heath. Further, if you want first hand testimony to the good fortune Erin bestows on her sons and daughters, consult Geraldine Fitzgerald, a gifted young actress who has created a great cinematic furore in three American-made movies this season—"Dark Victory," "Wuthering Heights" and "A Child Is Born."

Geraldine Fitzgerald blames her success on luck—Irish luck. Yep, since the tender age of two Geraldine's life has been just one big "if" after another—and "if" has invariably been spelled l-u-c-k! In fact, if it hadn't been for the Civil War breaking out in Dublin, Geraldine admits she might have well been another happy housewife, completely oblivious to the world of arts.

Indeed, by way of pointing this up, she explained, "When I was a very small child and we were living in Dublin, the Civil War broke out. It was pretty awful, especially at night. You could even hear scurrying footsteps on our roof. It was always the same—first the pursuit, the snipers' gun and then a body crashing to the ground. It was more horrible than you can imagine, especially to a child. Consequently, my family moved to the country, where life wasn't so hectic. But even so, it made such an impression on me that I've never forgotten. To this very day I'm literally frightened out of my wits if I'm caught in a noisy crowd.

"However, once we were firmly entrenched in peaceful surroundings I began to have a renewed interest in life. The extreme contrast of it was so great that I decided at once to become an artist. I felt I simply had to paint the marvels of nature. My parents, however, as all good Irish people, decided that I was to go into a convent—and, into one I was planked! I didn't remain as long as is customary. You see, in Ireland girls don't generally go to colleges as they do here in America. They remain in a convent until eighteen and that usually completes their education. Not so with *me*! I made such a devil of a row that I was finally taken away at the age of fourteen. I was terribly unhappy there and felt my real progress was being retarded. While I was caged up inside the con-

vent, life on the outside was eagerly waiting to applaud my artistic efforts!"

Geraldine paused to light a cigarette as she reminisced, then raised her lovely eyes and continued, "I entered Dublin Art School and studied so hard that I was completely oblivious to all glances of despair cast in my direction by instructors. However, on finishing the course I found out the worst. They informed me it would be best to discontinue studying art. In fact, if I were smart I'd find myself a husband and forget all about it! I thought this over seriously, then recalled that most great artists were beset by disappointment and struggle. There was but one thing to do, grin and bear it. So, off to London I went. The countryside of Ireland really wasn't the place for a budding young genius of the brushes. At least I should have atmosphere in which to starve for my Art!

THE NEXT few years I worked hard," Geraldine added, with a tang of old Erin in her voice. "But even so, my friend's criticism invariably followed this pattern, 'Geraldine, ole girl, as an artist you're a lousy painter.' I wasn't discouraged though. I knew that the really great are never recognized by their contemporaries. In fact, if it hadn't been for an awful storm one night I'd probably never have changed my life. During the thunder, lightning and general confusion I became frightened and then violently ill. Suddenly I *knew* I'd never be more than 'just a mediocre painter.' On the heels of this realization the idea popped into my head that if I couldn't paint pictures in oil, why not try painting word pictures?

"Immediately next morning I packed up and left London," Geraldine confessed. And looking into her large, sincere eyes, we knew that this Irish colleen might yet be smudging paint on a canvas "if" it hadn't been for that storm. As she continued, with the toss of her head and her brow knitted in thought, we became engrossed in this tale of the birth of a star. "I went directly home and consulted my Aunt, Sheilah Richards. She looked me over and decided I *might* just be able to act. But, *never* with my present vocal equipment. You see, unfortunately I had one of those high pitched, squeaky voices. All sounds issued directly from the bridge of my nose. Aunt Sheilah, as you probably know, is a pretty well-known actress in the Abbey Theatre and consequently knows the (Continued on page 85)



This "love scene" with George Ernest in "Boy Friend" caused Miss Jane no end of trouble. Right, two inches up, ten pounds off and presto—Jane Withers has as cute a little "figger" as you could wish to see.



THE CALL OF

Spring

NO GOOD!" said the cameraman resignedly. "Her face shows up as dark as her hair. She'll just have to stop blushing before I can shoot the scene!"

A tallish, brown-haired girl, long faced without her accustomed bangs, slapped vexed arms akimbo to her newly-curved hips, bit her brand new lipstick and stamped the floor.

"Darn it!" swore Jane Withers. "I can't help it. I'm just not used to love scenes with men!"

The "man" in question was George Ernest, aged sixteen, fresh from "Jones Family" childhood to adolescence in Jane's "Boy Friend." The "love scene" called for all the white passion of a shy peck on Jane's cheek by George as he left for military school. Still a whole working day rolled by before the usual One-take Withers got her romantic moment safely in the can.

As recently as a year ago such coy capers and maidenly modesty would have drawn disgusted jeers from Ginger Jane herself. At that point Jane would and could kiss a boy, poke him in the nose, slam him in the middle or boot him in the pants—all with equal poise, polish and nonchalance.

But in the last few months strange things have been happening. The Holy Terror has been growing up. And like everything she does, Jane Withers has been growing up with all her might. The results are a little terrifying, to say the least.

On the physical side, just the last ninety days have shot Jane up over two inches and forced her little stand-in to walk around on cork stilts. Ten pounds have melted from Jane's new five foot-two inch body in judiciously feminine places. Her mother's familiar plea on the Withers set of "Jane, pull your stomach in!" echoes no more. That region, formerly just one long bulge of healthy little girl, has shifted north and south with surprising results, including a waistline.

Of course time plays no favorites in Hollywood, any more than it does anywhere else. Among the Kiddie crop, Shirley Temple's chubby legs have firmed and stretched, and her personality now has more than dimples and a curly top. But she's still darling little Shirley. Freddie Bartholomew's angular face may have shot up above his spare bones like a weed, but he's still a little British gentleman. Mickey Rooney in his late teens is no more hard-cooked, nor Deanna Durbin much more delicious than a few years back.

The transformation of Hollywood's Public Brat Number One, however, is a phenomenon so startling, devastating that it deserves a place among the major upheavals of Hollywood history. Something like Mary Pickford's original bob or the day Garbo spoke.

The stark fact is this: Tomboy Jane has become a dainty little lady. Believe it or not. There was a time, and not far gone, either, that you smiled when you said that around Jane Withers.

When I first met the Atlanta whirlwind three or four years ago, she said she wanted a machine gun. She didn't mean maybe. To prove it, she whirled about my terrified frame coughing out imaginary bullets, à la Little Caesar. We had a chummy afternoon, I recall, discussing things to tickle a sweet child's fancy like Chinese hatchet murders, pirates, blood vows, slot machines, crooked gambling ships, and the better methods of putting the slug on a guy.

Since then, up until "it" started happening, Jane has kept up the good work. She was generally to be found teetering along the roof of her house or shinnying up a tree ahead of desperate, panting young neighborhood males around her age. Or to pass the time she rocketed dizzily around on a gasoline scooter or crashed through a fence in a miniature racing automobile at forty miles per hour. Her good influences ran towards organizing



Tomboy Jane is past history. Meet this dainty little miss in her first evening gown—and, as with most "firsts," thereby hangs quite a tale.

the All Kids Club, a juvenile sort of *Mafia*. Next to a private menagerie of goats, snakes, squirrels, turtles, chickens and cats, the thing dearest to her heart was a collection of murderous-looking knives.

Sad to report, all that is changed. The blossoming of life's springtime in Jane's bosom has loosed the gentle arts and tender graces. Just have a look . . .

Instead of knives she collects—perfume. Instead of scaling housetops, Jane—knits. Instead of plundering her startled cook's kitchen, Jane has—breakfast in bed. Instead of galloping about bareback and cowgirl clad, Jane decorously trots her pony, in jodhpurs and perched primly on an English saddle. Instead of a kid-gang secret emblem, her prize possession is a girl scout hostess badge, won by properly serving tea. Instead of the Dick Tracy series, Jane's literary interests run to romantic love tales. Instead of blood vows, now she writes poetry. A sample of it goes like this: (Continued on page 62)

When Jane's collection of murderous knives is replaced by a table of perfume bottles—well, something is certainly up

by

KIRTLEY BASKETTE

ANN SHERIDAN



JOAN BENNETT



Hair Care

BY CAROL CARTER

Take a lesson from the stars who know the value of luxuriant, shining, seductive tresses

YES, IT has been rightly said that one of the first things a casting director looks for is healthy, shining, abundant hair and, if a potential star doesn't have it, her chances for success are considerably reduced. That is as it should be, too, for hair serves not only as a frame for a girl's face, but also as an unfailing gauge by which the world judges her health, vitality, habits — whether lively or lazy—and her pride in personal appearance.

Harsh judgment? Not at all—for

strong, shining, healthy hair can be had. Continuous, regular fundamental care is two-thirds of the secret. Which leaves just about one-third (some say less than that) to heredity, environment and other such sober-sounding influences.

That being the case, what shall we do to have shining, seductive manes like the Lamarrs and Lamours, to say nothing of the Sheridans, Bennetts, Hayworths and a few hundred other cinema sirens? Listen, then, and we'll tell you. Cleanliness and



Rita Hayworth shows you the way to a perfect shampoo. First, wet hair.



Second, pour on a good liquid soap or shampoo according to directions.

stimulation are your answers. To any head, brushing, massage, shampoos and rinses are of primary importance—and that's what we're going to talk about today.

Just one point before we start: We're taking it for granted that you understand the important effect of general health on the quality and beauty of your hair. If your system is lacking in oils, nourishment or glandular secretions, or if definite disease or disorder is present, your hair will show it like a barometer—in loss of lustre, "life" and body. Sometimes, especially where fever has been present, even grayness, baldness or an excessively dry or oily condition will result. These are special symptoms, due to unusual circumstances, and they require specialized, concentrated care.

What we're going to talk about now applies particularly to folks in more or less normal physical condition. However, everything we're going to recommend will apply—with possible modifications—to you who have special hair problems. For you these measures may need to be amended with additional, more specific treatments prescribed by your physician. But otherwise, the care of hair is universally the same.

Out of tiny pockets, known as follicles, your scalp manufactures hundreds of thousands of minute, horny shafts which we call hair. These are made of the same substance as your nails and correspond to the cuticle of

your epidermis. Some authorities say that a blonde head of hair averages about 140,000 to a scalp, black hair about 108,000 and red hair usually about 90,000.

However accurate that may be, there are a lot of hairs on any average head, and if you want to keep them there and have them serve their purposes of beauty and ornamentation, as well as of warmth and protection (that's what nature originally intended hair for), then they certainly deserve the best care you can give.

HAIR HEALTH starts at the scalp. A loose, thickly cushioned scalp is a healthy one and, given an even chance, will produce strong, luxuriant, glossy hair. A tight, thin scalp is an unhealthy one, and may even lead to baldness, unless stimulated and encouraged along the way. Normal, undamaged hair has great elasticity. A single strand, when pulled, will stretch about one half an inch. Injured, damaged, dyed, bleached or overheated hair will break when pulled the slightest bit.

The hair itself has no blood or nerve supply and cutting it will not affect its growth, straightness or curliness. Nothing you do to the hair alone will permanently affect *those* qualities. This should encourage you whose hair has suffered from over-bleaching, poor permanents and other abuses, for if the scalp has not been injured, you still have a chance to grow a new crop of hair. However,

the daily care you give your hair certainly will affect its vigor, sheen, beauty, abundance and, to some extent, even its color.

The old rule your grandmother preached about brushing your hair a hundred strokes every day with a long-bristled, clean brush has never been improved upon for cleaning, polishing, stimulating and exercising your hair. Fairly stiff, flexible bristles, about an inch long, make excellent brushes. Soft bristles won't grip the hair hard enough, and too harsh ones made of wire or the like will scratch your scalp and break your hair.

Brush out and upward, away from your head, turning the brush so as to pull your hair through to the very ends. This motion exercises your hair while it polishes each separate shaft. Never brush down against the scalp. Start at the hair line in front and work around the complete circle. When you've finished this, separate your hair into strands an inch or so thick and brush each strand several times on *both* sides. After you've brushed your entire head, finish up with another circle around the hair-line just for good measure.

And don't get the notion that all this is going to take too much of your valuable time. Is five minutes a day too much to pay for strong, lustrous, flattering hair? What the ads. say about jobs and beaux and arguments being won or lost indirectly because of poor, (Continued on page 90)



Third, work shampoo into scalp with cushions of all your fingers.



Fourth, rinse hair in warm water. Apply more soap and rinse several times.



Fifth, to bring out highlights, use a vinegar, lemon or vegetable rinse.



Sixth, with a clean turkish towel, pat and rub your hair gently and thoroughly.



Seventh, whisk hair gently up and out, using a coarse toothed comb.



Eighth, brush hair lightly up and out, using long, flexible bristles.

LUCKY LAD

BY MARTHA KERR



Charles Boyer's favorite film partner is Greta Garbo. He knows her exceedingly well.

HOLLYWOOD makes Charles Boyer happy, but not rich, he says, as he remembers the fifty percent of his salary that must go to government taxes, the ten percent his agent retains, the slice that he must cut off for the state of California and the piece that represents his French taxes.

As Boyer recalled that he hadn't saved much of his earnings last year—and that's not a pleasant thought for a careful Frenchman—he explained he could make more money working in French films abroad. But he'd rather be in Hollywood. "Of all the places in the world that might be offered me, including my own Paris, I'd take my garden California," he says. It was an amazing experience

for him this past summer when he was where people believe every Frenchman longs to be—in Paris. And while he vacationed in the capital that had brought him his first success and he renewed old associations in familiar places, this favorite of the French stage thought with longing of a garden in Hollywood. He surprised himself at the nostalgia for the Pacific that filled his thoughts in the city that had once been the grandest place in the world for him.

Boyer, who married Pat Paterson after he had lived a bachelor existence in the cinema colony for several seasons, is as charming as he is talented. He has a quiet, unassuming, pleasant manner and will talk frankly about his age or his work or his bank account or his pleasures. He's thirty-eight years old, suave without seeming sophisticated. He makes fun of his accent and bewails the terrors of conquering a new language after his thirtieth birthday. He doesn't like big parties and he's afraid of people in crowds of more than ten. He avoids mass interviews because he says they make him feel awkward and the very

Interesting
highlights on
top players

DIZZY DAMSEL

BY HUGH ROBERTS



Alice Brady can knock off a dramatic role, too. Did you see her in "Young Mr. Lincoln?"

Brady; well, it's all in a day's work. But, don't get the idea Miss Brady is in the slightest intimidated by the serious roles that come her way. The fact is, she was awarded the highest tribute, that given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her portrayal of Mrs. O'Leary in "In Old Chicago."

Nevertheless, a portrait of a dizzy dame—with a nod to Alice Brady—is comparable to a cocktail. The general run of such mesdames could be simply dusted off with a few ingredients such as would take you right to "sea" on the second sip. Not, however, the kind of dizzy dame portrayed by Alice Brady. For, to know her is to respect and love her for the many virtues she possesses.

Let's give you an idea of Miss B's temperament. In New York recently for a short vacation and rest, she ran into an old friend. This friend felt hurt at Alice's seeming neglect of her until she confided, "Do you know, I came on to see some shows and have a little fun, but what do you think I've done? You're wrong, my dear! The only bit of New York I've been able to see is the block around this hotel. It's my dogs. They have to have an airing every so often. I'm really afraid to leave them alone for fear they'll tear up the place and I don't want to have to buy this darn hostelry for the sake of an evening out! Oh, I know," Alice stopped her friend's protest, with the famous Brady rising inflection and a wave of her hand, "I could have left them in California. But, would you believe it,

they're my best friends! The only ones I can always be sure of. Oh, dear, next time I come on I will manage to get around and that'll make up for it. Now I must be off, for it's about time for my turn around the corner again."

Having had experience with hotels that send a "please remit" to famous personalities visiting with their hounds, Alice Brady was smart enough to know that her bill wouldn't be padded with costly items supposedly, or otherwise, destroyed by her beloved pooches. Rascals, we should say, for wire-haired terriers are just as destructive as they are lovable. So, being a respecter of personal property, Miss Brady spent her few days in Gotham seeing to it that her rascals were kept under control, which was no small job.

Kindness, as this anecdote illustrates, and a heart as big as all outdoors is one of Miss Brady's more famed qualities. By way of illustration, recently we were on the coast and heard she was to personally auction a hat in one of the night spots. Being a Brady fan, we were present when the festivities got under way. As it turned out, the proceeds were to go to one of the entertainers whose home had been wiped out by a fire. What appeared to be a publicity stunt was in reality Alice's sincerely allowing what value her name would lend—and that's plenty—to the proceedings, the cash results of which were to go for this needy cause.

In her own inimitable manner she modeled the hat, tossed her head right and left in her best dizzy fashion. The cash bidders, however, were in stitches with her flutterings and daffy remarks during the (Continued on page 68)

DIZZY DAMES is a term generally employed to explain ladies who are on the fluttery, light-hearted—to say nothing of headed—side. However, to give a picture of one is no simple job. For an artist, yes. For an actress, indeed yes! And for an Alice

idea of being guest of honor at one of those teas where stars are exhibited horrifies him—he swears he couldn't endure it. And he's one actor who, when he does talk, can be an interested party to a conversation which is not about himself. He'll talk about other players and directors—he's interested in the screen efforts of his contemporaries and he can be admiring or analytical without a trace of malice or envy.

Boyer is of sturdy build, medium height and dark-skinned, more the romantic Latin than the Parisian trouper. His eyes are soft brown and they talk with his tongue. His English is amazingly good when we realize that he didn't know a word of it when he came to America and his frequent apologies for lingual limitations seem quite unnecessary. He is bound up in his work—it has first importance in his scheme of living without being all-absorbing. Tennis and riding are his favorite recreations—and he likes reading, particularly biographies. One of the terms of his contract provides that he have enough free time each year to make a trip

back to Europe. When he first signed the contract he thought he couldn't endure California without Paris interludes, but since he has become acclimated he says the trip back to his old home only adds to the attractions of his adopted domicile. He would like to make a French picture every now and then because he does feel that he can give freer and deeper expression to a part in his native tongue and he has a hankering to appear in a French play once again.

When Boyer was brought over from France nine years ago to make French versions of M-G-M pictures at Culver City, he didn't know a word of English. He had a successful—in fact, a brilliant, European record behind him, and when he first reached Hollywood he had no idea that in a few years he would become one of the most sought-after leading men for American roles. A graduate of the University of Paris, Boyer was born in a small town in the South of France and his mother had always wanted him to be a doctor. She accepted the disappointment when he decided to be an actor instead, but she insisted he complete his university

education, and so it was at nineteen that he first stepped before the foot-lights professionally. His undistinguished apprenticeship lasted several seasons before he won any recognition with French audiences, and then after he appeared in a series of successful romantic leads, he turned to pictures in the French studios. He also appeared in a few productions out of the Berlin studios, and when M-G-M imported him for their foreign-language division he thought the sojourn would be brief and that he would return to France to take up his stage work again. Fate decreed otherwise and even before Boyer knew the meaning of half the words he had to say in English he was cast in the picture, "Private Worlds."

The reception by the public of that introductory characterization convinced the California film makers that they had a good bet in Charles Boyer. Unlike his countryman, Maurice Chevalier, Boyer was not unhappy at working in Hollywood. Whereas Chevalier remained because he couldn't resist the big money involved, Boyer stayed (Continued on page 66)

GLAMOR GIRL

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



Andrea Leeds is in "The Real Glory." When Opportunity knocked, she certainly answered!

A LADY stepped from the platform of the train. The porter, a delectable shade of milk chocolate, looked up and, seeing the vision before him, exclaimed, "Lawdy me!" And with surprise dilating his startled eyes, continued wonderingly, "An' dey say de

queen can do no wrong! My lan's."

The "queen" was none other than Andrea Leeds. It wasn't, however, those beautiful brown eyes, nor her lovely voice that provoked such an aside from this Man Friday of the pullmans. No, no. As a matter of fact, it was her ankle-length gold lamé dress, topped off with an extremely large picture hat that did the trick. No doubt the contrast was just a bit too much. Just picture Andrea with benefit of full stage make-up sallying forth into the hustle and bustle of an early morning, cold and business-like station. Now, if she'd doffed her topper and stepped into the Persian Room, those glances would have been envious. But, in Grand Central Station—never! Those gentlemen and ladies of the waiting rooms, who by necessity gather for arrivals and departures, gazed upon a curiosity; in fact, they downright stared!

In back of this little show, in all probability, was the fact Andrea had always wanted a dress just like that and now that she had both it, and the time, darned if she wasn't going to wear it! At least, she is a rugged individualist. In fact, she has been since babyhood, so there's no changing her now.

Long ago, in Mexico, when her parents decided to ship her to relatives in California for safe-keeping, Andrea had a mind of her own. Due to labor troubles in the mining industry, to say nothing of marauding bands of Mexicans, Mr. Leed's little daughter was threatened with kidnapping. And so, after much debating, Andrea was shipped by plane to Los Angeles.

It's an ill wind that blows no good! And let it never be said the winds

that blew Andrea into the cinema city were evil ones! For it was here she was to be discovered by the movie moguls. Yes, discovered with Jon Hall. That is, they were studio "finds" simultaneously, having been classmates at school.

Jon, as you'll recall, skyrocketed to fame with his first assignment—and that a stellar one. Not so with Andrea. Hers was the hard way. Though she was only a contract player, there was plenty of spirit in the Leeds gal. She knew her rights and, what's more, stood up for them. The studio called it temperament and labeled Andrea "hard to handle." When a mild scolding didn't in the least impress our heroine, her boss decided to really punish his young employee. By way of meting out this dose, she was loaned to a rival studio for a mediocre part in one of their major productions. This, according to their lights, served a two-fold purpose. It not only saved paying salary on the balance of her contract, since there were embryonic ideas of dropping mademoiselle, but at the same time showed their problem child they meant business.

However, to get on, when audiences saw "Stage Door," they were pleased with an attractive girl in the cast. Her character, hopelessly stage struck, had breaks—all bad. But, when the girl slowly mounted the stairs with hope, fear and desolation in her large expressive eyes as she marched to her doom—well, the audience's cheers started resounding. Thus, overnight the public was Andrea Leeds conscious and clamored for more.

Like the proverbial boomerang, this too, served a two-fold purpose. Fame for Andrea, and a mad scramble by her studio (Continued on page 68)



Clothes to see you through the summer — whether you choose

FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR

There is nothing smarter this summer for either town or country than a white cotton piqué dress like the one pretty Anita Louise is wearing. The silk wimple on her white leghorn hat matches the variegated kerchief on her dress. Her white gloves are washable, her sandals open-toed and heeled. The flared skirt and nipped-in waist are important details. Right, green, purple and gray plaid taffeta makes the skirt on Anita's delectable little afternoon dress with its white cotton embroidered petticoat and black silk jersey blouse. Her bag and shoes are black antelope. The wimple on her black straw hat matches her plaid skirt, too. Dresses like this are perfect for young, slim girls, for dressy afternoon and informal evening wear. But don't attempt them if you are not the ingenue type.



to spend it at the seashore, mountains or in your own home town

A black taffeta "school marm" apron completely changes the appearance of Anita Louise's white organdy evening dress with its huge puffed sleeves and all-over flower design in blue and pink. A frock like this would be especially suitable for that vacation trip because in the packing space of one dress you will have several changes.

Here's the same dress with a black taffeta girdle substituted for the "school marm" apron. White is right for summer evenings whether you are dark or fair. Cotton lace and black velvet hair bows carry out the demure "little-girl" look so popular with the younger set. Simplicity of line is one of the chief charms of this very attractive frock.

BY SANDRA PHILLIPS

ARE YOU faring forth to Treasure Island, the World of Tomorrow, spending a week in town with Cousin Sue or dashing off on a motor trip or cruise? Maybe you're headed for a summer camp or a cottage—or are you glad of the chance to just stay at home and keep cool? Wherever you are, you'll need three kinds of clothes to see you through: play togs, the informal kind; casual clothes for town, travel and general wear; and evening things to make you feel gay and smart and glamorous at night. If you are willing to do a little planning, adapting and combining, you can build a whole summer wardrobe around this nucleus of essentials.

We're taking it for granted that you aren't starting altogether from scratch. Every girl who's reached her late teens and twenties—to say nothing of her thirties—has accumulated a few trinkets and favorite costumes that she can draw on from time to time. The thing all of us often need much more than clothes is ideas of how to adapt, combine and wear what we have.

A suit is practically a "must" in any wardrobe. A two piece suit is fine, a three piece even better. A light tweed, a smart twill, or one of the new subdued wool checks or plaids would be good. With a hat, gloves, shoes and bag to either match or contrast, and (*Continued on page 89*)

POWELL & CO.

BY MARY MAYES

Eleanor once said she wouldn't dance with Fred Astaire. Read what she says now they are to co-star.

THE VERY capable girl ran a couple of capable hands through her hair and wondered distractedly which one of the fourteen things which must be done immediately ought to be tackled first. She was Eleanor Powell's secretary and close friend, Miss Stebbins, known to everyone as Stebby.

On her right, Cookie was shouting through the phone that the cleaner had promised the blue and white sports dress for the 4:10 show, and he'd better get it here or else. Grey-haired and gentle looking, Mrs. Cook, an old friend of the Powells, had lost her husband in an automobile accident a few months ago and she had begged to go along on the personal appearance tour. "I probably won't be much good," she had said, "but I promise to keep out of the way and I can at least answer telephones." She proved invaluable—hard-boiled, tactful, sweet or tough, as the occasion demanded.

To the left of Stebby, Mrs. Powell, Eleanor's delightful mama, was answering phones, writing letters, curling her daughter's hair and talking to me. Eleanor, ye starre, was nursing one foot, while the other reposed wearily in an over-sized straw slipper.

All this activity and all of us were huddled in a theatre dressing-room, smaller than the average closet. "Why they build these really splendid theatres and put no windows in the dressing-rooms is a mystery to me," Mrs. Powell snapped. No, not snapped, for she's too jolly to snap. But one could see it was a sore point with her after two weeks without oxygen.

"Oh, Mama, I hope they don't ask me to greet any more high schools," said Eleanor. "This morning I was told Tyson High and it turned out to be Wilson, and I had to apologize and say something about forgetting my specs. It was very drippy."

"Never mind, dear. You wanted to be famous, didn't you now?" said Mama. "I think I'm going to quit as your manager, daughter, and become a newspaper columnist." She checked a name on a list. "That's the third telephone interview I've given for you today."

"I've got to find time for a telegram to Ella!" wailed Stebby.

"Who is Ella?" I asked, for no one had told me up to the point.

"She's Ed's sister," Eleanor said helpfully, but went on to explain, "Ed's our house boy. When we feel fancy we call him the butler. Anna's the cook. What a cook! Oh, Mama, I'm so sick of sandwiches. But do you know," she turned to me, "the other night we went over to Baltimore to a

fish place (only place we've been) and they said I could have anything I wanted. I've always wanted to taste terrapin and when it was set before me I couldn't eat a bite. All full of sandwiches."

"All full of nerves, more like it," said Mrs. P. "Dear, lie down for a while and try to rest."

"I can't rest. I'm afraid I'm going to forget that part in the first number. I nearly forgot it in this morning's performance."

Eleanor Powell lives in constant terror of forgetting steps and routines. It does no good to tell her that even if she should forget, so what? She could just make up something and nobody would know the difference. And she never does forget when it comes time to dance.

A PERSONAL appearance tour is no fun if what I hear from all p.a.-ers is correct. Eleanor, not having faced an audience since she played in "At Home Abroad," decided that a tour was in order. So she gathered up Mama, Stebby, Mrs. Cook, Gus Sonnenberg, her musical director, and a seven piece Hawaiian orchestra, and took off eagerly for points east. Once launched on the tour, she decided she should have had her head examined. It was a madhouse from start to finish.

In the first place, she was booked into New York first, which is one of the odd things studios do. Any top-ranking movie star who goes through a New York stage appearance of one week, five or six shows a day, is fit only for a rest cure afterwards. However, New York it was, then Washington, which is where I caught up with the dancing feet of Miss P.

Well, she did three generous, fast, exhausting dances five times a day. She ran through an informal line of patter very ably. There was only one quick change, but that was enough! Dripping with perspiration, she was peeled out of a simple sports frock (three dozen, I think, were used on the tour) and sloshed liberally with rubbing alcohol by Mama, Stebby and Cookie. Then into a dancer's belt and over this the skin tight silver hip-band from which was hung the "grass skirt." Every woman who has struggled into a tight girdle on a hot day can appreciate the situation.

After the Hawaiian numbers—the real hula (Continued on page 97)



From her mother on down, they've big plans for Eleanor



Her heart belongs to Daddy, and why shouldn't it, because little Carol Ann is the apple of Wally Beery's eye. He takes her everywhere, including the races.

Virginia Bruce and Hubby J. Walter Ruben may be found at Hollywood Park every day they're not working during the big racing season. They're good losers, too.



Don Ameche carefully studies the racing form—as if that would help, for horses have a way of being just about as unpredictable as the weather.





And still the romance rumors of Bette Davis and George Brent persist. Although each denies that there's "anything to it," the pair are as inseparable as ham and eggs. At any rate, Bette looks very happy these summer evenings, which is a break she roundly deserves.

Around TOWN

Here are a trio of funsters, who recently met up at a broadcast—Jack Oakie, Joan Blondell and Hubby Dick Powell. The Powells are planning a brief flyer into the theatre. Both have stage experience, so the venture should be a great success.





Early birds Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are among the first to appear at the "Second Fiddle" preview. Wayne Morris and his bride sit behind them.

Mickey Rooney, complete with dark glasses and snappy girl friend, steps out at La Conga with Phyllis Ruth. Mickey likes her because she's tiny and lots of fun.

Lee Bowman is simply cuh-razy about Sonja Henie, who claims her best beau is in Oslo. However, Lee and Sonja certainly make an attractive couple, so who can tell?



All dressed up—and

plenty of places to go!

There's never a dull

moment in Movietown

When Joan Crawford steps out these summer evenings, she wears a knee-length white fox coat with built-out shoulders. Notice the novel sleeve trimming with the fur in spiral effect—and that jewelled hair butterfly ornament.

John Payne and Anne Shirley. Anne's cape is of white flannel with paisley trimming appliqued on the shoulders and mandarin collar.



The lady with Erich Remarque is Marlene Dietrich. How do you like the unique turban-like hood attached to her gown?

Gracie Allen, Jack
 Benny, Mary Liv-
 ington and
 George Burns at
 a preview.
 How do you like
 Gracie's white fox
 jacket and her
 chiffon print
 gown? Miss L.
 isn't doing so bad-
 ly either in a lux-
 urious silver fox
 evening coat.

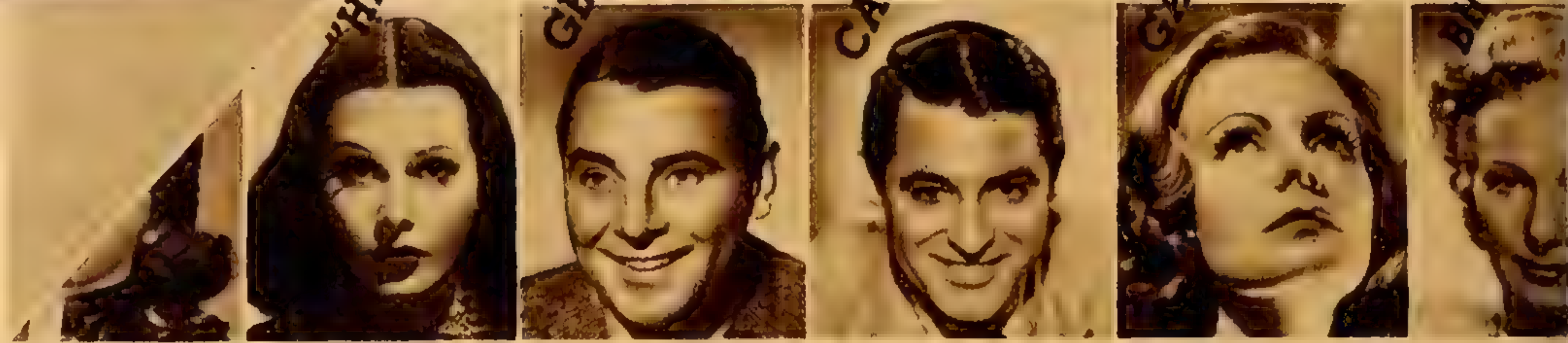


John Garfield with his wife and Mrs. Jack
 Haley. Mrs. G.'s simple evening coat is of a
 pastel bengaline, while Mrs. H. goes in for a
 sable-trimmed ermine wrap.

The Dr. Francis Griffins. She's Irene Dunne,
 you know. Here she's wearing a summer
 sable jacket over a Nile green chiffon gown.
 Irene's evening bag is jewel-embroidered.



GOOD NEWS



Lois Svensrud, our indefatigable reporter,

"HEADACHE" LAMARR

Wonder if Metro's glamor girl realizes that to folks on the "Lady of the Tropics" set she's known as "Headache" Lamarr. The lady's been suffering from a touch of temperament since starting this picture. Though Robert Taylor refused to choke Miss Lamarr, as the script called for, and insisted on only shaking her, he still has little to say to his leading lady, aside from the lines written into the script. And the crew are beside themselves, trying to carry out La Belle's orders for keeping everything quiet on the set so she can concentrate on looking lovely.

GEORGE'S GRATITUDE

Since Louis Bromfield was a frequent visitor on the set of "The Rains Came," the cast and crew decided to ask the author to autograph copies of his book for them. Mr. Bromfield complied, on the condition that everyone on the set autograph his personal copy of the book. George Brent wrote, "Thanks for the character of Ransome—especially for all the brandy he drinks."

CARY'S LEAVE-TAKING

Cary Grant was all set to take the plane to New York in order to catch the boat bound for London and Phyllis Brooks when a last-minute call came from the studio for retakes on "The Kind Men Marry." It was a scene in which Cary lies ill in bed. "Look," he warned the director, as he came on the set in pajamas for the scene, "if I'm not through here by five tonight, I'll leave right in these pajamas for the plane." Director John Cromwell wasn't in the least perturbed. "A splendid idea, Cary," he agreed. "Just carry a sign, will you, saying 'Cary Grant in 'The Kind Men Marry'—an RKO production'."

GARBO WINKS!

Whether it's the spinach-juice diet, the Swedish vacation or the Stokowski influence, Greta Garbo is a different gal since returning to her studio. She's even gone in for winking at the guides on the lot. At least she winked at one the other day. The young man was piloting a crowd of visitors around Metro when Garbo, in slacks and a large straw hat, barged around the corner. In one second flat, the lady winked at the astonished guide, yanked down the hat, and made a frantic dash back around the corner. "Guess she knew she didn't belong here," remarked one of the tourists.

BINNIE'S BEAUX

Binnie Barnes is being escorted around town these evenings by a party of three six-footers—Mike Frankovitch and Cesar Romero, as handsome gentlemen as you can find in town, and New Yorker James McKinley Bryan, who's far from repulsive himself. But that happy look in Binnie's eyes comes from the fact that Samuel Joseph, her ex-husband, is soon to make a visit to Hollywood. And that gorgeous ring she's now wearing also comes from Mr. Joseph. It's a large ruby, surrounded by forty diamonds and pearls. When Cesar Romero saw the blazer, he murmured, "Look, Binnie, when you get ready to subdivide, how about letting an old friend in on a slice?"

BILL KISSES BABS

On the set of "Golden Boy," Bill Holden was kissing Barbara Stanwyck. "Why, that's not bad!" he said, surprised. Barbara burst into laughter. "Did you expect it to be so awful?" she asked. "I've been dreading this moment ever since I signed up for the picture," admitted Bill. "Gosh, I couldn't imagine kissing anyone in front of a camera, let alone kissing Barbara Stanwyck herself!"

JOAN GETS RECKLESS

Joan Crawford lost six pounds doing the famous bathtub scene in "The Women." For in order to keep the suds up in the tub, the water had to be kept at a high temperature. To keep cool as possible Joan ate ice cream cones between takes. "I haven't eaten ice cream for years," she said, "but with the pounds melting off I feel I can do this with perfect propriety." Virginia Weidler, also in the scene, inquired at this point, "Miss Crawford, how can anyone eat an ice cream cone in the bath tub with perfect propriety?"

GINGER DIETS NOW

Ginger Rogers had just four days between "Bachelor Mother" and "Fifth Avenue Girl." But instead of looking pale and drawn, she appeared for work on the new picture looking very healthy indeed. If her pictures aren't dancing ones, Ginger gets back the old vim, vigor and vitality—and also the weight. Which accounts for the fact that every noon finds her nibbling at a cucumber and tomato salad in the commissary. Being in a picture with Astaire had its compensations after all, for in those days the regular noon program was malted milk and a three-decker.

CAROLE'S CLASSY CLOTHES

In "The Kind Men Marry," Carole Lombard's wardrobe is something to see. Playing the role of a dress designer, her clothes are an important part of the picture and Irene, the famous designer, burned the midnight oil to really give them oomph and yumph. "They're wonderful," sighed Carole to Irene. "But this wardrobe will probably interfere with my retiring from the screen. I'm afraid my husband wouldn't be able to support me in the style to which you've accustomed me, my dear."

LEW'S FRENCH (?)

When Lew Ayres was in France, on that recent trip, he decided to stop in at a bookstore and buy a French-English dictionary. Lew isn't the conceited type, but he was pretty proud of the way in which he managed to make known his wants to the clerk. "Oui, oui," said the man at once, and disappeared into the back of the shop, returning with a book which he gave Lew. It was "Robinson Crusoe."

MYRNA'S WOOLEN UNDIES

Dankest and dreariest set in town was the one for "The Rains Came." For nine weeks the water sprinklers deluged the scene and the wind-machines blasted away, while over all hung a strange odor composed of raincoats, clammy jungle scenery and camphorated oil. The cast decided that Myrna Loy should be up this year for the Academy Award for resistance. Not so much as a sniffle wrinkled the famous Loy nose while the rest of the cast went through a siege of colds and rheumatic pains. But Myrna pooh-poohed the reference to her as a genuine glamor girl. The plain facts were that she wore woolen undies.

WENDY'S A STAND-IN

Wendy Barrie picked up her phone the other evening to hear Greg Bautzer ask her for a date. "But what's the matter with Lana?" asked the surprised Wendy. "Nothing's the matter with her, she's fine, but thanks for asking," replied Greg politely. "Now will you or won't you?" Wendy would, so they took off to the Trocadero and—you guessed it—ran into Lana Turner with Tom Brown. The atmosphere was a bit chilly, but we're glad to report that Greg and Lana made up before the evening was over and are still happy as anything. We can also report on



gathers all the intimate gossip of Hollywood and passes it on to you

what happened to cause the tiff. Greg thought they ought to part company awhile, following a banquet for prominent business men which he had attended the previous week. The master of ceremonies, in introducing Greg, spoke of him as "that promising young lawyer, Mr. Turner."

FANNY'S NEW ROLE

Fanny Brice has a new role in life. It's that of child psychologist. Hundreds of letters are pouring in from parents asking her to solve problems of bringing up their own children, since they respect her ability to analyze the incorrigible "Baby Snooks." Fanny says she's flattered at their expressed respect for her opinions and always tries to give the parents some helpful suggestions. "I can't help but feel sympathetic if they have anything resembling the impossible Snooks in their homes," she says, "and I'm in earnest about trying to help them solve their problems. But I'm tempted to solve my own Snooks problem by throwing her out the window and calling it a day."

FRANK'S ANNIVERSARY

The Frank Morgans are a shining example of the fact that there's not a jinx on all Hollywood marriages. They recently celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary for one thing. And further proof that devotion has lasted as well as marriage, they both carry pictures of one another around with them. Pretty blonde Mrs. Morgan's likeness is in the back of Frank's watch. And the other day we saw Mrs. Morgan's picture of her husband, pasted in her gold compact. It doesn't look exactly like the comedian now, but the expression is the same. The picture was taken when Frank was a choir boy at All Angels Church in New York City.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION

On "The Modern Cinderella" set, a unique sight was the extra girls gathered quietly at the side of the stage watching Charles Boyer go through his scenes. Probably the first time these blasé belles ever stopped to look at a movie star, but they stayed overtime to watch this star perform. And for the first time on any Hollywood set, Boyer relaxed and enjoyed himself, his shyness overcome by the sincere flattery of the girls' attention. Between scenes, he chatted with them, played cards and various games. Bobby Treft, one of the extras, was an ama-

teur palm-reader, and Boyer asked her to tell him what his hand revealed. Bobby finished up by saying, "That's all I can tell you—but to think I held your hand for over half an hour!" The Frenchman admitted she didn't tell him anything startling, but insisted, nevertheless, that the pleasure had been all his.

MACK'S NERVES

For a scene in "I Stole A Million," there was a small role for a fighter. George Raft suggested to the director that his stand-in and pal of many years, Mack Grey, might be able to handle it. Mack was pleased with the chance and confident that he could do it. But when it came to standing up in front of the cameras and speaking his few lines, his voice quavered and the perspiration broke out on his forehead. "What's the matter, Mack?" asked the director. "Can't you do it?" Mack said sure he could do it. "But say, George," he called to Raft, "would you mind leaving? You make me nervous."

THE WITHERS' WARDROBE

Jane Withers' growing pains have caused her mother some bad times. When the question of wardrobe comes up, feelings are apt to be somewhat strained. Mrs. Withers took her shopping the other day for party dresses, and though Jane favored all the dresses that ran to the slinky side, her mother and the salesgirl skimmed quickly over them and got her into a frilly number made of white organdy. "There now, that's just the way you should look," said Mrs. Withers fondly. "Just perfect." "Not quite, mother," said her daughter, "I should be carrying a diploma."

RICHARD CARLSON WEDS

Richard Carlson caused no end of commotion in the feminine ranks when he returned to Hollywood for a role in "Winter Carnival." But he dated Ann Sheridan consistently for the first few weeks. Then one day on the set he spotted Virginia Gilmore, who is on the Goldwyn contract list, and almost made that young lady swoon by asking her to dine with him that evening. The two were together every evening until the day the picture finished. That evening, Richard flew to Las Vegas, Nevada, and married Mona Mayfair, a Texas deb. "Just in time, too," said Allen Baldwin, Virginia's real boy friend who was also in the cast of "Winter Carnival." "I was getting so mor-

bid that I was talking to myself with a Scotch brrrr."

JOY'S SORROW

Connie Moore gave Nan Grey a shower the other day in honor of her marriage to Jockey Jackie Westrope. Connie's just recently become Mrs. Johnny Maschio, and among the guests were several other newlyweds. Joy Hodges was also there, looking kind of sorrowful about the whole thing. "It gives me a yen, somehow, to get married," she said. The line forms on the right, former fiancés.

A STAR'S LIFE

For a scene in "The Women," a Bermuda background was needed and Norma Shearer volunteered the use of her Santa Monica beach home. No, she didn't get a cent for it. But what she did get was the chance to stay in bed that morning until the director sent word that the cameras were all set up, the rest of the cast on hand, and everything set to go as soon as Miss Shearer got up. "This will always remain in my memory as the one day I lived the life of a movie star—according to popular conception," she told the director.

BLEACHING SHIRLEY

It's a quart of buttermilk a day for Shirley Temple since she returned from that Honolulu vacation. No, Shirley doesn't need building up, but bleaching out. The buttermilk is applied for this purpose, in hopes that the star will get back that peaches and cream technicolor complexion so "Lady Jane" can start on schedule. Did you know that Virginia Bruce, Norma Shearer and Shirley are the only ladies in Hollywood who have such perfect skins that they need no makeup for technicolor?

ALL GROWN UP

The three smart girls are grown up, all right. Nan Grey's married and Deanna Durbin's engaged to Vaughn Paul. And Helen Parrish returned from the Goldwyn studios, where she appeared in "Winter Carnival" with a dreamy look in her eyes. "It's Jimmy Corner," she said, when Deanna asked her about the romantic sighs. Jimmy was in the same picture. "And is he tall, dark and handsome?" asked Deanna. "Why, that's exactly how he looks," said Helen, surprised. "You know I've heard that expression be-



When it comes to the Crazy Chapeau Division, Rosalind Russell leads the parade.

fore, at that. But somehow I never thought it could describe one man so perfectly."

READY FOR WORK

There were wedding bells for Ginger Rogers' hairdresser, Louise Sloan, and her cameraman John Miehle. The two met on the set of one of Ginger's first pictures and finally decided to be married right after "Bachelor Mother." But when her next picture started four days later, the Miehles were right on hand. "Miss starting Ginger's picture for a honeymoon? Never!" they said.

MICKY'S MAIDENS

Mickey Rooney is making a big dent in the "Babes In Arms" budget, by sneaking frequent visits to the "Glamor Girls" set and forgetting to go back to his own. And no wonder, with Ann Rutherford, Lana Turner, Anita Louise, Mary Beth Hughes and a host of other girls in the cast. "Gee, it's a lot of fun over there with the girls," Mickey defended himself to his director, "except when they get started talking clothes. Man to man, aren't women the limit?"

BOB'S A WRITER, TOO

When the "Earl of Chicago" reaches the screen, you'll see Robert Montgomery listed not only as the star but as a writer on the picture. Before leaving for England to make the picture, he came to Metro daily to work on the script. There was none of the Montgomery flippancy when it came to his writing job, either. A convivial soul, it has always been his habit to linger in the commissary at noon as long as there was one pal in sight to whom he could talk. But the other day, he even excused himself from Louis B. Mayer's table on the stroke of one. "Have to be getting back," he explained. "You just give one hour for lunch to your writers, you know."

HOW CONFUSING!

Jane Bryan made a dash for her dressing-room between takes on the set the other day

and came back with two pills in her hand. One, she explained, was a vitamin pill and the other was thyroid. "Doctor's orders," she explained, "one to build me up and the other to tear me down."

AGREEABLE GREER

Greer Garson has created a furore in town since her performance in "Goodbye Mr. Chips." La Garson is really glamorous looking, with flaming red hair and green eyes. She's even glamorous to the photographers now, though she got off to a bad start with the boys by refusing to pose for the candid-camera snoopers when making the rounds of the night-clubs after her arrival in Hollywood. One of the photographers took her aside and said, "Look, Miss Garson, let me give you a tip. We've put up with Garbo's nonsense all these years but we aren't going to let anyone else pull that stuff on us. It's for your own good to co-operate with the boys." The actress thanked him for the advice, asked for a minute to apply fresh lipstick and posed with her best smile. The Garson private life isn't nearly as exciting as her appearance. She lives in a small Beverly Hills bungalow with her mother and two French poodles. Favorite hobby is cooking and her favorite dish is weiner schnitzel.

RACKETEERS BOTH

An eventful meeting was one which took place in Honolulu, when Paul Muni and Shirley Temple were introduced at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Mr. Muni shook Shirley's hand and smiled at her, "I think we should have met long ago," he said. "I think so, too, Mr. Muni," said Shirley. "After all, we're in the same racket."

A WORRIED MAXIE

Maxwell Everett Rosenbloom was doing a scene. He was surrounded by some fifteen beauteous blondes but looked so unhappy about the whole thing that the director inquired as to what was wrong. "Nothing's really wrong," said Slapsie Maxie, "but, say, I sure feel safer in the ring."

LOVE NOTE

Whether Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund have actually said their "I do's" remains the mystery of their studios. But there's no doubt about their devotion to one another, as people on the lot can tell you. For they have a habit of surprising each other with love notes throughout the day. Pat slips notes to Oren under his desk blotter and Oren likes to tuck his letters in her make-up box or under the plate at her regular table in the commissary. Other day, Mr. Warner came into the commissary ahead of Pat and took a chair at her table. Imagine his consternation when he noticed the bit of paper under his plate and read, "You're the world's most adorable."

BETTE'S PLANS

Though the rumors fly thick and fast about the matrimonial plans of George Brent and Bette Davis when they take their vacations, it doesn't look like Bette has any such intentions. She will get two months from the studio and in that time wants to go to the

seashore, spend some time in the mountains and take a cabin on the desert for awhile. "And, oh yes, I want to do both Fairs thoroughly, too," she added. Doesn't look like she can tuck a visit to the parson in there.

SOME SMILES!

On the set of "\$1,000 a Touchdown" the still cameraman was posing Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye for a shot. "Let's have a nice big smile from both of you," he directed, then went back to peer into his camera for the effect. "Kill the smiles," he yelled, "it looks like a double exposure." Incidentally, Martha Raye's opinion of Martha Raye is slowly but surely going up. Latest development is the fact that even her own studio can't reach the lady at home. She won't divulge her phone number. If the studio wants la Raye they must get in touch with Martha's secretary, who then contacts the actress who in turns calls the studio—if she's in the mood.

MAIN ATTRACTION

When Artie Shaw was holding out at the Palomar, everyone in the movie colony went at one time or another to dance or listen to his music. Most frequent customers were Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan. But running them a close second in attendance were the Taylors—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor. Barbara's been an enthusiastic dancer for years and is delighted that Bob's been bitten by the jitterbug. Interesting to note that two such famous people could mingle with a crowd like the one at the Palomar without being bothered by a gang of gawkers. The other couples sometimes gave the Taylors a second look, but Artie Shaw was the main attraction.

REAL ROMANCES

There's a romance going on in town which most people think quietly died some time ago, and it's between Olivia de Havilland and Howard Hughes. The candid-cameramen seldom get the two together, because Olivia shuns night-clubs, premieres and the

Genial Gary Cooper snapped at a recent broadcast while looking around for his wife.



popular spots where most Hollywood people go to see and be seen. But the two dine together several times a week. If Olivia's in a picture, the evening ends early. But if she's on vacation, they take in a picture. Looks like Olivia is career-conscious—but also looks like Hughes doesn't mind.

SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL

On the set of "Modern Cinderella" whenever Irene Dunne brings out the make-up box to repair her face, Director John Stahl breaks into a speech, "You're beautiful, so beautiful, Irene," he tells the star earnestly. "No one could be as lovely as you. If you were any lovelier I just couldn't work with you. You're simply the most of everything." There are those on the set who, though they don't doubt the director's sincerity, still suspect a motive. For every time the star sits



An "off guard" shot of Irene Dunne, who kills pictures of herself when she doesn't like them.

down to her make-up box, she becomes absorbed in studying her reflection. While time passes, production costs mount, and studio executives have figured it costs several hundred dollars every time Miss Dunne powders her nose.

THAT SANDY!

When Mischa Auer appeared on the set for "Unexpected Father," young Sandra Henville had evidently forgotten that she and Mischa were friendly on the set of "East Side of Heaven." When Mischa came over to pick her up, she pushed him away with a couple of "glub gugs." "Okay," said Mischa, "I know your opinion of me, but let's keep it clean."

MAE'S FUTURE

There's talk of Mae West co-starring with W. C. Fields in the near future. There's also rumors that the buxom beauty may appear in a Hal Roach production with Laurel and Hardy. According to these gentlemen, it would be to la West's advantage to forget about the Fields deal in favor of them. "We're convinced that we're more her type than that Fields guy," said Laurel. "I think

Mae would find me good company and she and Oliver would certainly make a romantic couple."

BUSY BRITISHER

If, as and when "Gone With the Wind" is completed, Vivien Leigh will leave immediately for London. She's planning to bring her little daughter back to Hollywood and there are also wedding bells in the offing for her and Laurence Olivier on her return. In all the history of Hollywood, no one has worked harder than the English actress in the short time she's been here. She turned down all invitations and her only relaxation after a ten-hour studio day was to drop into the Selznick projection room and see the day's rushes. Vivien said it wasn't exactly relaxing, to see herself going through the day's work all over again, but at least it gave her a chance to sit down.

BOB'S BAZOOKA

That bazooka of Bob Burns is so popular that his fans write in begging him for longer selections on his radio program. "But I no can do," says Bob, "that instrument may not be the world's smoothest-sounding musical instrument, but it takes endurance to run it. There's so much wind required to blow that yard and a half of plumbing that I haven't the endurance to play it more than ten minutes at a stretch. But," he added with pride, "Robin, Jr., has the makings of the world's bazooka champ. He's displayed more lung power in the three weeks since arriving than his old man has shown in a lifetime. That's some boy, lemme tell you."

MAN'S ESTATE

"Gosh, it's swell to grow up," Jackie Cooper told us the other day. For one thing, there's the new car which he's been given by his parents. Then there's the matter of being able to take the girl friends to night-clubs occasionally. But swellest of all is the new dignity which he has attained in the eyes of his pals. "I can even invite them to the studio now, or to radio programs on which I appear. I didn't dare to before," he said. "They'd wave at me and yell and cut up and throw spitballs. Now they treat me like a man with a job."

CAROLE BEATS CLARK!

The Gables aren't spending all their time on that San Fernando ranch. Most of their week-ends have been spent at Hermosa Beach, where they have taken a cottage for the summer. Evenings are spent at the local bowling alley, where the manager says that Carole can beat Clark almost every time. Says she has the best form he's ever seen. But Hermosa natives say that you haven't seen anything until you see Mrs. G. come in on a surf-board.

DIXIE'S JOB

When cronies asked Bing Crosby why Dixie wasn't accompanying him to the races at Hollywood Park, they learned that she was too busy at home for such goings-on. Gary had the measles and young Phillip wasn't so well himself. He had decided to prune the hedge at home and snipped part of a finger with the shears. "But can't you get



Mischa Auer looks as startled as if a producer has just been caught in the act of tearing up his contract.

a nurse," asked his friends, "so Dixie wouldn't be so busy?" "A nurse?" exclaimed the crooner. "We now have one for Gary, another to look after Phillip and the regular nurse who looks after the kids in normal times. In fact, it's the nurses that are keeping Dixie busy."

SOME GIFT!

Bob Cummings has plenty of romantic appeal for the girls, judging by his daily fan-mail at the studio. And Bob's a romantic figure off-screen, too. He spends most of his leisure time flying his own plane and taking jaunts up and down the coast. But his wife, Vivian Janis, ex-Follies girl, tells us that he has his moments of realism. On her recent birthday, her husband presented Vivian with the latest approved model in washing-machines.

SHORT SHOTS

Rosalind Russell took the beating in the famous battle between Paulette Goddard and herself for "The Women." A piece of break-away pottery hurled at her head didn't break . . . Jeanette MacDonald gained eight pounds on the concert trip and is bicycling strenuously to take it off . . . Clark Gable is now the champ tractor driver of San Fernando Valley . . . Harold Lloyd's two daughters have now seen the night life for which they've been clamoring. Their father and grandmother took them on a round of the night-spots recently . . . Nicky Arnstein and Fanny Brice have received a reputed \$25,000 for their feelings ruffled by "Rose of Washington Square" . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope have birthdays on the same day, May 29th . . . Ann Sothorn got nervous jitters and wouldn't go to the preview of "Maisie" at the last minute. She got a new five-year contract for the picture . . . Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are winning all the tango awards at the Troc . . . The Leslie Howards bought the house Hedy Lamarr moved out of when she married Gene Markey . . . Fred MacMurray is taking singing lessons. Has grand opry in mind, believe it or not.



Summer's the time for fun—and the stars get to it in their favorite cars



Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant leave Cafe Lamaze, after a good dinner. They were celebrating their return to Hollywood.

Robert Montgomery locks his specially built number before entering the Berkeley Tavern. What do you think of Bob's hat-band?

Before leaving for home, Constance Bennett pauses to wish you as good a night as she's had. She looks as smart as always!



Gary Cooper all set to drive off as soon as "the little woman" comes along. She's undoubtedly holding up proceedings powdering her nose.

Patricia Ellis, back on the coast after New York and London triumphs, makes a tour of the night clubs to catch up on Hollywood.



Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS



Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.



Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

*But they both praise the
NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care*
a famous cream maker
gives today*

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:

"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:

How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:

"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:

"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:

What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:

"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:

"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.



Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."



Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.



For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.

**SEND FOR
TRIAL
BEAUTY
KIT**

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CVJ, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and different shades of Pond's Face Powder. enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____

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ONCE A FUNSTER

but Louise's talents

didn't stop there

BY MAUDE CHEATHAM

LOUISE FAZENDA will grace the screen again in "The Old Maid." This time it's not a comic role as you might expect, but the sympathetic part of Dora. Though Louise has always been "queen of funsters" to most of us, behind the mask of comedy which she can put on at will has been a woman with a keen sensitivity, and the potentialities for drama. Her very theory of the comedy which made her famous proves it.

"It's odd what causes laughter," Louise said to me. "You'll notice it is the disappointments, frustrations, embarrassments—of another person. All human weaknesses are comic to the fellow looking on. People never recognize themselves in a comedy situation, though they frequently see their friends and relatives 'true to life' and howl with glee.

"There were times while I was playing comedy roles," she continued, "when I wanted to weep with instead of laugh at the characters I played. There's a very fine line between comedy and pathos for, it seems to me, that behind every laugh is a tear!"

Knowing Louise, I can understand how her infinite sympathy and understanding reached out to these people. She has so much genuine charm, a warm genial quality that wins everybody. I'm willing to wager that Louise Fazenda has more real friends than any other player in Hollywood. And not a single enemy.

She's such a vital, alive person. The day of our talk she looked very smart in a white silk sports suit with a scarlet scarf knotted at her throat. As I watched her across the luncheon table at Victor Hugo's, I wondered how this attractive young woman could ever become the middle-aged Dora.

"Remember, I've had years of experience," she laughed. "Ever since I was fifteen, I've played oldish wives, servant girls and country nitwits—not the sweet, muslined maidens with flower-bedecked hats and luring dimples, oh, dear no—but clowns. I've pulled my hair and my face into such contortions that I sometimes wonder how they know where they belong. But I get a kick out of working up a character make-up, creating a definite personality for thousands who view the picture.

"Oh, naturally, there have been times when I yearned to be the lovely 'heart interest,' instead of the 'comedy relief.' It hurt my pride to always have to emphasize my worst points with never a chance at the good ones. But then I soon realized that not being the glamorous heroine I was to be spared the bitter heartaches that come to many actresses

when their beauty begins to fade before the camera's cruel eye and they have to step down—and out.

"Once, like every other comedian, I wanted to play tragedy. I wanted to rant and rave and dig deep into human emotions. All through the Sennett years I visioned myself finally emerging as a great dramatic actress. I can laugh at such aspirations now, but it took a long time to banish those dreams. It is so true that 'life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.' So, to be happy, it is best to learn to think."

We all know how spontaneously Louise's humor bubbles forth, yet she says she didn't come by it naturally, that it is cultivated and carefully developed. As a child she was very serious. Her Italian father had a fine library of classics and her first desire to become an actress was fanned by reading about the sufferings of "Camille." Her favorite game was to hide in the barn, drape herself in the big carriage robe and revel in poor Camille's agonies, with sepulchral coughs—that took much practicing—thrown in for true dramatic effect!



This very dignified woman is Louise Fazenda's latest characterization in "The Old Maid."

It so happened, however, that Louise found her first work as a film extra at the Sennett fun-studio where Charlie Chaplin took delight in teasing the roly-poly little girl with the high forehead.

"I was painfully sensitive," said Louise, "but I wouldn't let anyone know they were hurting me, so I quickly learned to protect myself by kidding and wisecracking. Before I knew it, I was being given comedy roles. They thought I was funny, but it was only on the surface. If they had only known it, I was often weeping inside.

"We were a gay, carefree group and spent our time figuring out humorous angles to every situation. Nothing was too solemn for us to work on and a laugh was the high goal. We measured everybody by their ability to evoke a chuckle. Nothing else mattered.

"I was lucky. I had the benefit of being trained by the most famous comedy artists in the world and, being something of a parrot, I eagerly absorbed bits of their technique and that intangible thing we call comedy awareness.

"Many actors believe that comedy hasn't the lasting quality of drama, but I don't agree with them. I'm convinced

that audiences remember a laugh longer than a tear. My greatest joy comes when someone rushes up to me exclaiming that they remember how I amused them in such and such a picture. It gives me a warm feeling to know I've added a little laughter to the world, if only for a moment in a picture theatre."

However, Louise doesn't confine her abilities to the screen. She has a variety of interests and her days are crowded to the brim. She is the wife of good-looking Hal B. Wallis, one of the headmen at Warner Brothers; the mother of an adorable six-year-old son, whom they call Brent, instead of Junior; and manager of a spacious house on their thirty-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley. She has a keen business head, too, and knows exactly how much profit she made on her apricot and walnut crops this season, how much it costs to keep up the swimming pool and how real estate prices range for miles around.

She enjoys making a picture every now and then. These interludes become domestic vacations for, necessarily, she must push aside other responsibilities. She confesses, with a laugh, that she luxuriates in the bliss of not even answering phone calls while making a picture. She believes this complete change of interests is an excellent way to keep a normal balance for it banishes any chance of monotony or of becoming tiresomely engrossed in domestic routine.

Well, perhaps it is true that Louise's humor was once wholly on the surface as she insists, but today it is a spontaneous flow of merriment that comes straight from the heart and adds a distinct lilt to her all-pervasive charm.

Just before we parted, she said, "Life is a glorious experience no matter what it brings us and I find it more interesting as the years slip by. Youth is so intense, it suffers over such trivial things and makes every moment a breathless climax.

"Later, we sweep into a broader current of understanding where we grasp a true sense of values. Some of our doubts vanish, some of our hopes pass through readjustments and we attain a serenity that is satisfying. Playing clowns on the screen steered me along a laugh-route and I'm very grateful for this, for it has made my life full and beautiful. It was Mark Twain, you know, who said, 'Comedy keeps the heart sweet.' I've experienced this very thing."



Louise Fazenda, out of character, lives a very busy life. That's why you don't see her often.

Jerry is a grand job of Baby-Raising!

A big gain in the first year...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



4 MONTHS



11 MONTHS



17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

"When baby specialists approve, it's so reassuring," says Gerald Wright's mother. "I never doubted that Clapp's was right for Jerry."

"After all, the Clapp people *should* know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"

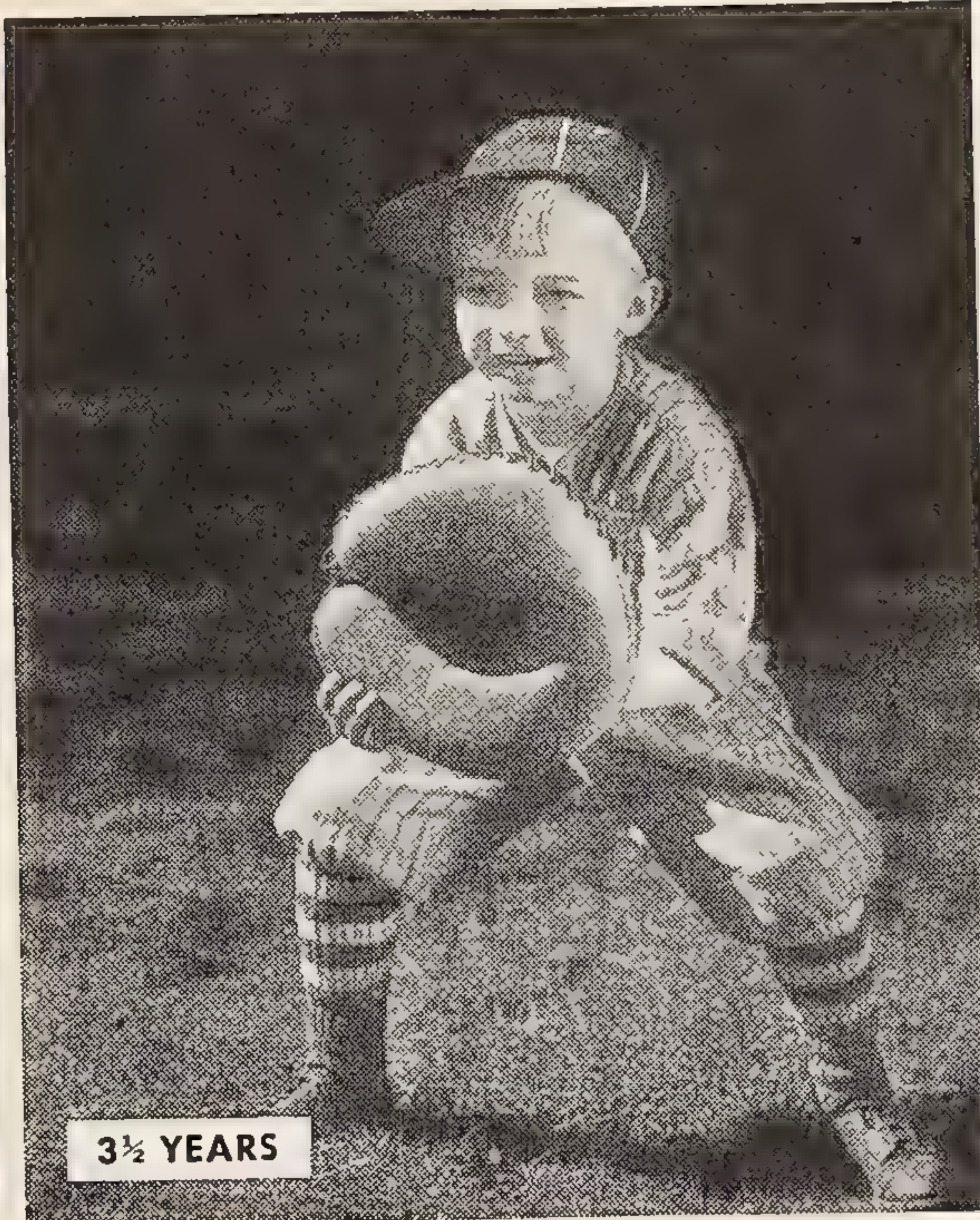
"You could almost see Jerry grow after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!"

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"

Fine progress ever since...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



2 YEARS



3½ YEARS



12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Desserts—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

"He's never been a fussy eater like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a single hitch."

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so evenly—never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."

"See what a wide choice you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert."

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN



MEAT CASSEROLE A LA MILANAISE

2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti
1½ cups left-over beef, lamb or pork
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Buttered bread crumbs

Chop Franco-American Spaghetti a little. Grind meat and add seasonings. Arrange in alternate layers in greased casserole, finishing with spaghetti. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) about 20 minutes, till casserole is heated through and crumbs slightly browned. Serves 4 generously.

THRIFTY WIVES—Learn this priceless secret!

• Get acquainted with Franco-American Spaghetti. It puts *flavor* into your foods! Serve it with less expensive meat cuts. Combine it with left-overs and see the welcome they get. Franco-American has a wonderful cheese-and-tomato sauce, made with *eleven* different ingredients.

Serve it as a main dish, too. Junior will love it for lunch—a *big* plateful! Give it to him often, mother. There's good, wholesome nourishment in it and loads of energy! Only 10¢ a can. Order several from your grocer today.



Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for **FREE Recipe Book**

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 629
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

TREACHER TALKS

(Continued from page 12)

"Why didn't you go on with the Jeeves pictures?" I wanted to know. Jeeves is, as you know, the P. G. Wodehouse character who is practically a national tonic. Treacher did "Thank You, Jeeves" a couple of years ago and it laid one of the biggest eggs in history.

TREACHER said, "I had thought—Sidney Toler has Charlie Chan to keep him from starving in his old age, and now I've got Jeeves, and I went out and made a down payment on a diamond bracelet for Mother. But the explanation of its flopping is simple: Jeeves reads. Jeeves won't act. You notice, there's a long build-up in a Jeeves story for two lines of conversation which aren't funny when just spoken on the screen." And that, readers, catches Mr. Treacher red-handed in the act of being intelligent about his work.

Treacher's best friends in Hollywood are Charlie Ruggles, Edward Everett Horton and Joe E. Brown. These four are to be found every week-end at one or another's home, undoing the work done the previous week-end in the gardens, playing a fast and disagreeable game of pool they've invented, and muttering about five words an hour to each other in absolute contentment.

"In one of my few interviews," said the Treacher, "it was said that I never go anywhere, have no friends, never read and don't like anybody. Made me out sort of a very large hermit crab.

Just because I don't dash about with blondes, I suppose, and never go to those places where they blow up toy balloons. I don't like prizefights, I'll admit, and that does cause people in Hollywood to tap their foreheads. But I used to like to go to the Clover Club and risk fifty dollars at roulette. Oh, I go about a bit. Have to—when Mother's here. She lives in constant terror of missing something."

When people ask Treacher—who, though not handsome, is exceedingly impressive, and witty enough to make a cat laugh—why he has not married again, he says, "Nobody has ever asked me." And that settles that. He is, he admits, rather settled in bachelor comfort and ease. He has Muster Green, two dogs, three good friends, he is doing what he wants to do, and his house is arranged as he likes it.

He recently made a successful personal appearance tour. And the radio people, too, have been thinking the air waves could stand a dash of Treacher. "There's a soft spot," he says. "The script writer should get all the money, really. Just think, I simply stand up there and read something off a piece of paper. Wonderful. And now that I'm a free lance, I shan't have to give half my cheque to the studio, either."

Well, there's Arthur Treacher. Honest, intelligent, witty, shrewd and not a grouch in his six foot three system. One of the nicest ambassadors of good will that England ever sent to these shores.

THE CALL OF SPRING

(Continued from page 39)

"... the swallow sings his merry song
And we hear the robins all day long.
The thrush and lark begin to sing
And the animal world hears the call of spring..."

That's just a taste, of course. There's much, much more of "The Call of Spring," by Jane Withers. But that ought to give you an idea.

All of this has taken place, as near as I can learn, in this, Jane's thirteenth year, which shows how careful you have to be about that fatal number. A year ago, Jane was her old rough and tough and hard-to-bluff self. When her folks asked her what she wanted for the twelfth birthday celebration, Jane put in a plug for a fishing outfit and, of course, got it. This year when her mother started feeling her out for birthday gift wishes Jane said she would very much appreciate a nightie, robe and lounging set. But most of all, hinted the Woman Withers, she could use a "hostess coat." And in her opinion, to be really chic, the color should be "heavenly blue."

Mrs. Withers staggered slightly. "Why, yes, Jane," she sparred. "That would be very nice. But—whatever would you do with a hostess coat?"

Jane archly inspected the manicure she gets once a week now. "Oh," she sighed, "you never can tell. Somebody might drop in."

Of course, Mrs. Withers had been more or less prepared for something like this for some time. You can pretty well peg a growing girl's ideas by the nature of her room. And Jane's room during the

past year has undergone a profound metamorphosis.

For a long time, hardy Jane would have none of feminine frills and fluffy ruffles. Happy was she with a rough and ready motif to surround her dreams of flashing blades and cracking muskets. The last time I saw Jane's boudoir it was a salty, seagoing shrine. Portholes subbed for windows, great steering wheels stuck their spokes around her bedstead, sails, marlinspikes, knots, binnacles, barnacles and such salty stuff sprawled here and there.

BUT one day last year Jane said she wanted her room done over. The ship stuff she said, was giving her a slight touch of *mal de mer*. Besides, it was hardly fitting for a gentle and possibly glamorous young lady to slumber in a crude cradle fit for Popeye the Sailor.

Well, before Mrs. Withers really knew what was happening, Jane's room turned into something resembling a coquette's dream. The spars, binnacles and company vanished. On one wall appeared a long full-length mirror. The walls took on a baby blue tint and pink chiffon curtains wafted down past the windows. On the befluffed bed appeared a head board covered by blue taffeta with pink stitching. Feminine accessories, and dainty decorations dotted the place.

The knives were banished. So were the dolls, marbles, balls and bats, roller skates. In the place of honor, instead, stood a collection of perfume bottles nearest now to Jane's heart. The labels on them read: (Continued on page 64)

**SMOOTH FRAGRANT
SKIN WINS HEARTS**

MEN LIKE GIRLS
WHOSE SKIN IS
SWEET—IT'S THE
MOST APPEALING
CHARM OF ALL

DOROTHY LAMOUR

**LUX SOAP'S ACTIVE
LATHER LEAVES SKIN
REALLY SWEET,
DELICATELY
FRAGRANT**

A **LUX TOILET SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH IS THE
BEST WAY I KNOW
TO PROTECT
THIS CHARM

YOU'LL LOVE THIS
LUXURIOUS **BEAUTY
BATH**. TRY IT!

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"Man about Town"

THIS lovely star tells you a beauty secret! When you make fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're sure of daintiness. The **ACTIVE** lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

The Complexion

Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

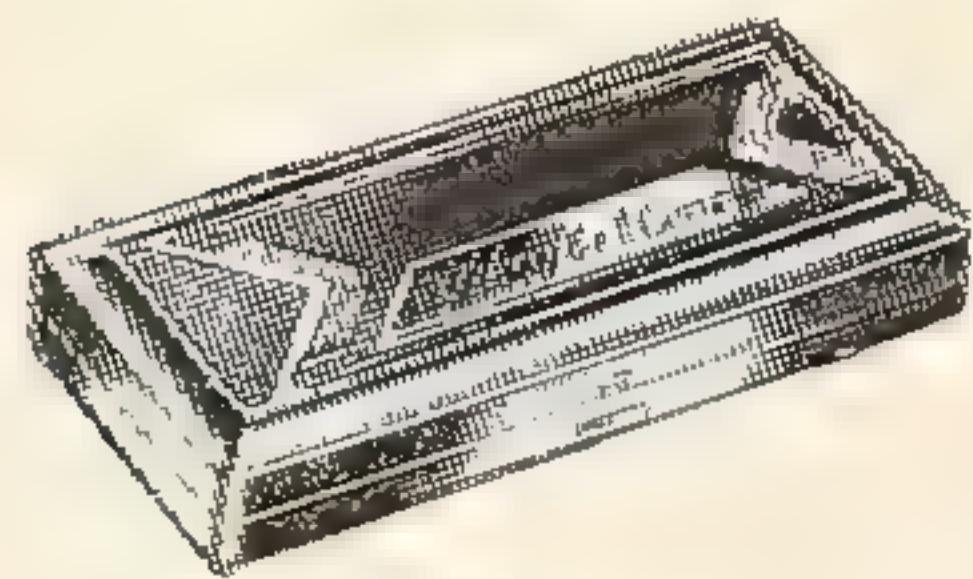


In this illustration you see a face divided. Except for eye make-up, the two sides are identical. Try covering the side with the made up eye and look at the other. Notice the pale, blank expression. Now cover this side and look again. You see a thrilling change—an entirely different personality.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids will do the same thing for you. It's easy—and exciting to see it happen.

First you blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids. This adds depth and brilliance to your eyes. Next, taper your brows gracefully with the Maybelline perfectly pointed Eyebrow Pencil. Notice how expressive it makes them. Then Maybelline Mascara for your lashes and just look—you'll be amazed by their appearance of long sweeping loveliness, luxuriant and dark to the very tips! This modern Mascara is a joy to use—harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

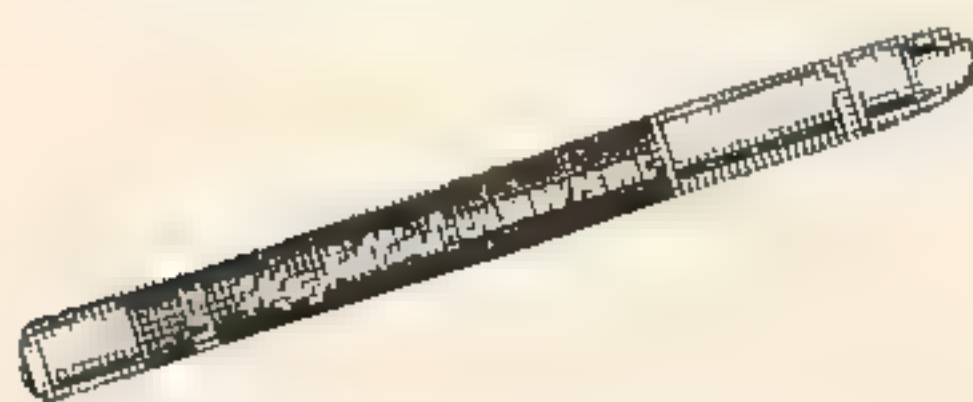
Give yourself thrilling added beauty today. Introductory sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in smart gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in zipper case. Same shades.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Shades—Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

"Blue Hour," "My Sin," "Evening in Paris" and—Jane's favorite—"Shocking!"

In this new feminine frame of mind, her thirteenth birthday, Jane thought, called for a party. She has had plenty of parties before—ice cream affairs, treasure hunts, scampering kid affairs and such. But since she was now a young lady, definitely, Jane thought her party should be in keeping. She planned a formal dinner party.

Besides her advancing age and the obligations of a budding belle, what brought this on, as much as anything, perhaps, was the evening dress. Jane's first evening dress is almost a story in itself, as, indeed, most first evening dresses are.

Jane's is a pale pink chiffon number, with a square neck, puffed sleeves and a skirt down to the floor, bouffant and billowing. A blue velvet long evening cape goes with it and sometimes her ermine wrap. A blue enamel locket with pink roses and a plain gold ring are all the jewelry the Withers law allows, much to Jane's chagrin. Right now she's in the throes of an ardent weakness for the more fancy kinds of bracelets, necklaces, and things. Barred in public, Jane buys them just the same and wears them to bed, retiring each night glittering like a Christmas tree.

BUT the evening dress was not destined to dazzle young Hollywood stardom at Jane's party. The temptation to flash it at the Hollywood premiere in "Second Fiddle" got the best of Jane. Signing autographs along with Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie outside the theatre, Jane took a proffered fountain pen from a young hunter. It leaked all down the front.

"That's all right," Jane assured him. "I can take it out with my chemistry set." She did—all of the ink and half the skirt. Jane changed her plans about the birthday party. Instead of formality she decided on a costume party.

So the atmosphere for her coming out wasn't quite as upstage as Jane had wished. The kids came in costumes revealing what they wanted to be when they grew up. Despite the informal costuming, however, Jane's soiree was strictly according to Emily Post.

There were written invitations, (when that very correct man-of-the-world Mickey Rooney had to work, he sent long-stemmed roses in apology) and a regular course dinner served on a table with gardenias and lacy dolls floating around. Every girl had a bona fide escort, and each was announced at a microphone when she arrived. Oh, it was quite swell and elegant.

There were cards—bridge. There was fortune telling and a silhouette artist to capture the guests' profiles. There was dancing, rhumba, waltz and fox trot, to the strains of Dick Winslow's band (Dick is the swing king of adolescent Hollywood). Of course, around midnight a little jitterbugging and a solid jam session set in, but all in all it was a very *distingué* affair, and pronounced a social success by the early-teen Hollywood elite.

Since then, with a social position to uphold, Jane has watched her personal p's and q's in a manner that is practically revolutionary, when you consider the pigtailed, overalled tomboy of a few months ago.

The girl who used to hide maliciously from her studio hairdressers, for instance, now haunts them. She essays so many coiffures that the poor exhausted beauticians grow pale and trembling at her approach. Jane tries them out on

her boy friends. If they don't react, she has to have a new do. The piled-up do, was a success but the Hedy Lamarr adaptation didn't click. She's planning curls now.

Where Jane used to run up to Beverly Hills or Westwood Village in shorts, slacks or whatever happened to be covering her bulges at the time, now she refuses to budge from her house unless she is properly dressed and her hair in place. Cosmetics are still on the maternal *verboden* list, but somehow before the day is over a crimson rim of lipstick appears on Jane's mouth. Mrs. Withers doesn't ask too many questions. She copies the discretion of Jane's schoolteacher, when she spies a love story magazine where history books ought to be. High heels are also taboo as yet. Jane has managed to swank up her Mary Janes, though, with open toes and heels. Where there's a will there's a way.

On the domestic side, the new Gentle Jane is becoming so home-loving that sometimes her mother gets a little worried. Where Jane never used to come into the house until night drove her down out of a tree or away from her gang, now she sits and knits, bakes cakes, whips up fancy salads, and generally makes life miserable for Samantha, the Withers' dusky cook.

For Jane's ambitious feminine bouts with a sewing machine, her mother bought her an electrical attachment. Inspired with budding concern over such gentle arts, Jane set vigorously to work stitching her name on all the sheets and pillow sheets she could dig up around the house. But in the middle of the seamstress jag, the "Lone Ranger" came over the radio and Jane got so enthralled she stitched all the pillowcases together! Mrs. Withers had to unravel the mess.

All this diligence and preoccupation with home-making and the woman's touch is, of course, merely a manifestation of a larger new lure to Jane's interest. To wit, boys.

FOR a long time, boys to Jane were just a group of unfortunate biological weaklings with runny noses and a habit of falling out of trees, tripping over things and bawling. She never took them very seriously, except to have sincere pity on their sad state.

For instance, there was the minister's boy next door who had had practically no contact with life at all. He hadn't even read the Red Barry books or the Black Mask Murder Mysteries, when Jane met him. She organized an underground system of book smuggling, enlisting cooks, chauffeurs, maids and such to sneak culture past the boy's rather conservative father. Jane did this purely in the interests of humanity and the white flame of learning. But now to the same boy, who has moved away, she writes florid letters inspired by an entirely different motive.

Now, too, Jane's attitude toward the sterner sex has materially expanded. Jackie Searl was for a long time the one and only, in a purely pal way. But now Bob (not Bobby, he's a young man now) Breen calls up for dates and George Ernest, Peter Lawford, an English boy who worked with Freddie Bartholomew in "Lord Jeff" and Jackie Hughes are also on the favored first list. Nor does Jane stick strictly to small fry—at least in her imagination.

Herbert Leeds, her director, was discussing her next picture job, a while back. "You'll have to fall in love with Kane Richmond in this one, Jane," he said. "Think you can do it?"

"Oh, oh," said (Continued on page 66)

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AS YOU SLEEP your skin has time to repair the ravages of the day, throw off wastes, combat unflattering dryness. But it can seldom do this without help.

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He will love Mavis, too, for its fragrance of flowers



Jane. "Kane Richmond? Wow! Say—that's easy. Shall I put my hair up?"

The biggest thrill in Jane's day comes when her camera crew, all grown-ups, greet her on the set. They call her "Hedy, the Glamor Girl" and every time Jane pretends to be very disgusted. But her sparkling eyes give her away. Inside, of course, she's as pleased as Punch.

The real head man at present, though, is the aforementioned Jackie Hughes, a young actor who played with Jane several years ago in Booth Tarkington's "Gentle Julia." Jackie is a leap ahead of the pack; there's no doubt he has Jane worried.

She's been secretly fretting and fuming about Jackie's chances to get a part in her next movie, a high school picture. Jackie's prospective fortunes wax and wane with maddening indecision and the other day it seemed to Jane that all her artifices to wangle Jackie a job had come to naught. In a slight tizzy, she announced her bold decision.

"Mother," said Jane firmly to Mrs. Withers, "I'm through fooling around. I'm just going to go right in to Mr. Wurtzel (her producer) and tell him Jackie's my best boy friend and I want him in my picture!" To date, Jackie hasn't sewed up the job, but it's certainly not Jane's fault.

Dating for Jane is still strictly a matinee affair, alone, or chaperone stuff at night. It will be for a couple of more years at least, according to Mrs. Withers' ideas of what's fit and proper. This puts rather a serious crimp in Jane's new and gnawing interest in Hollywood night life. Because where the bright lights and soft shadows of the gayer Hollywood spots used to find no berth in Ginger Jane's consciousness, now such names as the Trocadero, Cocanut Grove,

Brown Derby, Tropics and Earl Carroll's leave her big-eyed and breathless.

Jane had made the Grove, Derby and the Tropics a few times in the past via family parties, but fate conspired to keep her away from Earl Carroll's, the hottest spot in town, with its snappy floor show, seductive lights and rows of undraped cuties.

She was sizzling with curiosity and dying to go there, but it looked very much like a forlorn hope. The Withers don't go in for that sort of night life at all.

To any girl but Jane Withers, perhaps, the project would, indeed, have been hopeless. But there is one way in which the call of spring has left Jane utterly unchanged. Dulcet emotions may seethe within her body but her brain has lost none of its bland cunning.

SOME old family friends came from the South to visit Hollywood. In the spirit of pure hospitality, Jane called up Earl Carroll's and made reservations for her folks and the visiting friends. Naturally, she included herself and young gentleman escort. Naturally, too, she told no one about it. Surprises are so much more pleasant.

When she announced her surprise, neatly timed, at home, there was nothing anyone could do but acquiesce. It was very thoughtful of Jane, everyone agreed, under pressure of circumstance.

So that night, perched happily on a chair at a ringside table, Jane and date reveled in the dazzle and glamor of Earl Carroll's show. Whether Mr. and Mrs. Withers or their visiting friends got much of a bang out of the sequins, plumes, and fair white bodies of the sophisticated extravaganza is not certain. But Jane thought they were swell.

LUCKY LAD

(Continued from page 43)

because he really likes Hollywood—or that limited part of it which interests him. He works seriously, relaxes pleasantly and meets a few friends whose companionship he enjoys. When he married Pat Paterson she joined him in quiet home life that is the personal side of his California residence. And his marriage to the pretty English actress was a disappointment to several unattached cinema beauties who were not unaware of the Boyer charms.

THERE aren't many things that have particular appeal to this star. Nor does his scheme encompass any far-fetched improbabilities. He has an almost naive surprise when talking about his activities in Hollywood and naturally hopes the calls will keep coming for his talents. He wants his house near the Pacific, his pleasant unflurried domesticity, a trip to Paris once a year just for old time's sake, and he'd like to start putting some money away against that future when maybe he won't be earning so much. He's one actor who hasn't a pet part tucked away in his expectations—just hopes he'll get good roles and that he'll render a satisfactory account of himself in them.

And the uncomplicated philosophy that is Charles Boyer's regimen of real living might well be adopted by those of his contemporaries in the movie world whose spheres seem to take in more than is good for them and their careers.

Boyer's favorite film partner is Greta

Garbo. He has been familiar with a side of Garbo that her American associates and her public have never seen.

"I can't understand the general impression about Garbo, as someone cold and unfeeling and difficult to know. I don't believe it was ever her doing, either. She's such an understanding person. I suppose it's too late now to make over the distorted picture of her real personality. She actually is so ill at ease with Americans that I guess it is almost impossible for her to be herself. But my experience in knowing her has been so different. I can recall evenings at Jacques Feydor's house in Hollywood. Garbo liked to go there and would dine with the director and his friends several nights a week. I go there frequently, too, and so I got to know Garbo better than most people do.

"She laughed in that house often enough, I can tell you, and she always talked freely. She always helped with the food and would carry around platters of it and be just a nice, unassuming girl who was having a good time. Of course, I suppose it is difficult for those who don't see this side of her to picture her making sandwiches and being just another guest who contributed her share of conversation and interest in a pleasant, informal party. But everybody there was European—perhaps that is why she was at ease."

So there's some inside information on the Silent One from a friend of hers.

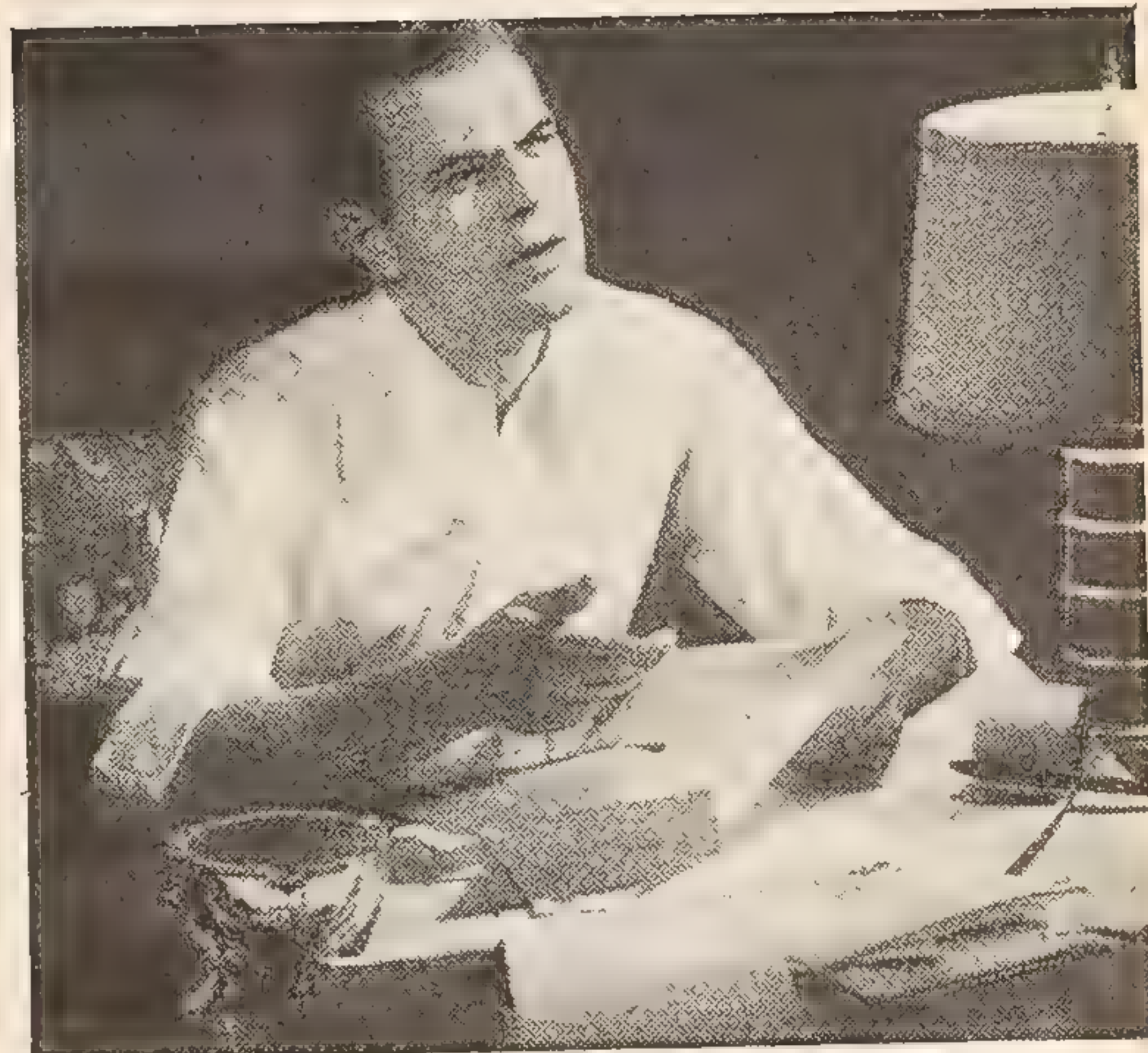
There's *ONE NEGLECT** few Husbands can forgive ... but "Lysol" can help correct it!



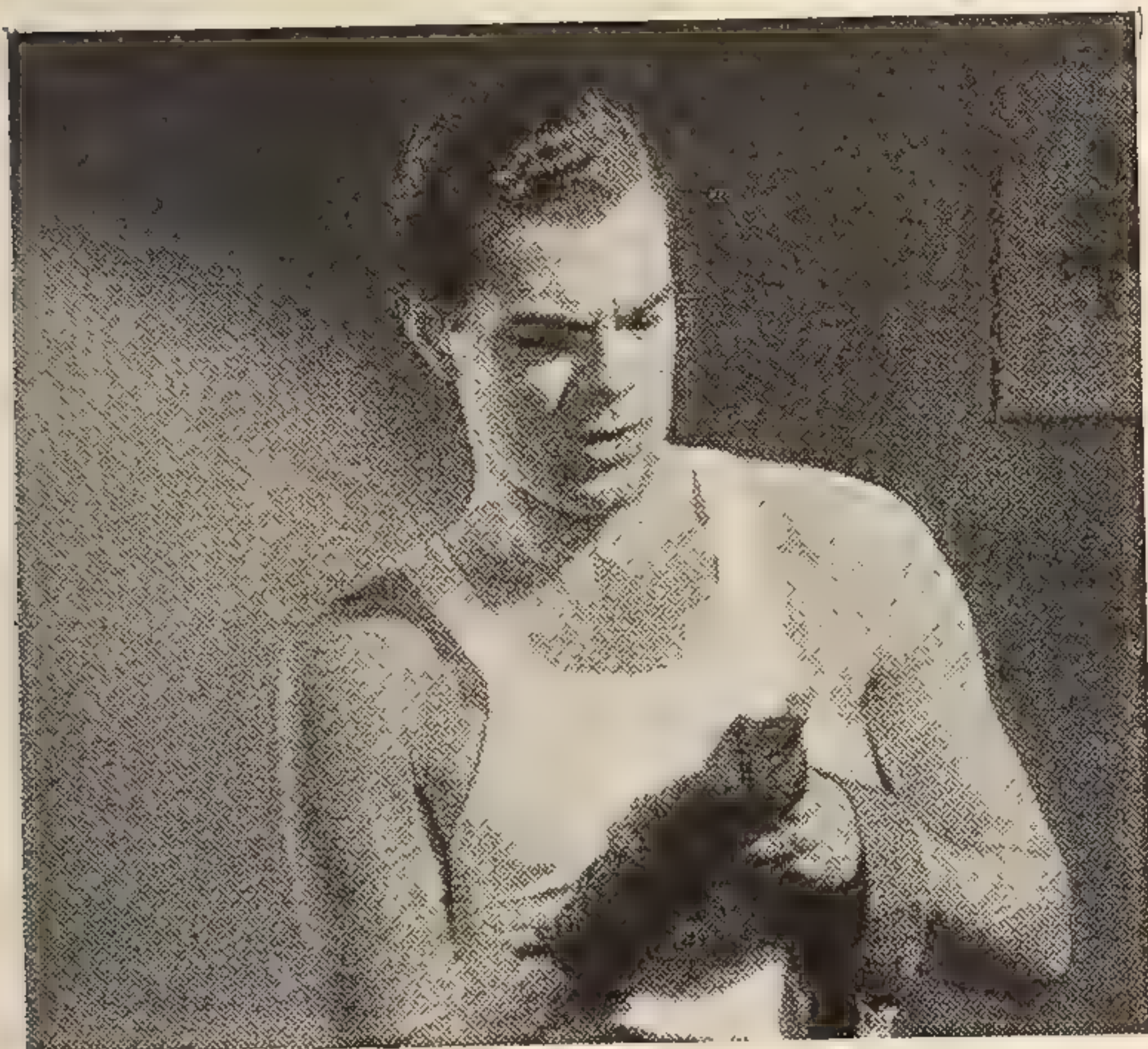
Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping *yourself* attractive.



Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.



Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make *you* more attractive.



Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about *his* clothes, if you're careful about your own person.



Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

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CAN'T
FORGIVE THAT**

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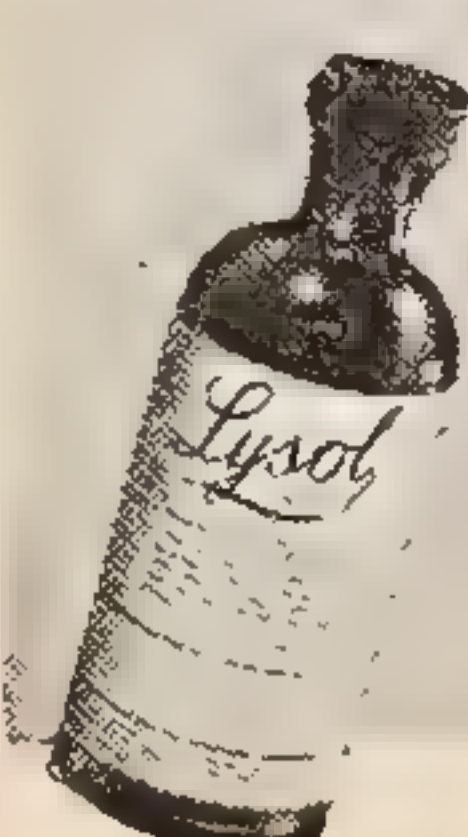
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You will be ever so fresh and safe
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dri-dew

STOPS PERSPIRATION
stops perspiration odor

DIZZY DAMSEL

(Continued from page 42)

procedure. But Miss B. to each offer replied, "What do I hear? Why, come, come, I'd even give more than that for this bit of fluff decreed by fashion! Come, gentlemen, if you haven't a wife or daughter, you can wear it for a boutonniere! Now, what do I hear!" You can just imagine how the bidding went with such a mistress of ceremonies. Finally, an oldish gent, with only a wisp of grey locks left to adorn his dome, was the proud possessor of this last word in gal's headgear. Whether he wore it or presented it, we've yet to learn. But, financially, the evening was a success.

JUST as Alice Brady excels in this vein of comedy, she is equally at home in the serious aspects of life. As a dramatic actress, this thespian who bears the name so famed in the annals of the American stage, cannot be surpassed. To those who wonder just why she doesn't annex some of the cinematic plums of real "drammer," she replied, "Oh, it's such a bother. I'm really a very lazy person, you know. I never walk if I can ride. Nor will I stand when I can sit. And, it's unheard of for me to sit if I can lie!"

But, nevertheless, where business is concerned, she's right there with everything that's in her. We remember a story of Miss B.'s encounter one evening, just about curtain time, on good, old Broadway. It seems Alice arrived at the theatre to find some of her prize furniture removed from the stage. This, of the red plush and gilt variety, had been

moved next door by none other than her famous father, William A. Brady. Well, after a few "well sounded A's," Alice ordered her stage hands to retrieve the missing articles. Fearing dismissal at the hands of Papa, they refused. This didn't for a moment daunt our heroine, for with one volunteer she braved Pop's wrath.

Early theatre-goers and curious spectators were perplexed and puzzled when out of the front door of one theatre came Miss B. and her chairs. Into hers next door, the procession trudged until the last stick was replaced. Though he might have been momentarily aggravated with his talented daughter, Mr. Brady, needless to say, admired her. For, it's a sound principle that family sentiment should not mix with business. Alice was so serious about her play that not even her own father could endanger it by the removal of any portion of the scenery.

As a matter of fact, it was this same "Sour Grapes" that presented to Broadway the famous dramatic actress, Alice Brady. There was nothing of the comedienne about her then. In fact, she held her audience spellbound with her touching performance.

Maybe you think Alice Brady is putting on an act when she starts her fluttering across the screen? You're wrong again, because she's just the same in real life! However, she has a brilliant mind that clicks every minute of the time. That's why she's tops of the "Dizzy Dames" list and at the same time can cop off the award for a serious role!

GLAMOR GIRL

(Continued from page 43)

at eleven-thirty the night of the preview. Yes, it was now or never for those boys. Her option expired at midnight and they made darn sure it was taken up.

Of course, there are meanies who point out that her famous "Stage Door" sequence was tricked up and that the music carried the mood to her audience. They say why shouldn't it be good after the director shot so many takes on this unknown girl? All we have to say of such rumors is, "If two or two hundred takes will produce a result like that, well there should be a law passed to require it of everyone!" Our guess is that no matter how many feet of film were used, it would be to no avail if Andrea didn't have it in her to put the scene across.

"Since then," as Andrea said, "I've had wonderful breaks. Don't think I'm not grateful, either. Why, I don't think they could ask me to do any amount of work that I wouldn't be more than glad to do. However, I'm not wasting time being overly thankful for a picture or studio making my future possible. Maybe I sound contradictory, but there's only one person to whom I'm eternally in debt—the director of 'Stage Door,' Gregory La Cava."

While her old classmate, Jon Hall, is romping around the glamor capital, Andrea is romping through celluloid and sound—at present in "The Real Glory"—leading the field by many lengths and well on her way to attaining her goal. Being a serious gal, bent on doing what she does better than anyone else, makes hers a pretty big order. It's one thing

to set yourself the task of becoming a personality in the entertainment world, but quite another to set out and prove yourself an actress of worth.

This Andrea explains in a straightforward fashion. "I've no delusions of grandeur. Nor have I any foolish ideas concerning screen acting. You've heard the axiom about being in love with your art? Well, frankly, that's the extent of my romantic moments at the present time. The only thing that consumes me is the desire to prove that I'm a competent worker in my profession. Second, that I might have the opportunity to show my versatility. For, in my opinion, an actor is no good if he can make only one type of thing convincing. To me, you have to be able to make any and all characters live as real people."

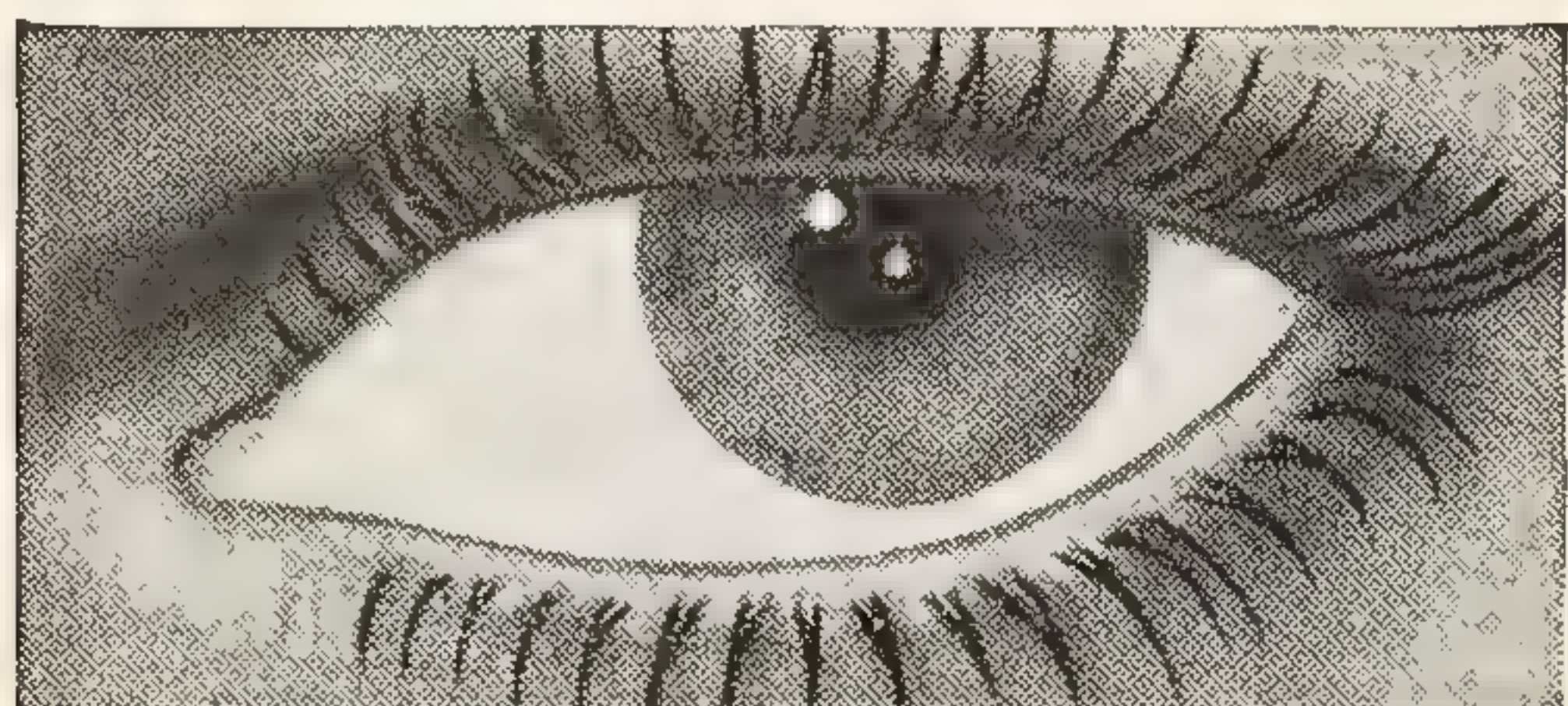
MY ONE dread is that I might become typed. So, if I really learn the technique of my profession, I'll have something that no one can take away from me. Sometimes I'm a little overwhelmed, for at first I thought I knew everything worth knowing. But, with experience and a little more knowledge, I see how much I really have to learn. It would be frightening if I didn't love every bit of it so completely. That's why my sole interest is to succeed as a screen actress."

In any man's language, those are sensible words. Our hope is that Andrea, in this school of thought, will have a following. For, if Andrea leads the way in this fashion, many a young hopeful will do well by following suit.

**Clear, Soothe,
TIRED EYES*
IN SECONDS!**



Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula **WASHES**, soothes, **CLEARs** dull, tired eyes. Its special, **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, etc.).



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Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



ELSA: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your eyes?

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing *new* way, and the only *true* guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll love it!



ELSA: You're proof that it's perfect for hazel eyes, Joan! But *my* eyes are *blue*!

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



ELSA: And they discovered that eye color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! *It's the color of your eyes!*



JOAN: Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!



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JOAN: With Marvelous, you look lovelier *instantly*! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order by *the color of your eyes*! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! (65¢ in Canada)

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DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

"THE COMPETENT MR. CAGNEY"

(Continued from page 27)

that here is someone who knows things, really knows. Here is a dynamo." As he spoke, his description of Steinbeck somehow fitted himself.

He discussed Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." "They want me to play George in the picture. It's an actor proof part, anyone can do it." He shrugged his shoulders again.

I notice he has a habit of shrugging off praise. For when I brought up "Maggie, the Magnificent" and his performance, it was another shrug and, "No one can go wrong playing a George Kelly comedy part. I learned a lot from him."

We talked about past pictures, about the death house scene in "Angels With Dirty Faces." Here I discovered an odd fact, that despite James Cagney's unforgettable walk to that chair, played so convincingly that it helped win him the Critics' Award, he doesn't believe in capital punishment. "It never did any good. Statistics prove that," he said.

We talked about death houses and how pictures have never been able to put over what one really is like, never quite been able to show the real horror which stands in its simplicity, in its plain little brown wooden witness chairs looking so much like those of a school room.

And we spoke about prison cells and how the camera never shows the actual size of some cells, where it's so narrow a prisoner can't pace—where, when two share it, one has to sit while the other stands.

WE discussed the plight of prisoners' wives, and how prisons are bound to favor the rich, since as long as there's human nature there will be bribery. And we talked about how you can spot a lifer by his eyes that are holes and his face like an unbaked pie, and how most murderers are a shock to meet because when you speak to them you realize they sound like anybody else, like the man next door or the lady across the street—that they're not so much different from you or me.

Which brought us to the subject of environment, to kid courts, to a house of detention in Chicago where, because of crowded conditions, they mix young automobile thieves and children left on people's doorsteps. And one child teaches another.

"There's no such thing as a bad child," I said after this discussion.

"Repeat that," said Cagney. Then he said, "You're wrong. I can name five of them."

He told me something of his life way back in Yorkville near Manhattan's Second Avenue. And he spoke of a boy he knew there, a boy who might have stepped from one of his pictures, a boy with a simple Irish name. "But we called him 'Angel Face.' He looked just like an angel. An artist saw him once and wanted to draw him. At ten he sang in the choir. Between hymns he'd go downstairs and smoke cigars. Once he asked his mother for a quarter. When she refused, he slugged her."

THIS made me understand a little more of Cagney, how the soft voice and educated manner is able to disguise itself, to get right inside the innards of a tough guy. I think it's because he goes out of his way to see, to learn and to remember.

I brought up Marilyn Cantor's crush. Would this make him act like a conceited ham? No. He seemed embarrassed. He remembered the dinner and how the girl sat there, neither speaking nor eating. "She was only fourteen," he said. "Two years later I was amazed. She came on the set, a young lady, poised, grown-up." He shook his head. "How they change."

Finally I spoke of the dancing school. He laughed. You see, he still calls himself a hooper. And he remembered the sign. "But I don't owe anybody a routine. Nobody ever paid in advance."

He continued, "There's something funny about that word 'competent.' I was flattered when Michael used it, just as I am now when Frank Nugent uses it. But in the business generally, it is a headache. Whenever I was cast in a Broadway flop, the critics would write, 'James Cagney was competent.' It seems to have taken the place of 'adequate,' the worst of theatrical slams."

He looked at his watch. "I've got a dentist appointment," he said. "You can't let your teeth go in this business."

I felt he faced the dentist like he faces Hollywood, a job to be done. And he faces jobs as he faces life, in a thoroughly competent manner. For after listening to him, you are certain that here is one completely sane, well-balanced individual. James Cagney is still my favorite actor.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON A STAR

(Continued from page 33)

Fernando Valley, buying acreage, building their homesteads. They have children, either their own or adopted. There are the Fredric Marches, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, the Pat O'Briens, others."

And I thought, as Irene talked, face serious under the blue bandana tied about her golden-brown hair, seeming to frame and accentuate her lovely brown eyes, I thought how truly she spoke.

"I think," Irene was thinking aloud, "I wanted the baby for, quite normally, the things I could give her and, no less, the things she can give me. Now, whenever I play golf I find myself thinking of what fun it will be to teach Mary Frances to play. Now, when I sing or play the piano

and watch her eyes fastened on me, on the keyboard, I sense what seems to be her rapt interest in music and feel an added thrill. One of these days she will be playing and singing, too. I can give her that. Not only the lessons, the training, matters of dollars and cents, but, perhaps the love of music. When I think of Europe, the cities I have known, the experiences I have had, I know that they cannot now be just memories of the Past but raptures which I can share again with Mary Frances—first raptures, hers. Which is, of course, what children do for you. They give you another life to live.

"I know that when I lost my mother—

just two weeks after Mary Frances came to me—I might well have lost my mind, my grip, if, when it was all over, I had not had her to come home to. Mother and I had been so close, always. She travelled with me when I was first on the stage. She lived with me here in Hollywood. We had been friends and confidantes as well as mother and daughter. I often had thought, What will I do, what could I do if anything ever happens to Mother? And I don't know *what* I could have done if I had not gone home to Mary Frances. Another mother-and-daughter relationship was there for me, you see. And when you come home from grief and there is a child in the house who doesn't know the meaning of grief, and must not be allowed to know it so soon, you must come out of it, be gay and laughing and normal, carry on. Mary Frances did that for me. And if she were never again to do one single thing for me she justified her darling little existence right then.

"Then, too," said Irene, smiling, "I have the usual parental feeling of wanting to spare her some of the things I have had to do. I don't think I want her to be an actress, even though I wouldn't be anything else in this world. Of course, if she should show a marked talent for the stage or screen, that would be that. But if I could choose for her, I would prefer her to have a normal, healthy life, with plenty of time for study and sports and travel. It's just as character-building, I believe, to train yourself to play a good game of golf, drive a car expertly, swim divinely as it is to work for fame or money. I want Mary Frances to have vital interests and wide activities—but, I want them to be fun.

"I've had to work very hard, you know, for everything I've done, for what-



Mickey Rooney, virtuoso, puts his heart into a nifty little rendition.

ever I've accomplished. Things never came easy to me. Plums never dropped in my lap. I've always had to climb after them, barking my shins and laboring every inch of the way. Even when I play golf," Irene laughed, "I can't just grab up a club and tee off. No, I have to figure out whether the right hand goes here and the left hand goes there and consider my stance carefully and then, and only then, do I manage to take off.

"When I went to school at the convent in St. Louis I had to work for good marks. I wasn't one of those inspirational students who get 'flashes' and get by. When I attended the Chicago School of Music I practised three times as hard and five times as long as any of the other students there, for about the same

results. I didn't, as it were, play by ear. I had to work at everything. I was born shy and painfully self-conscious. I had to learn how to enter a room gracefully, join in a conversation, be adequate to social occasions. I had to learn how to 'talk to men,' wear clothes casually as painstakingly as a child learns to walk.

"I can't ever be casual and careless about anything. Not even concerning my work. I wouldn't dare to be late on a set. I usually find that I am in make-up and ready to report an hour before the director wants to begin shooting. I can't romp and play and relax on the set, have tea parties, be clubby with 'props' and cameramen and hair-dressers. I have to give every minute to my work.

"I want the pleasure and satisfaction of having Mary Frances have roots, to grow up here in California, not move about from city to city as I had to do. Not that I have any regrets about my own life. None at all. I certainly am not given to self-pity, where none is necessary. I could, I suppose, have managed to work up quite a dose of it if I had been so minded. I could have gloomed about in the gloaming mooning, 'I have no baby of my own, poor, childless me!' I could take to heart what some of my friends are forever telling me, sympathizing with me because I work so constantly and so hard, never have time to 'play,' never can make plans to golf or go to parties or go away on week-ends. I don't. I always think of their lives, and feel rich in my own."

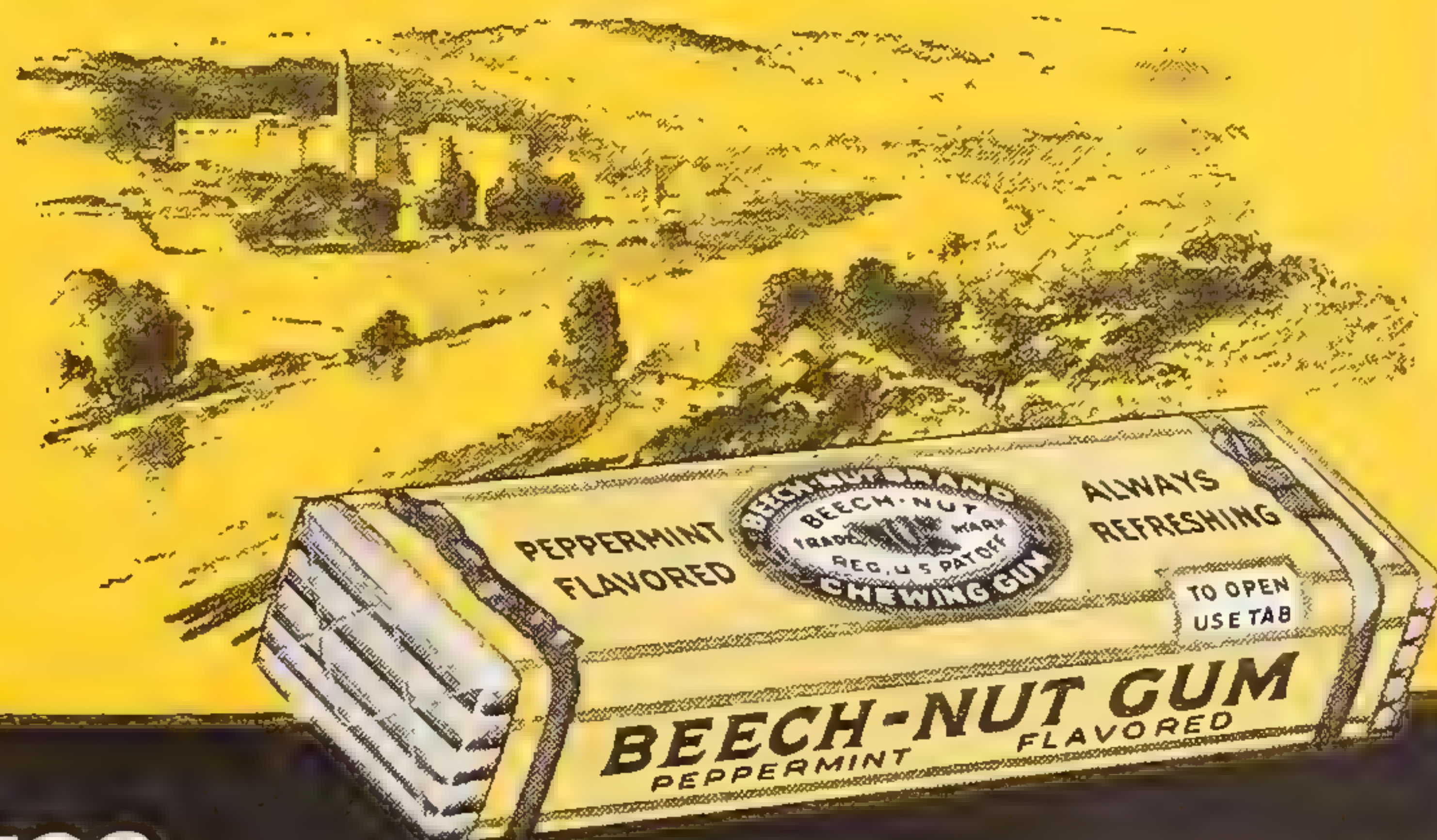
Mary Frances came into the library for her good-night kiss. She got it, multiplied by fifty. I watched Irene with the child. I thought that if I had seen them together when I first came in, I would never have asked why Irene Dunne adopted a child.

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THAT OLD SIGN DOWN
AND CHANGE THE NAME
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD



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A tampon used internally, Holly-Pax eliminates pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax can't show—even in a swim suit! Its comfort is astonishing—no chafing, no binding, no disposal problem. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind and poise this feature brings!

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of ten**



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For the enclosed 10 cents please send me trial package of Holly-Pax in plain wrapper.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

Picture

General
Rating

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (M-G-M).....	3½★
Adventures of Jane Arden (Warners).....	2½★
Ambush (Paramount).....	2★
Arizona Wildcat (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramount).....	2½★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower Picture).....	3½★
Beauty For the Asking (RKO).....	2½★
Big Town Czar (Universal).....	2★
Blackwell's Island (Warners).....	3★
Blind Alley (Columbia).....	3★
Blondie Meets the Boss (Columbia).....	2½★
Boy Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Boys' Reformatory (Monogram).....	2★
Boy Slaves (RKO).....	3★
Boy Trouble (Paramount).....	2★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M).....	2★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M).....	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount).....	2½★
Burn-'Em-Up O'Connor (M-G-M).....	2★
Cafe Society (Paramount).....	3½★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	3★
Captain Fury (United Artists).....	2½★
Charlie Chan in Honolulu (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Charlie Chan in Reno (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Chasing Danger (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Climbing High (Gaumont British).....	2½★
Clouds Over Europe (Columbia).....	2½★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners).....	3★
Dark Victory (Warners).....	4★
Daughters Courageous (Warners).....	3★
Disbarred (Paramount).....	2½★
Dodge City (Warners).....	3★
East Side of Heaven (Universal).....	3★
Everybody's Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Ex-Champ (Universal).....	2★
Family Next Door, The (Universal).....	2★
Fast and Loose (M-G-M).....	3★
Fisherman's Wharf (RKO).....	2★
*Five Came Back (RKO).....	2★
Fixer Dugan (RKO).....	2★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO).....	2½★
Forged Passport (Republic).....	2½★
Four Girls in White (M-G-M).....	2½★
Gambling Ship (Universal).....	2★
Girl From Mexico, The (RKO).....	2★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M).....	4★
Good Girls Go To Paris (Columbia).....	2½★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramount).....	2½★
Great Man Votes, The (RKO).....	3★
Gunga Din (RKO).....	3½★
Hardys Ride High, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Homicide Bureau (Columbia).....	2★
Honolulu (M-G-M).....	2½★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount).....	2★
Hound of the Baskervilles (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
House of Fear, The (Universal).....	2★
Ice Follies of 1939 (M-G-M).....	2½★
Idiot's Delight (M-G-M).....	4★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount).....	3★
Inside Story (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount).....	3★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M).....	3★
Jesse James (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
*Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Juarez (Warners).....	3★
The Kid From Kokomo (Warners).....	2★
Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M).....	2★
King of Chinatown (Paramount).....	2½★
King of the Turf (United Artists).....	2★
King of the Underworld (Warners).....	2★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Lady's From Kentucky, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Lady Vanishes, The (Alfred Hitchcock).....	4★
Last Warning, The (Universal).....	2½★
Let Freedom Ring (M-G-M).....	3★
Let Us Live (Columbia).....	3★
Little Princess, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Lone Wolf Spy Hunt (Columbia).....	2½★
Long Shot, The (Grand National).....	2½★
Love Affair (RKO).....	3½★
Lucky Night (M-G-M).....	2½★
Made for Each Other (United Artists).....	3★
Maisie (M-G-M).....	3★
Man About Town (Paramount).....	3★

Picture

General
Rating

Man of Conquest (Republic).....	3★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
Mikado, The (Universal).....	3★
Missing Daughters (Columbia).....	2★
Mr. Moto in Danger Island (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Mr. Moto's Last Warning (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
My Son Is a Criminal (Columbia).....	2½★
Mystery of Mr. Wong (Monogram).....	2½★
Mystery of the White Room (Universal).....	2★
Mystery Plane (Monogram).....	2★
Nancy Drew—Reporter (Warners).....	2½★
Naughty But Nice (Warners).....	2★
Never Say Die (Paramount).....	2★
North of Shanghai (Columbia).....	2★
North of Yukon (Columbia).....	2★
Off the Record (Warners).....	2½★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
One-Third of a Nation (Paramount).....	2½★
Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia).....	3★
On Trial (Warners).....	2½★
Pacific Liner (RKO).....	3★
Panama Lady (RKO).....	2★
Paris Honeymoon (Paramount).....	2★
Persons in Hiding (Paramount).....	2½★
Pride of the Navy (Republic).....	2★
Prison Without Bars (United Artists).....	2½★
Pygmalion (Pascal).....	3½★
Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Risky Business (Universal).....	2★
Romance of the Redwoods (Columbia).....	2★
Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Saint Strikes Back, The (RKO).....	2½★
Secret Service of the Air (Warners).....	2½★
Sergeant Madden (M-G-M).....	2½★
6,000 Enemies (M-G-M).....	2½★
Smiling Along (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Society Lawyer (M-G-M).....	2½★
Some Like It Hot (Paramount).....	2★
Son of Frankenstein (Universal).....	2★
Sorority House (RKO).....	2★
SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic).....	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	2½★
Stand Up and Fight (M-G-M).....	2½★
Star Reporter (Monogram).....	2★
St. Louis Blues (Paramount).....	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists).....	4★
Stolen Life (Paramount).....	2½★
Story of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The (RKO).....	3½★
Street of Missing Men (Republic).....	2★
Streets of New York (Monogram).....	2★
Sudden Money (Paramount).....	2★
Sun Never Sets, The (Universal).....	2★
Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Sweepstakes Winner (Warners).....	2★
Tail Spin (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M).....	2½★
Tell No Tales (M-G-M).....	2½★
They Made Her a Spy (RKO).....	2★
They Made Me a Criminal (Warners).....	3★
Three Musketeers, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	3★
Topper Takes a Trip (Hal Roach).....	3★
Torchy Blane in Chinatown (Warners).....	2½★
Torchy Runs for Mayor (Warners).....	2½★
Twelve Crowded Hours (RKO).....	3★
Undercover Agent (Monogram).....	2★
Undercover Doctor (Paramount).....	2½★
Union Pacific (Paramount).....	3½★
While New York Sleeps (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Wife, Husband and Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Wings of the Navy (Warners).....	3★
Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Within the Law (M-G-M).....	2★
Wolf Call (Monogram).....	2★
Woman Doctor (Republic).....	2½★
Women in the Wind (Warners).....	2★
Wuthering Heights (United Artists).....	4★
Yes, My Darling Daughter (Warners).....	2★
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (Universal).....	3★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners).....	2½★
Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Zaza (Paramount).....	3★
Zenobia (United Artists).....	2★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings of pictures released during the six months prior to our going to press. 4★, means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

You can have natural looking **Blondeness** overnight with **Marchand's**



Read the story of Linda B. . . .

As a kid, Linda B. had golden curls . . . But as she grew older her hair got darker . . . lost its lovely sheen, looked dull and drab. Boy friends started to break dates. One day she overheard two girls at the office — "Why doesn't Linda use Marchand's?" . . .

That night Linda rinsed her hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Next day even Linda's boss complimented her on her hair . . . glorious, youthful blondeness is hers again . . . so natural looking, too. Its soft lustre and glowing highlights make her look years younger . . . Boy friends have to fight for a date with Linda, now!



Are you "the girl who *used* to be BLONDE"?

Don't be discouraged . . . you, too, can have that lovely, natural looking blondeness just as easily as Linda B. Go into a drug or department store . . . get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Use it **TONIGHT**. Tomorrow you will be amazed at the difference in your hair . . . it will have a new, blonde radiance you never dreamed possible . . . that soft, silky look so fascinating to men. Marchand's is a scientific preparation, simple, quick and harmless.

TO BROWNETTES AND BRUNETTES

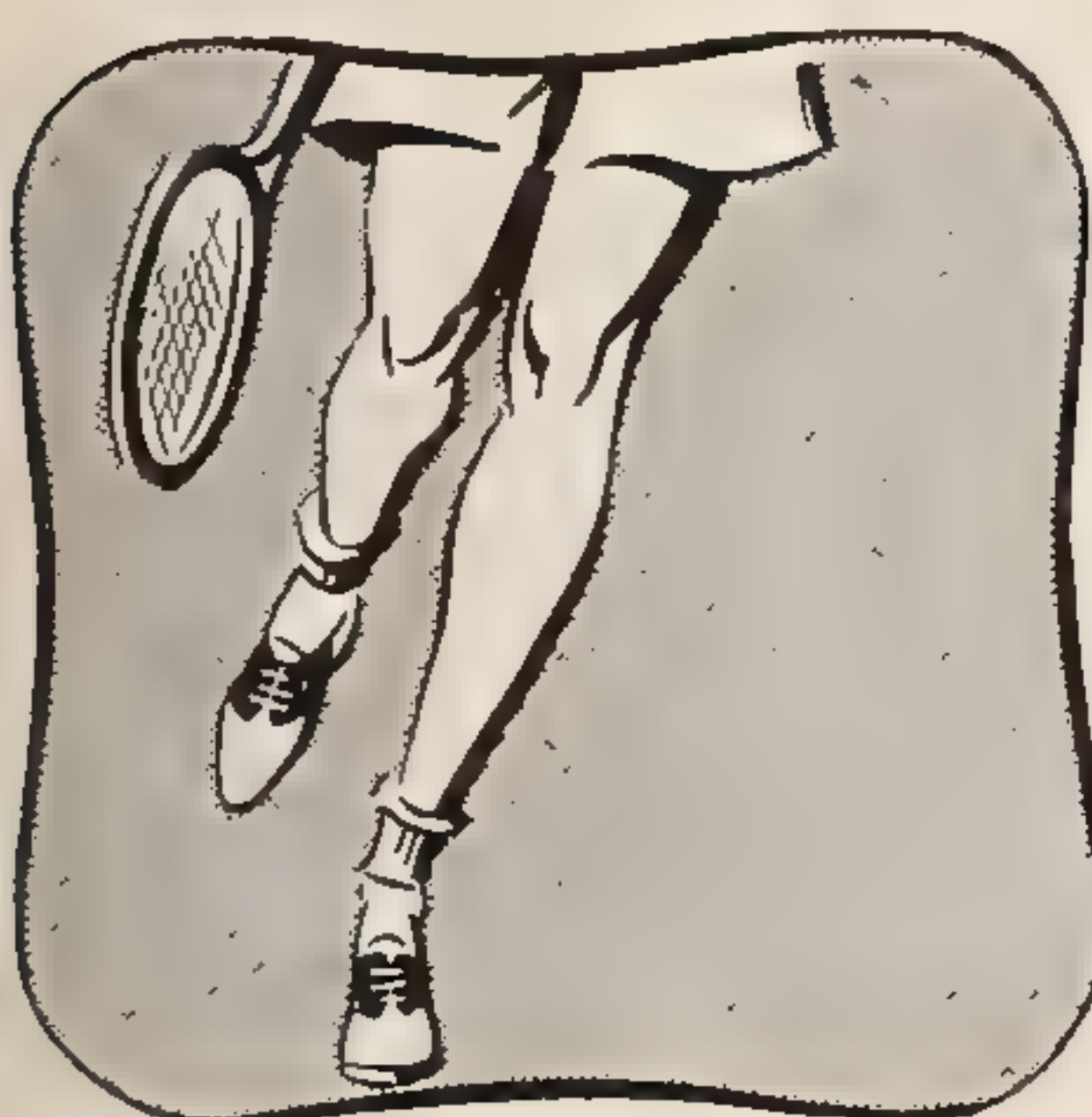
Marchand's can help you, too, even though you may not want to **LIGHTEN** your hair. Used as directed, Marchand's brings brilliant new highlights and a fresh sparkle to **ALL** shades of hair.

Don't wait any longer —

GET MARCHAND'S TODAY—USE IT TONIGHT!

Marchand's GOLDEN HAIR WASH

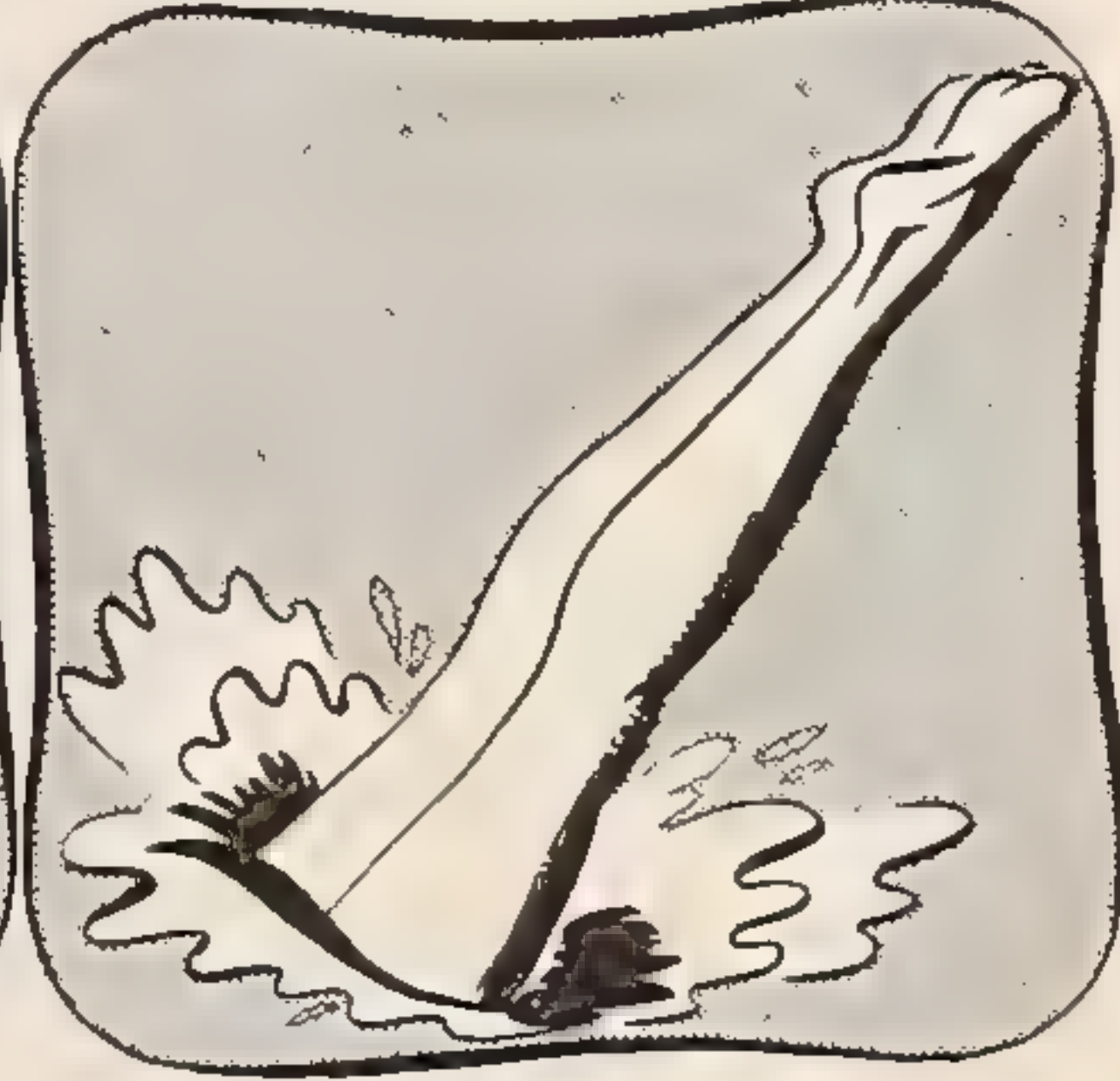
FASHION SAYS NO! . . . TO EXCESS HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS



FASHION SAYS . . .
Shorts are shorter
Legs are bare
Marchand's lightens
Excess hair



FASHION SAYS . . .
Skirts are briefer
Sheer hose revealing
Marchand's magic
Makes legs appealing



FASHION SAYS . . .
Swim suits are showing
As much as they dare
Always use Marchand's
Whatever you wear



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AMERICA'S
SMARTEST WOMEN

At all drug or department stores, or if unobtainable send 50¢ (stamps or money order) to: The Charles Marchand Co., 521 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y., for regular 4 fl. oz. bottle, postage prepaid.

BY MARJORIE
DEEN



Courtesy Campfire

What a dish for a hot summer afternoon! Chocolate mint ice cream.

FREEZE YOUR OWN!

WHENEVER, wherever, however it is served, ice cream is one sweet that is sure to be given star billing by everyone. Its appearance changes even the simplest meal into a party. When you stop to realize that this national favorite is also high in food value (containing as it does such important things as carbohydrates, proteins, fats, minerals and vitamins), you are likely to decide that you should serve it even more often than you do now, especially during the hot weather!

Another fine feature of ice cream is its versatility. There is no need to serve the same type of frozen dessert twice in a summer—except by popular demand, of course. There are the most intriguing variations, ranging from elaborate Baked Alaskas, Ice Cream Cakes and the like, through a series of frosted drinks, sherbets, sundaes and *à la mode* ideas down to that childhood favorite, ice cream cones. Which brings up a little story that I heard about Deanna Durbin.

Deanna, it seems, is an ice cream

enthusiast of the first order and, in the afternoon, on the set, she used to have her "double chocolate cone" regularly. But recently she up and decided that they were entirely too childish! Hereafter, she declared, she must have her ice cream on a plate, to prove to all observers that now she is really grown up! Not even this more formal type of service makes her forego her daily treat of this cold, creamy sweet, however.

Realizing this fondness, her mother sees to it that the home-made kind appears frequently at the Durbin dinner table. You will find recipes explaining, step by step, how she prepares some of Deanna's favorites on page 88. The first is for Biscuit Tortoni, which can be made in the freezing trays of an automatic refrigerator with the greatest ease imaginable. Frozen and served, as it should be, in little fluted paper cups, it makes a most attractive looking party treat.

But the Durbins do not overlook the crank-type of freezer. Nor should

you, now that there are new ones which actually freeze ice cream in less than ten minutes of turning. Nothing old-fashioned about these, certainly, except the old-fashioned goodness that characterizes the product they turn out! The freezer recipe we have given you is for Banana Ice Cream, which is particularly good when made, as suggested, into that filling and popular dessert, a Banana Split.

Then there are directions for making a rich, creamy, smooth Chocolate Ice Cream, like the one pictured above, which can be used for either freezer or automatic refrigerator with but minor changes.

Remember in making all these frozen treats that measurements are level and that directions should be followed to the letter. Remember, too, that there are a number of good, easy-to-use ice cream "mixes" on the market which you should try. These provide you with directions which assure fine results when carefully followed.

Turn to page 88 for tested recipes

How to make and serve the all-time favorite of desserts—ice cream

OUR MOVIE QUIZ

(Answers on page 87)

1. When Mickey Rooney feels the urge for music coming over him, what instrument does he make a dash for?
2. For how long have Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres been divorced?
3. What was Hedy Lamarr's married name before she divorced her first husband?
4. Does Sonja Henie protect her feet by wearing low-heeled shoes?
5. How many children are there in Shirley Temple's family?
6. What was the name of the picture which Lew Ayres directed?
7. Who produced Henry VIII?
8. What former Oklahoma cowboy tops all stars in the matter of fan mail?
9. Was (1) Bob Taylor (2) Errol Flynn (3) Victor McLaglen an Olympic boxer?
10. Which hit song in Alexander's Ragtime Band was written for the picture and was not a revival?
11. What did Spencer Tracy say when he was handed the Motion Picture Academy award for 1937?
12. What was the name of the "Three Comrades" car?
13. What do moviemakers call the "stage hands" on a set?
14. For her performances in which pictures did Bette Davis get Academy awards?
15. What have Mary Pickford, Deanna Durbin and Norma Shearer in common?
16. Whose mother is Mrs. Lilian Bernstein?
17. In which production was Charlie Chaplin's voice first heard in a movie?
18. What semi-humorous ailment affects both Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire?
19. Are Ruby Stevens and Arlington Brugh married?
20. Which is taller, Jackie Cooper or Mickey Rooney?
21. What new word entered the English language through the medium of "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"?
22. Who was a manicurist before she became a featured player for Fox?
23. What was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s nickname in "Having Wonderful Time"?
24. Does the sound of a talking picture emanate from a separate record or is it found on the actual film.
25. How did each of the dwarfs know which bed belonged to whom in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"?
26. Who is the handsome young gentleman pictured below?



**"My neighbors used to
razz me — *behind my back!***



"It used to make me wild—all that eyebrow-raising and chatter. But I don't wonder they whispered about me. The baby's clothes, my clothes, everything that came out of my wash screamed tattle-tale gray. Goodness knows, I rubbed till my arms ached, but no use! My things looked foggier than a storm cloud and I couldn't imagine why, until . . .

**"Now they say nice things
— *to my face!***



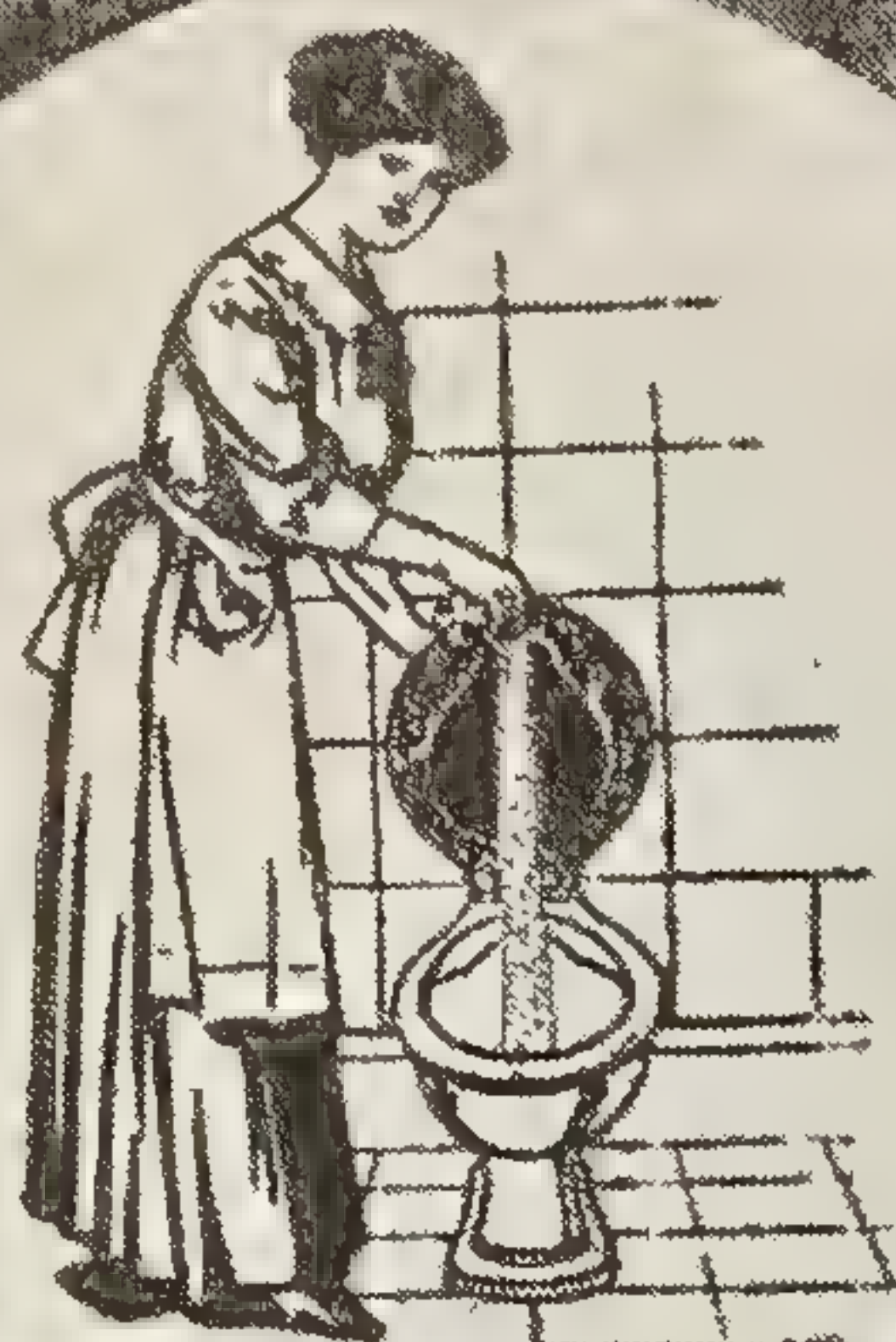
"I found out I was using the wrong kind of soap. It just didn't have pep enough to wash out *all* the dirt. So, quick as scat, I got some Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer's, and glory, what a difference! There's so much honest washing energy in this richer *golden* soap and active *naptha* that dirt has to let go—every last speck of it! My clothes are so white, they shine like snow. Take it from me, I don't get the razz any more—it's compliments I'm hearing."

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

YOUR MOTHER READ THIS



Now you can keep the closet bowls in your house as clean and spotless as new without scouring them or touching them with your hands. Sani-Flush does the work quickly, easily. It cannot hurt the plumbing connections.

Sani-Flush
Cleans Water-Closet Bowls

Here's one of the first advertisements ever run for Sani-Flush. After 27 years, it is still the easiest and best known way to clean toilets. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) See directions on can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

LINIT makes CHILDREN'S DRESSES stay clean longer

Linit is the modern starch... it penetrates the very fibers of the material instead of merely coating the surface... it restores the original dressing that made them so pretty when they were new. Keep the kiddies clothes lovely with Linit.



FREE: Send post card for Linit Chart, it reveals the modern expert method of home laundering. Address: Corn Products Sales Co., Dept. 09, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Sta., N. Y. C.



INFORMATION

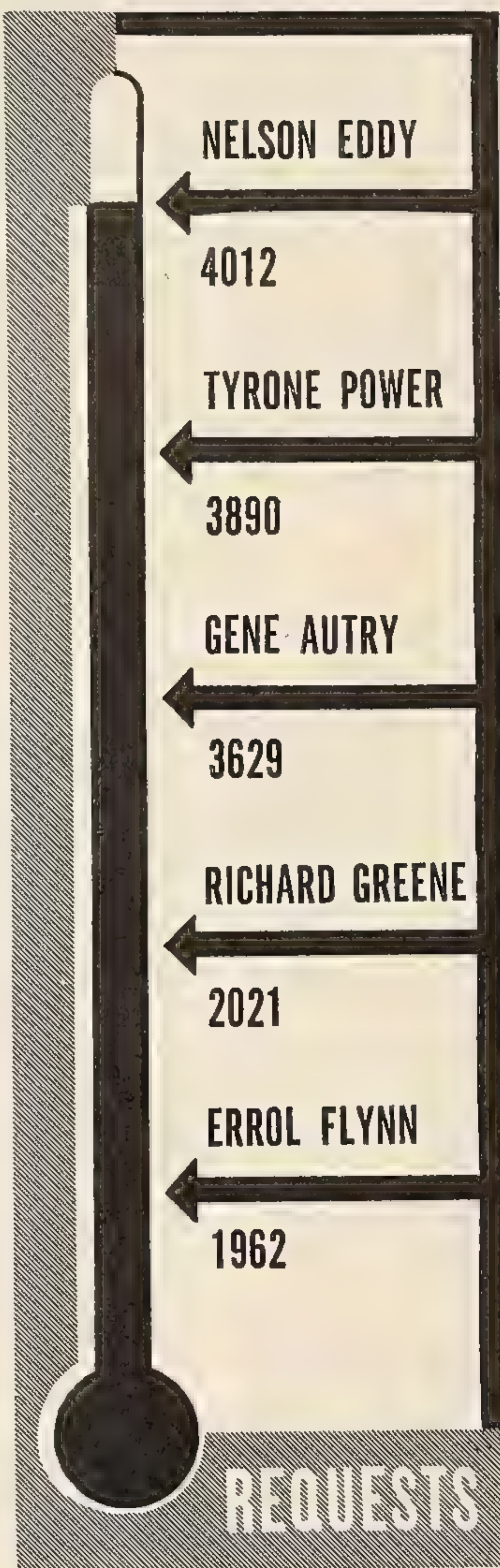


You ask the questions
—we'll answer them



JEFFREY LYNN: This New Englander was christened Ragner Lind when he was born in Auburn, Massachusetts, on February 16, 1909. While he was a sophomore at Bates College in Maine, he joined the dramatic club and, for the first time, felt the urge to act, though at this time he was all set to become a lawyer. Graduating during the worst year of the depression, he was forced to take any work that would earn him a living. He became a bill collector for the telephone company, a theatre doorman, a department store clerk and teacher of English and dramatics in a little country school in Maine. During all this time his interest and activity in amateur theatricals kept his desire to go on the stage well fired. Jeffrey's first professional job was with a summer stock company at Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Virginia, where the customers paid in vegetables and other goods and the actors weren't paid at all. At the end of the summer, he returned to New York and was given his first Broadway job as understudy to the lead in "A Slight Case of Murder." This was followed by several bit parts, an assistant stage manager, a summer of stock at Bar Harbor, Maine, and then more bit parts. By this time his name was "Jeffrey Lynn" and he was well prepared for the big break which came his way—the lead in the road company of "Brother Rat." While the company was playing in Los Angeles, he was given a screen test and offered a contract. He waited, however, until his contract with the road company had expired, then signed with Warner Bros. and came to Hollywood in January, 1938. Jeffrey played bits in several pictures before he was given the lead in "Four Daughters." After his hit in this, he was immediately cast in "Yes, My Darling Daughter," then "Daughters Courageous" and most recently, "A Child Is Born." He is six feet tall, weighs 158 lbs., has light blue eyes and brown hair. Outside of his ambition to become a really great actor, Jeffrey is most interested in singing and writing. He declares that cats are his pet aversion. Jeff is not married, but is very devoted, at present, to Doris Carson, an actress. Address: Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

RITA JOHNSON: This young lady was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, on August 13th. Oddly enough, though she tried time and again, she never won a role in a high school play. After her graduation, she worked in her mother's tea room in order to pay for weekly dramatic lessons. Later she attended the New England Conservatory of Music and became an accomplished pianist. She decided that in order to attain fame as an actress, she should first make a name for herself in some other field, so she started taking her swimming very seriously with the Olympic Championship as her goal. She trained for the trials, but when they came off she didn't have the price of a ticket to the distant city. That was the end of that idea. About this time, plans for a civic repertory company to produce a season of plays in Worcester were materializing and Rita was promised small parts. Her enthusiasm sold a whole block of season tickets to her family and relatives. After two weeks of performances, the manager absconded with the funds and Rita had to go back to work in the tea room to reimburse her friends and relatives. After the debts were paid, Rita got a job playing with a stock company in Milwaukee, then toured New England with a group and played a season in Brookfield, Massachusetts' summer theatre with Eva Le Gallienne. Her first Broadway performances were in "Fulton of Oak Falls" and "If This Be Treason," both Theatre Guild productions. Rita decided to fill in the time between plays by radio appearances. She wrote her own material and presented it at an audition. Soon she was playing in radio serials and comedy broadcasts. Then she went to Hollywood for a screen test and was given a contract by M-G-M. Her screen debut was made in "London By Night." Rita is a blue-eyed blonde, five feet four inches in height and 110 lbs. in weight. She keeps in condition by swimming, playing tennis and golf. Her favorite recreation is talking to interesting people and her hobby is collecting sets of glassware. Her latest picture is "Stronger Than Desire." You can write her at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.



DESK



HENRY FONDA: Here's a young man whose star has risen apace during the last year. Henry was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, on a certain May sixteenth. His father, William

Brace Fonda, a business man, packed his family off to live in Omaha when Henry was a mere child. There he attended public schools with a writing career in view. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota by serving as an athletic instructor and general coach at a nearby settlement house, and also studied journalism along with various other writing courses. Upon graduating, he tried in vain to get a newspaper job. Then, a bit of the theatrical popped up in him when he became interested in the Omaha Community Playhouse. None of his relatives had been on the stage or connected with theatricals in any way, and this burning ambition to be an actor was ignited at not so early an age. His first actual stage work was in Philip Barry's "You and I." Then he played in "Merton of the Movies" and "Beyond the Horizon." In the fall of 1928 he was engaged by the Theatre Guild as an extra and understudy. He finally got a break and was recommended to Marc Connelly for the role of the farmer lad in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." He proved to be an immediate success and at the same time came to the attention of Walter Wanger, who signed him immediately to a long-term contract. - Wanger, however, having no suitable movie role for him, loaned him to various other movie companies, and he has been kept busy since. Henry is six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 lbs., has black hair and blue eyes. He is happily married to Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw, a socialite. In all probability, you are now enjoying "Hank" in his excellent characterization of Abraham Lincoln in "Young Mr. Lincoln." You can write Henry Fonda in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.

George Karslow, Easton, Pa. Susan Hayward was in Hollywood for more than a year before she was cast in a role, namely, the lead in Paramount's new version of "Beau Geste." She was all set to return to her home town when a girl friend of hers arrived from the East. Susan then decided to linger on in the movie capital. One day she decided to call on Artie Jackson, talent director and, strangely enough, Artie was looking for a definite type to play opposite Gary Cooper in "Beau Geste." One look at Susan convinced him that his search was ended. Need we say that one hour later she walked out of his office with a long-term contract. Miss Hayward is but a mere five feet three inches tall and weighs 108 lbs., which is well distributed.

(Continued on page 87)

WIN AGAINST BODY ODOR with this Fragrance Men Love!



Before you use any soap to combat body odor, smell the soap! Instinctively you realize how much more fragrant your skin can be, when bathed in Cashmere Bouquet's costly perfume.

DO YOU long to sway men your way—have them say you're glamorous and interesting? Then be mighty careful of the fragrance that bath soap leaves on your skin.

For now there's a more exciting, a more delicate, a more feminine way to bathe away body odor. Millions of women revel in it, because it's more in tune with the rest of your make-up.

Yes, go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory

in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢

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Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love

*Cashmere
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**INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Please print, in this department, a brief
life story of:

Name.....

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City..... State.....

If you would like our chart listing the
heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of
all the important stars, enclose five cents
in stamps or coin with your coupon.

LOVE AT FIRST SLIGHT

(Continued from page 31)

"Yes, I have. Twice. Why?" Pause. More pause.

"Well, did you see 'Kid Galahad?'" "Kid Galahad" is his particular pride and joy, so that when she answered, "Yes, and I liked it," he fairly beamed.

"Oh, you don't have to turn that movie smile on me!" she retorted. And then she saw that her squelching had been too thorough. There was a sad hurt little-boy expression on his face—and she was sorry.

In that moment the pendulum swung, and from then on Bubbles behaved nicely and with interest. At El Morocco a little later, Mrs. Schinasi made the excuse to leave early and fully expected her daughter to rush at the chance of escaping with her. But Bubbles said she thought she'd stay on a while with Mr. Morris, that her headache was quite gone. (She had feigned one earlier in the evening, just in case she needed it later.) Nevertheless the goodbyes between Mr. Morris and Mrs. Schinasi had all the aspects of finality. Wayne had said that he would be in town only a few days, and Mrs. Schinasi naturally assumed that that would be the last she would see of him. She had a whopping surprise in store for her, however.

The next morning she left the house early to spend the day in the country. She peeked into Bubbles' room first and saw that Wayne had returned her all in one piece as he had promised. Then she tip-toed away without waking her.

When she returned around six in the evening and walked into her own private

sitting-room, there was the surprise. It was seated in its shirt sleeves in the center of the floor playing dominoes with the entire family, Bubbles, Leon and Betty, the latter two aged twelve and ten respectively. This certainly was not the formal young man to whom she had bade farewell the evening before—yet it did resemble him.

"Hello, Mom!" the surprise greeted her. "That's right!" chorused the two kids. "Wayne and Bubbles are going to be married!"

YES, it was just like that, just as sudden and just as unexpected," Bubbles says now. "We wanted to elope, but Mother wouldn't hear of it. She said that first of all it was unfair to Wayne's mother, who should be allowed to meet me first, and it was unfair to us. She said you just couldn't hop up and marry someone you had known only twenty-four hours. It just wasn't done. So in the end we had to agree with her. Wayne returned to Hollywood to make 'The Kid From Kokomo' and for a month we wrote about three times a day to each other, talked on the telephone once a day, and then sent a wire or two besides for good measure. Then at the end of the month Mother and I came out and several weeks later Wayne and I were married.

"Incidentally, during that month in New York I think I saw 'Brother Rat' about twenty times. It kept me from being lonesome. It's funny—before, I hadn't particularly liked Wayne on the screen, but now it was different. I liked

the love scenes particularly; I thought he was so cute in them. And because I didn't feel jealous, I figured maybe I could be an actor's wife and not suffer too much from it. If I had been a jealous type I might have had my doubts. Of course I knew that there would be some things that it would take me a long, long while to get used to and there have been, too," she added seriously.

"When I married Wayne, I really had little idea of what a responsibility it is to marry an actor. We were in Havana, still on our honeymoon, when Wayne suddenly received a wire from the studio to fly to Washington and appear there at the President's Birthday Celebration. It meant coming in out of the moonlight and getting back into the bright lights and the crowds, at a moment's notice. It meant, too, that I had to appear with him when he made a guest appearance on the radio or at some theatre—and for a girl who has had no theatrical training, these little things are really big ordeals. I honestly had stage fright all those first weeks. Every time a photographer flashed his camera at us I suffered. They're things you get used to after a while, I suppose, but they're a strain at first. Oh yes, and the standing by, patiently, while your husband signs autographs!

"I made lots of mistakes in the beginning. For one thing I had the habit of teasing Wayne about his work. Acting in the movies had always seemed to me sort of a freak profession. Like so many, I always had the feeling that it was not very serious, just something that some

HONEY, I GOT THE JOB!



BUT JUST A SHORT TIME AGO...

WHY, JOE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

LOOKING FOR A JOB, DON! THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN BREAKING RIGHT FOR ME FOR A LONG TIME NOW!

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

LISTEN, JOE--I KNOW OF A FINE OPENING! AND YOU CAN GET IT, TOO, IF...WELL, IF YOU'LL ONLY SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

MY BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

NO MORE WORRIES FOR US, MARGIE! I GOT THE JOB-- AND IT'S A GREAT ONE, TOO!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Good Housekeeping Institute Approved

people were lucky enough to get good money for. Oh, and *how* I've found out differently! Once I made a joke about 'Brother Rat,' something to the effect that Wayne had played stooge to Eddie Albert. I'll never forget the hurt look on his face. 'I tried my best,' he said. 'I thought I was giving what I could to the role.'

"At first I thought he was being over-sensitive; after all I was only kidding. But I've learned since that you can't kid about acting, any more than you can about manufacturing. I've learned to understand why every actor is just as intense about his work as business men are about theirs. Each performance is like the launching of a new product. An actor watches how the public accepts it, not so much because of any ego or conceit, but because each performance is either an asset or liability. They all reduce to dollars and cents later."

TALKING to Bubbles Morris, today, we know that here is no usual Hollywood marriage. It started out impetuously, but sudden as their attraction was for each other, we sense that there is something really stable in the bond between them. It has always surprised Hollywood that Wayne, since the first days of his success, has so persistently insisted that he would never marry an actress, that when he married it would be to settle down, to have a home life, and to have children. It seemed too domestic for us to believe. We thought that he was going to forget his resolve, when he and Priscilla Lane saw so much of each other. But his marriage to Bubbles proves otherwise.

Young as she is, she, too, has shown an urge to settle down, and the first months of her marriage have been devoted entirely to making a home for him. She decorated their beautiful home in Westwood entirely herself. Wayne had said, "I leave it all up to you, only one thing! No ruffles, and no pink, see! Now remember." And Bubbles did remember. It's a stunning house, and Bubbles stays close to it. She spends most of her days taking cooking lessons from the cook. She putters around and loves it. And she is going to have a baby.

She didn't especially want an actor for a husband, because she thought that all actors were freakish, conceited and daffy. But when she found that this one at least was otherwise, she didn't let her prejudice stand in her way. It's an odd story, but the oddest note about it all is that Bubbles' mother has yet to see her son-in-law on the screen! "But why is it so odd?" Bubbles asks. "If I had married a banker, would Mother think it necessary to watch him at work in his bank? Well," with a shrug, "isn't it practically the same thing?"

There's no getting away from it, those Schinasis just don't go for movie glamor. It's one case where you know that the girl married the actor, not because of any actor-glamor, but just for himself!

STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Why Can Hair Make a Woman Look So Young?



**Halo, a new soapless shampoo, brings youthful sparkle and manageability to even dry hair—
with no scalp irritation!**

If you long to possess that "little girl" look so evident in all late styles of dress and make-up, then start with your hair!

Because hair that sparkles with highlights—seems to breathe with life and vitality, keys-up your whole appearance with a breathless, expectant note of youth.

Yes, hair can have an electric effect on the rest of your make-up, provided some old-fashioned shampoo is not robbing you of its natural beauty. Because many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, unmanageable and stringy.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

HALO SHAMPOO



*Fine Weather
for the Country*

If you're the outdoor type—active, athletic—here's a semi-up hair-do for your kind.



High off the face showing hair line and exposing entire ear. Back of hair is long, hugging the neck, forming a soft roll.

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

GINGER GOES IT ALONE

(Continued from page 29)

Not that she hasn't worked at it before. And with happy results. But the new set-up is different. Now, when she's acting, she isn't tightened up, thinking of big song-and-dance numbers ahead. She can relax, let herself go. "I hope the difference shows on the screen," she said fervently.

It's beginning to show off the screen. She used to be chronically tired, so tired that her friends expected to hear of her complete collapse, so tired that her mother finally drove her to demand a six-weeks' rest between pictures. That demand led to a rumor that Ginger Rogers was becoming "difficult." Because she didn't publicly explain. She wouldn't admit, even to herself, that she was physically and emotionally exhausted. But she was. Now she isn't.

It's the only big change in Ginger and it's a heartening one to see. She isn't nervous and tense, now that she's on her own. She has new zest for life and laughter and she's prettier than ever.

The columnists who see her as an "orphan of the storm" should rush for the nearest oculist. Their eyes must need examining.

Her contract came up for renewal last year. At that time, her studio knew that when Fred's contract expired, after two more pictures, he might not renew. They faced the question then: Did Rogers have possibilities without Astaire? The answer was an emphatic Yes. They signed her up not for one more year, but for several, with a guarantee of steady salary increases.

When a studio loses its enthusiasm about a star, there are ways of telling. That star no longer gets the choice scripts or the best directors. Others are handed the plums. And look at Ginger. "Bachelor Mother" is one of the best comedy scripts and the picture was directed by Garson Kanin, who is on his way to becoming another Capra. And for a leading man, the studio went off the lot to get one of Hollywood's most attractive bachelors, David Niven. "Fifth Avenue Girl" is being directed by Gregory La Cava, who specializes in movie masterpieces. Ginger decidedly isn't being given the run-around by her studio.

NOW if people would only stop shaking their heads about my going it alone," Ginger said, whimsically, "everybody could be happy. Tell me, why do some people have such short memories? This isn't the first picture I've made without Fred. There was 'Stage Door,' and 'Vivacious Lady,' and 'Having Wonderful Time.' They didn't close any theatres. Two of them were actually hits, and all of them made money. There ought to be a little hope for me, even if I have hung up my dancing shoes for a while."

I suggested that, perhaps sub-consciously, people were venting their chagrin that she wouldn't give out about her romantic inclinations. They wanted to know if she still was in love with Lew Ayres, from whom she has been parted since 1936, but never divorced. Or was there someone else?

"What's life worth if a girl can't have

one secret?" she asked, smiling. Then, more seriously, she added, "I'm not trying to excite curiosity. I can't tell my future plans, for the best possible reason. I don't know them myself. I'm superstitious about making plans. I believe in letting the future take care of itself. I've operated on that philosophy all my life. It's too late to change now. I'm not afraid of disappointments, but I don't believe in sticking my neck out."

"When I first went on the stage as a Charleston dancer, being a Charleston dancer satisfied my ambitions. I didn't make any plans to branch out, become something more than that. When somebody gave me a chance to do a song-and-dance act, I tried to be good at it. But I didn't get Broadway ambitions. I didn't think I'd ever be good enough for the big-time. When I unexpectedly had the chance to be in a Broadway musical, I worked hard to make the most of it. But I didn't let myself get visions of starring on Broadway."

"When Hollywood gave me an opportunity, I tried to carry out instructions. I tried to do well whatever they called on me to do. But I didn't wax ambitious to show them I could do bigger, better things. I never dreamed of the chance to dance with Fred Astaire. When the chance dropped out of the sky, I tried to follow through. When they gave me the chance to be his acting partner, as well as his dancing partner, I tried to merit their confidence."

"I didn't plan beyond our co-starring pictures. But the studio thought we



**IT'S WONDERFUL
TO BE IN LOVE!**
**HOW FOOLISH TO MISS YOUR CHANCE
THROUGH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**

THERE'S JUST NOTHING LIKE A
LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"
TO HELP A GIRL WIN AND HOLD
THE MAN SHE LOVES!



BUT WHAT CAN
I DO TO KEEP
MY SKIN FROM
GETTING SO DRY,
LIFELESS AND
OLD-LOOKING?

MAYBE YOU'RE USING
THE WRONG SOAP!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY
PALMOLIVE? THAT'S
WHAT I ALWAYS USE!

**OLIVE OIL, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!**

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH
OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY
AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH,
YOUNG! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD
FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!



AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH
OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS
REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES SO
GENTLY, YET REMOVES
DIRT AND COSMETICS
SO THOROUGHLY ...
LEAVES COMPLEXIONS
RADIANT!



WELL, I'M GOING
TO USE PALMOLIVE
AND GET A "SCHOOL-
GIRL COMPLEXION"
LIKE YOURS!

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO
GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



should be seen apart, as well as together. When they gave me those first pictures without Fred, between my pictures with him, I had to try to be what they thought I could be—worth seeing by myself. Now they're saying, 'We believe you can hold, as an actress, the public that liked you as a dancer.' It's a new chance, a new challenge. I didn't bring it on by years of careful planning. It just happened in the course of events. But now that it's here, I'm eager to try to make something of it.

"That's the way it has always been, all the way along. I've never been able to be ambitious along any line until I've actually had the chance to work along that line.

"I didn't decide to do comedy, as a starter. I didn't have a thing to say about it. The studio did the deciding. What the next step will be, I don't know. Straight drama, perhaps. But I'm not planning on it. As I said before, the future is in the lap of the gods."

"Yes, Ginger is a fatalist. This isn't something new, however. She has always had the habit of not worrying—just as she has always had the habit of sitting with one foot wrapped around the other.

What changes has she seen in Ginger Rogers in the past year. She glanced in her dressing-room mirror, as if that might help her to answer.

"I'm more rested. I've even given up night-clubbing, I've become so sold on the value of sleep. I've gained a couple of pounds—which I sort of needed. Maybe if I'm a good girl and eat all my spinach, I can gain a couple more, especially now that I'm not dancing.

"I still live in the same house, still see the same people. But I've got a new form of relaxation. Sculpting. Picked it up one Friday afternoon, just like that, and I've been at it ever since. Even if nobody has told me, to date, that I missed my real calling.

"Somehow, I seem to have picked up the title of 'Rogers, the Recluse.' That's what you get in Hollywood when you go in for nice, quiet relaxation. The last time I took a vacation, the local papers printed that I was 'hiding out' somewhere. Do you know what I was doing? Going to the '21' Club in New York for lunch every day and seeing every show on Broadway. If that's hiding out, I'm a buffalo."

The director was calling her back to the set. But before she escaped, I got in one more question. What did she want to do besides carve a career by herself as an actress?

She smiled. She couldn't resist a final quip, "I want to acquire wisdom."



"I hate to discourage you, Miss Ostrich, but I've never noticed anything to eat in that sand... What? You're not looking for things to eat? Then why? ... Oh, you're HIDING! ... H'm ... Well, it seems to me you're making a mistake ..."



"First place, there's no danger, so why hide? Secondly, if there were some danger, you aren't very well hidden."



"Attagirl! Now look—sand in your beak—and all scratchy down your neck! ... Never mind—we'll soon fix that ..."



"Hocus-pocus—just like magic your chafes and scratchy places and prickly heat will feel soothed ..."



"'Cause, see? Here comes my Mother with some soft, velvety Johnson's Baby Powder! ... Me too, Mother? Me too?"

"Crazy about it? I knew you would be. Everybody is. Such wonderfully soft, fine talc in it! And such an inexpensive way to make a baby comfortable!"

**JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER**

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.



You're right—it's Vivien Leigh registering coquetry for her role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind."

OUR PUZZLE PAGE

New! Different!

PARK & TILFORD

Perfumed Deodorant

EASY TO USE
NOT GREASY
NOT MESSY
LASTS LONG



Body Odors Disappear Perfume Fragrance Remains

Amazing!—this new Park & Tilford Perfumed Deodorant. It not only prevents body odors—it does even *more*. A delightful perfume fragrance remains! Protects you for a full day—and it's safe even after shaving. 25¢ size at drug and dept. stores. 10¢ size at ten-cent stores. Try this different, *double-acting deodorant today!*

PARK & TILFORD, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City
Fine Perfumes for Half a Century

HELPS CLEAN AWAY DISTRESS- ING BLACKHEADS

For complexion blighted by excessively oily skin . . . dirty pores and distressing blackheads try Lavena instead of soap or cream for regular cleansing. Lavena is Oatmeal powder specially refined and processed. Attracts the deposits of oil, grease and grime on the skin. Get Lavena at once . . . leading 10c stores. For free information, write Lavena Corp., Dept. 104, 141 W. Jackson, Chicago.

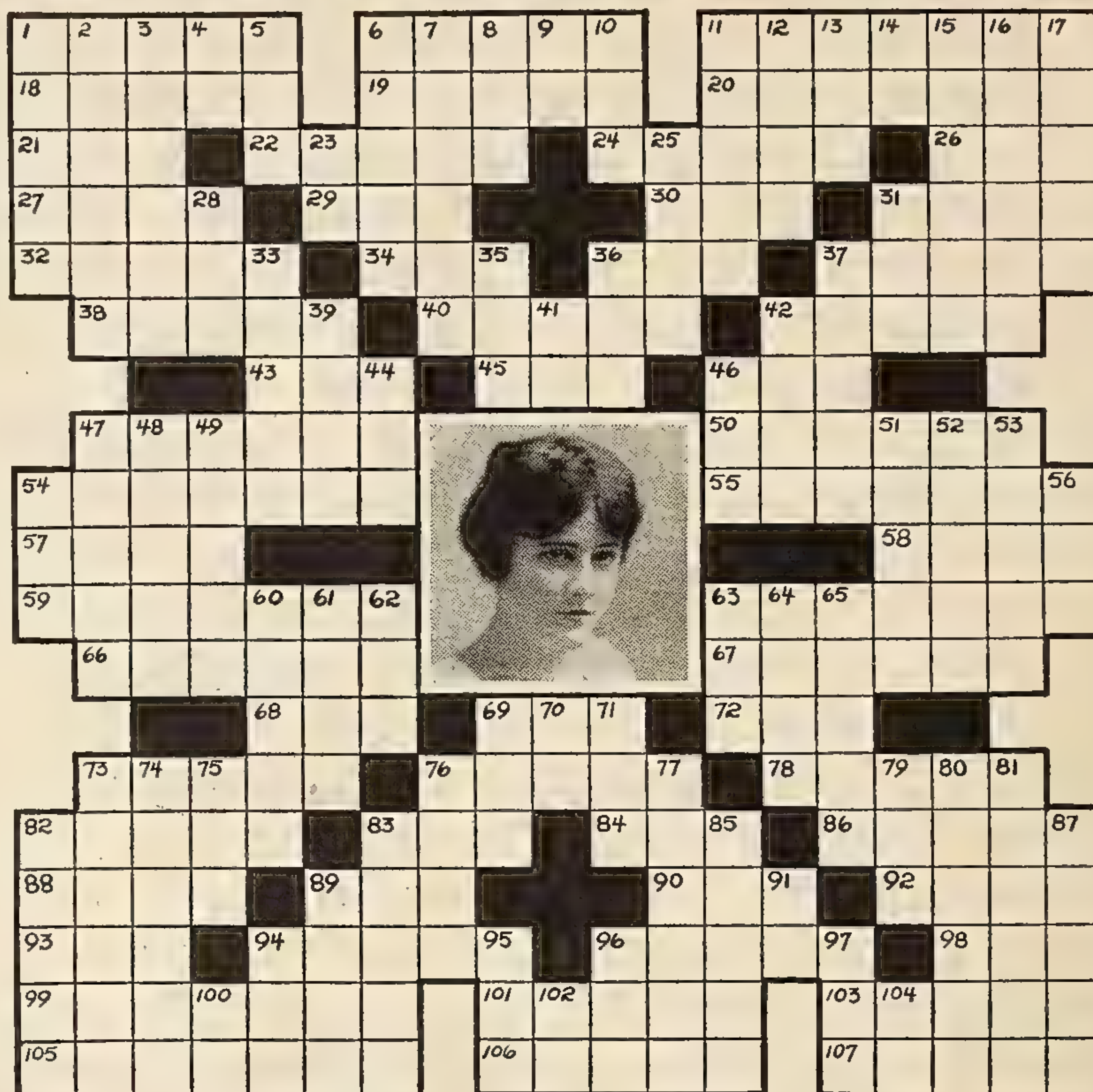


**HAIR WAVES
SOFTER...
LAST
LONGER**

Don't let dull-looking waves make you unhappy another minute

Do you get permanents so frizzy and wiry, they make you want to cry? Most girls blame the hairdresser. But the smart girls don't. The clever, fashionable woman today knows that the proper care at home BEFORE a permanent is one secret of a soft, natural wave that lasts longer and looks lovelier. You can use their easy method yourself. First, brush every strand of your hair briskly every night. Then apply this gentle, alkali-free shampoo . . . *Admiracion Oil Shampoo* once a week several weeks before you get a permanent.

A single application and dirt, perspiration and dust are thoroughly washed away. The dulling film that mars otherwise pretty hair goes. Ask your druggist for *Admiracion Oil Shampoo*. There are two types . . . "no-lather" in the red carton and "lathering" in the green carton. Use either and see the new luster in your hair—the new spring in your curls. *Admiracion Labs., Harrison, N. J.*



Puzzle Solution on Page 92

ACROSS

1. & 6. Star pictured
11. Our star's married name
18. English actor in "To The Victor"
19. Lead in "The Gorilla"
20. Screen villain who turned director
21. B - - - ta Granville
22. Small mallet
24. To map out
26. Suffix denoting vocation
27. Seizes
29. Our star was in "Joy of - - - ing"
30. Number
31. Bang
32. Opposite our star in "Show Boat"
34. Motion picture stage
36. Dumb cop in "It's A Wonderful World"
37. Singer, - - - - Lind
38. "Road - - - -"
40. Wanderer
42. Iron
43. "Fixer Dugan"
45. 1 across was in "This - - - Is Mine"
46. Heroine in "They Asked For It"
47. Newest Glamor Girl
50. Chooses
54. Dancer in "Honolulu"
55. Best loved
57. Tatters
58. To the lee side: Naut.
59. Issued
63. "Susannah of the Mounties"
66. Confirm
67. Transmits
68. Container for flour
69. Piece out
72. Japanese sash
73. The lead in "Captain Fury"
76. Opposite our star in "Love Affair"
78. Artist's frame
82. Chills
83. 1 across was in "Cimar - - -"
84. Chop off

86. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
88. Our star sang in "- - - rta"
89. Exclamation
90. Star of "Lucky Night"
92. Confusion
93. Goddess of mischief
94. Groups
96. He's in "The Mikado"
98. Twice
99. Johann Strauss in "The Great Waltz"
101. Judge in "The Hardys Ride High"
103. Small island
105. Sets of four
106. Donald - - - -
107. Those who accomplish things

33. Male lead in "St. Louis Blues"
35. Son of "Sergeant Madden"
36. She married in "3 Smart Girls Grow Up"
37. More arid
39. Screen detective: - - - - Wolfe
41. Parent
42. Silent screen siren
44. Go astray
46. Father of "The Jones Family"
47. So. American mammal
48. Protecting influence
49. Spars
51. Former "It" girl
52. Viennese dancer: - - - - Losch

DOWN

1. Michael Whalen's girl friend
2. Male lead in "Hell's Kitchen"
3. Suitable to be used for food
4. Our star's first film: "Leather - - cking"
5. Elisabeth B - - - ner
6. Star of "The Old Maid"
7. Not level
8. Nothing
9. Sister of Constance Talmadge: init.
10. Consume
11. Star of "Only Angels Have Wings"
12. She's opposite "The Kid From Texas"
13. Where Sonja Henie is champion
14. Musical note
15. Ruffles
16. Highest standards of excellence
17. One of "The Women"
23. Mammy singer in "Rose Of Washington Square"
25. Highway
28. He played "Gunga Din"
31. Visualize

53. Dirks
54. Before
56. Rather: Scot.
60. Musical instruments
61. Irish actress
62. Lair
63. Standing Room Only
64. Goddess of youth
65. Homer's epic of Troy
69. Age
70. Birth state of our state: abbr.
71. Elongated fish
73. Little boot
74. Opposite our star in "The Magnificent Obsession"
75. Suffix: like
76. Hopalong Cassidy
77. He plays "Topper"
79. Earth
80. To make possible
81. More indolent
82. Trade
83. Tears
85. Jabs
87. Every star takes these
89. 1 across was in "High, Wide And - - - some"
91. Old pronoun
94. Cry of a sheep
95. Point of the compass
96. Jeer
97. Free
100. North River: abbr.
102. 1 across stars in "Invitation - - Happiness"
104. Therefore

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LOMBARD?

(Continued from page 25)

mathematics, then, to figure that some of the places she doesn't go, some of the things she doesn't do. Carole will, Fieldsie told me, forget and neglect the doing of things which may be of some advantage to her. She never neglects doing those things which are of advantage only to others.

This, by the way, is a matter Lombard never discusses. She has the quaint and lovable idea that if you do good you negate it by talking about it. For it is a fact that Carole does a great deal of good. Not by the simple, customary star-formula of writing out checks. She takes bowls of soup, made in her own kitchen, to the poor, to tuberculars, to places and persons that endanger her own health. She always finds time to comfort those whose lives are not lived among the stars.

THEN, Carole takes her work very seriously. This is something few of us, even here in Hollywood, have ever fully realized. For Lombard seemingly touches Life with light, laughter-tipped fingers. But this antic attitude, I know now, is only seeming. For Fieldsie told me that when Carole is playing a character on the screen, she is that character all the time, at home as well as on the sets. When Carole was playing the squirrely dame in "My Man Godfrey" and the others, Fieldsie nearly went nuts. Because Carole was being squirrely all over the place, laughing her lunatic laughter as she poured the breakfast coffee, knocking over the furniture. You couldn't get a word of sense out of her.

And then, when she again went dramatic in "Made For Each Other," playing the part of a life-saddened woman, she would come home from the studio every night and sit down and cry. She would cry for hours. She couldn't talk to anyone without choking up. Having a child in the picture, she would go all quivery at sight of a child in the streets. So that, when Carole is in production, she is either too wild to know what is going on or too depressed to care.

Carole's whole life, it should be remembered, is predicated upon the twin sources of laughter and tears. As a small child, with her father so desperately ill, in such constant pain that he could only live at all with the help of drugs, she knew the dark shadows of hovering death.

And there is the gallant tale of that automobile accident in 1925—that Sunday afternoon when the young Carole went driving with the son of a prominent Hollywood banker. They were driving through Beverly Hills. The car struck a bump. The catch of the removable seat unhinged and Carole was catapulted, face forward, into the windshield. The wind-shield shattered and the beauty which was Carole's became a long, blood-masked gash from her upper lip to the middle of her left cheek.

No anaesthetic could be administered when that mangled face was sewn together. The surgeon did not want the facial muscles to relax while he sewed up the wounds. Only a slight scar now remains of what was once wrecked beauty. But certainly there must be an inner scar, not so slight, the result of those nine months when Carole moped about the house, sick at heart, believing

"Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"



How Esther raised her baby the modern way... in spite of a snoopy neighbor



1. NEIGHBOR: Well, well, well...if it isn't our new mother...Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R-R?

ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.



3. NEIGHBOR: Modern methods? Bosh!

ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get special care...all the way from special baby food to a special baby laxative.



5. ESTHER: That's why the doctor told me to buy FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made especially and ONLY for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!



2. NEIGHBOR: Why...what do you MEAN! I know something about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?

ESTHER: Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me...I'm following modern methods.



4. NEIGHBOR: Special laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!

ESTHER: It is not! If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods...it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!



6. BOB: Oh boy!...you sure told off that old snoop about Fletcher's Castoria...but why didn't you tell her how swell it tastes, too?

ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it...the old buttinsky!

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

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NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails



Andrea Leeds and Bette Davis snapped by our cameraman. See the time Andrea has on her hands? It's the latest in watches.

that she must go through all her youth, all her life, unsightly in the eyes of men, her career ended before it had fairly begun. Surely something pretty strong was forged out of that frightful ordeal.

It was from that holocaust that she went to Mack Sennett. "Get her over to Sennett's," a friend advised her mother. "They care more for figures than for faces over there, anyway, and she'll forget herself in the middle of that mad bunch. She'll find her stride again." She did. She hit the stride of laughter, of doing the Charleston at the Hotel Ambassador on merry-making evenings, of cutting capers, playing jokes. There's nothing the matter with a girl who can take disaster with a custard-pie caper, is there now?

THEN, too, Lombard is a fuss-budget. It takes time to be fussy. When she travels, for instance, Fieldsie says that "she is so neat about everything that it's just like being at home." When on a train, for instance, she always spreads dainty, crêpe de chine blanket covers over the Pullman berths, "so the place will look homey and attractive," she says. That's all right. That's fastidious and charming.

But that isn't all. Oh, by no means. For Carole also has every article of wearing apparel packed (she does her own packing) in the most painfully systematic fashion. At any hour of the day or night she can "lay hands," to anything she may happen to want. If a travelling companion has a migraine, a tummy ache, a fit, Doc Lombard is right there with the proper remedy. On a recent trip by plane two of the passengers got air-sick. Before the hostess could get to them, Lombard was there with the proper first aid. There is the gypsy in Lombard, too, of course. But it's a nice, capable gypsy who keeps her earrings, bandanna and stiletto in apple-pie order.

She's the same about everything. When she plays tennis, she not only wears the proper tennis dress and shoes, but she also has the right-weight coat handy to fling over her shoulders when the game is done. She always has an extra pair of shoes along so that, if her feet hurt, she can change.

When she goes duck-shooting with Clark and the Andy Devines—this duck-shooting quartette is now so familiar to the ducks that they call them by their first names before they die—Carole is equipped. Not in "what-the-well-dressed-duck-shooter-will-wear"

type of thing, but in old cords and a shapeless sweater. For Carole doesn't ride, shoot ducks and hunt quail in order to be Gable's shadow—when Gable can't go, Carole goes alone. She has her own shot, and plenty of it. She has her bags for her own ducks. She is equipped with all the first aid remedies which might be required in case of any casualty.

When she goes hunting with Gable, Carole is no delicate doll lopping on Gable's broad shoulder. Not if he knows it, or she, either. She draws a bead on her own bird—and what a shot she is! She even wades hip-high into the marshes to retrieve her own birds. Gable has made it plain to her that he will not act as retriever for her birds, not he. And Lombard, you can be sure, would not have it otherwise.

When she and Gable shoot at the same bird there is a rough and tumble brawl as to whose bird it is, whose shot brought it down. And Gable admits that he doesn't always get the best of the scrimmage. And then, when the day's shooting is done, it's Lombard who is on hand with steaming coffee, drinks, hot food, whatever the hunters require. Carole is the one who comes prepared with extra blankets, cords and shirts for those not so far-sighted as she.

Lombard, her friends tell me, has a splendid sense of balance about everything. Furiously energetic, she always rises at seven. No breakfast trays in bed for Mrs. Gable. But she also goes to bed early nights. Neither she nor Gable care for night life and so don't have any to speak of. Their tastes, their likes and dislikes are so genuinely mutual that it's like something made to order, the mating of these two.

SHE doesn't diet, not Lombard. She doesn't have to 'cause she "eats right," her friends will tell you. For instance, if she has a heavy dinner one night, she will eat a light breakfast the next morning. If she goes to bed on a light dinner, she will have bacon, eggs, toast, all the fixin's the next morning. This balance prevails in everything she does. If she hasn't played tennis for some time, she is careful to play only one or two sets when she begins again. She doesn't overdo anything. Under her seeming levity and lightness there is a substratum of common sense as hard and dependable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

She is, further, a punctilious housekeeper. The Gables live well but, when eight pounds of butter are used one week as against seven pounds the week

before, she finds out why. She can spot dust a mile away. She does her own ordering and planning of meals and, when possible, her own marketing. Often she will call her friends and say, "Darling, I found the most divine new butcher in the Valley. His lamb is two cents a pound cheaper than I've found it anywhere else. Better meat, too. Try him." She is, herself, a superb cook. I'm sure that she didn't reach Gable's heart via his tummy but she could have.

She is economical in almost every way. She buys fewer clothes than any other star in Hollywood. And she isn't the least bit stuffy about them. If she buys something she especially likes, she tells her friends where she got it and says, "Go and see if it looks well on you and have it copied." This, in a town where one lady-star swoons if another lady-star enters a room, wearing a duplicate model of her gown!

NO, THERE is nothing remotely snobbish about Lombard. She certainly hasn't that excuse for being as evasive as she has been of late. She is, Fieldsie told me, wonderful with her servants. She has had the same cook, Jessie, for years. And Jessie is one of the family. When Carole comes in from the studio and says, "It's been a tough day, Jessie," Jessie just doesn't talk. She listens for the running of the bath water, she serves dinner quietly. When Carole says, "It's been a good day, Jess, everything swell," Jessie does talk, relates all the little household happenings of the day. Carole never gives orders. She always says, "Jessie, what do you think about duck and wild rice for dinner tonight, huh, tell me?" Well, they say that you can tell a lady by the way she handles her servants.

Carole still drives herself around in her old car, because she likes to drive herself. She could have a couple of town cars if she wanted them, but she figures that, apart from the initial purchase price, town cars cost money to run, to fuel, to re-tire. When they are out of cigarettes, Clark and Carole will hop in the car, drive down to the corner drug store and buy a package of smokes. Neither of them want any part of the show-offness of stardom. Both of them care for the outdoors, old clothes, horses, guns, tinkering with cars and having fun.

So now you have it. Now you know what's the matter with Lombard. What can you do about a gal like this? Lord love her, you've got me!

LUCK OF THE IRISH

(Continued from page 37)

particular talents required for histrionics.

"In my present condition it was useless to look for work, so for six months we worked on voice placement. It was a tedious process and at times I'm sure she despaired. However, with patience and great fortitude she saw me through, from beginning to end. At first she couldn't hear me across the room, then one lucky day she went into the next room and distinctly understood everything I said. From then on it was a pretty slow business, first walk-ons and finally a small speaking part."

And so it was that due to this excellent training, Geraldine got her break. For, if it had not been for Aunt Sheilah, there wouldn't have been the Gate Theatre, in Ireland, for a proving ground. Y'know, it was here the English Films picked her

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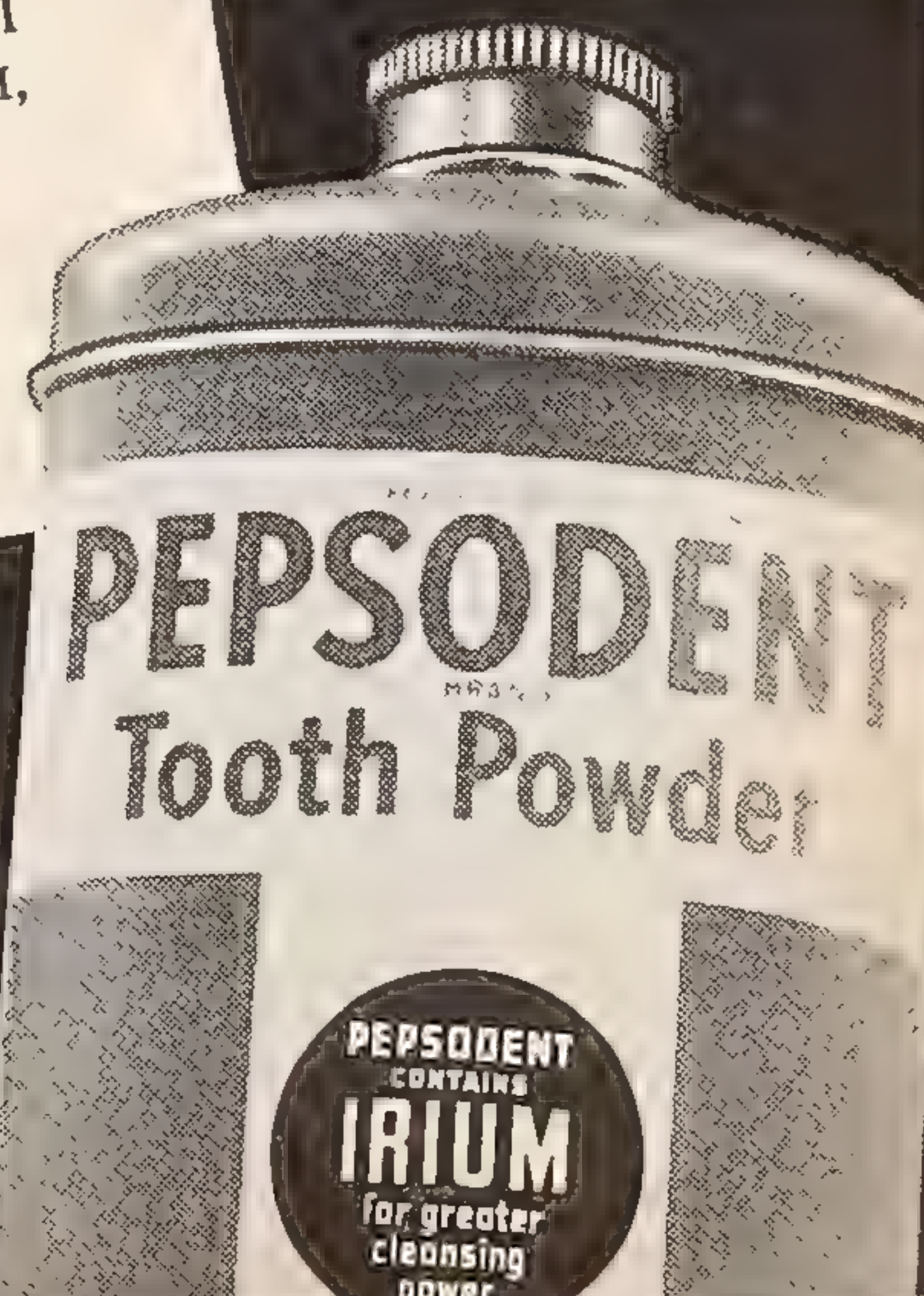
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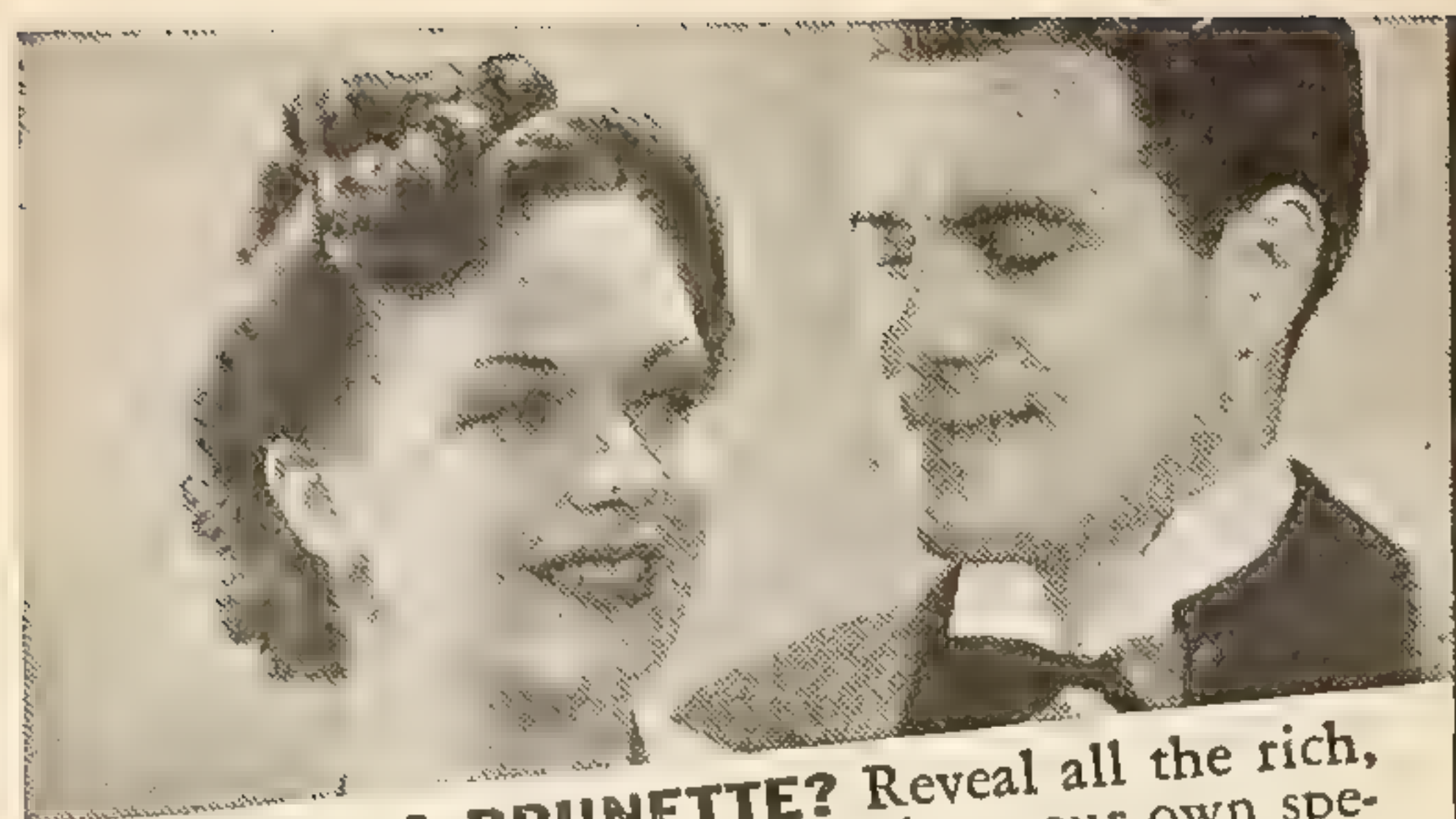
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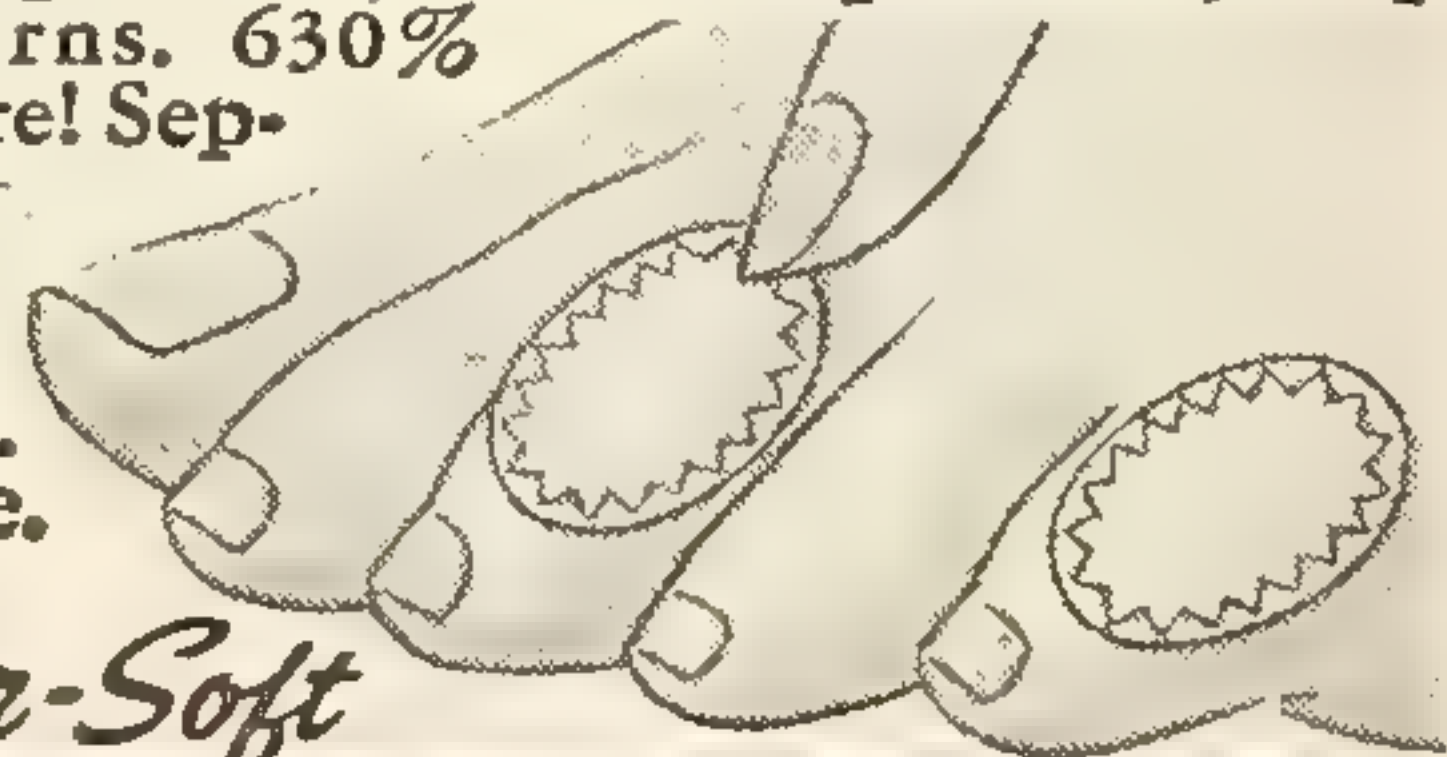
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Send me free gift package of your overnight treatment for blackheads and large pores. I am enclosing a 3c stamp to cover postage.

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MODERN ROM. 9-39

for a picture. But, as we've pointed out, luck was on her side and she made "Turn Of The Tide"—and, a very good picture it was, Geraldine modestly admits. Produced for local consumption, this saga of the sea coast fishing folk, was one hundred percent authentic—even to the fine Gaelic accents.

Because of the fact that most of the cast were unfamiliar with this tongue, it was necessary for the entire company to go and live in the surroundings where they made their film. As Geraldine pointed out, "We all moved down to the shore and began really working on our speech. The natives, of course, naturally knew we were actors. But, they were far from being impressed. In fact, the only thing they noticed was the disturbing fact that we were *all* very poor fishermen!

"This film, as a matter of fact, was partially responsible for my being cast in the New York production of 'Heart-break House,' and my first trip to America," Miss F. explained. And as if to further point up our contention that the Irish have all the luck, she continued, "However, after completing this engagement I returned home for another, but this time it wasn't theatrical. I think I actually believed my days of histrionics were over and done with. When I said, 'I do' and became Mrs. Edward Lindsay-Hogg, there didn't seem anything more to desire. Life for me was complete.

"My husband composes music, you know, and owns a string of thoroughbred race horses. Fact is, though I do love riding, his horses are so high spirited that I'm afraid to get on them. But, we're completely content with our mutual interests and I'd probably never given acting another thought if we hadn't come to America for a holiday."

Pausing to catch her breath, Geraldine took time out for a sip of coffee, long since forgotten, then went on with the story of Erin's charm enriching her future. "We attended a radio broadcast and while there met an old friend of mine. As a matter of fact, it was he who suggested I do a picture while here and, before I knew what we were about, it was done. Just like that! It's really strange when I look back on it, for if we hadn't wanted to see an American broadcast, I'd probably not have run into him. But, then I told you I was lucky.

"To get on with the story," 'Scherezardi' Fitzgerald remarked, "I went directly to Warners for one picture. After finishing "Dark Victory," I thought my work in American films was finished. But, fate, or something, stepped in and Gold-

wyn wanted me for a loan to make "Wuthering Heights." Then, as if working with such grand and experienced people as Bette Davis, Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon wasn't compensation enough, my contract was renewed and I made another picture for Warners.

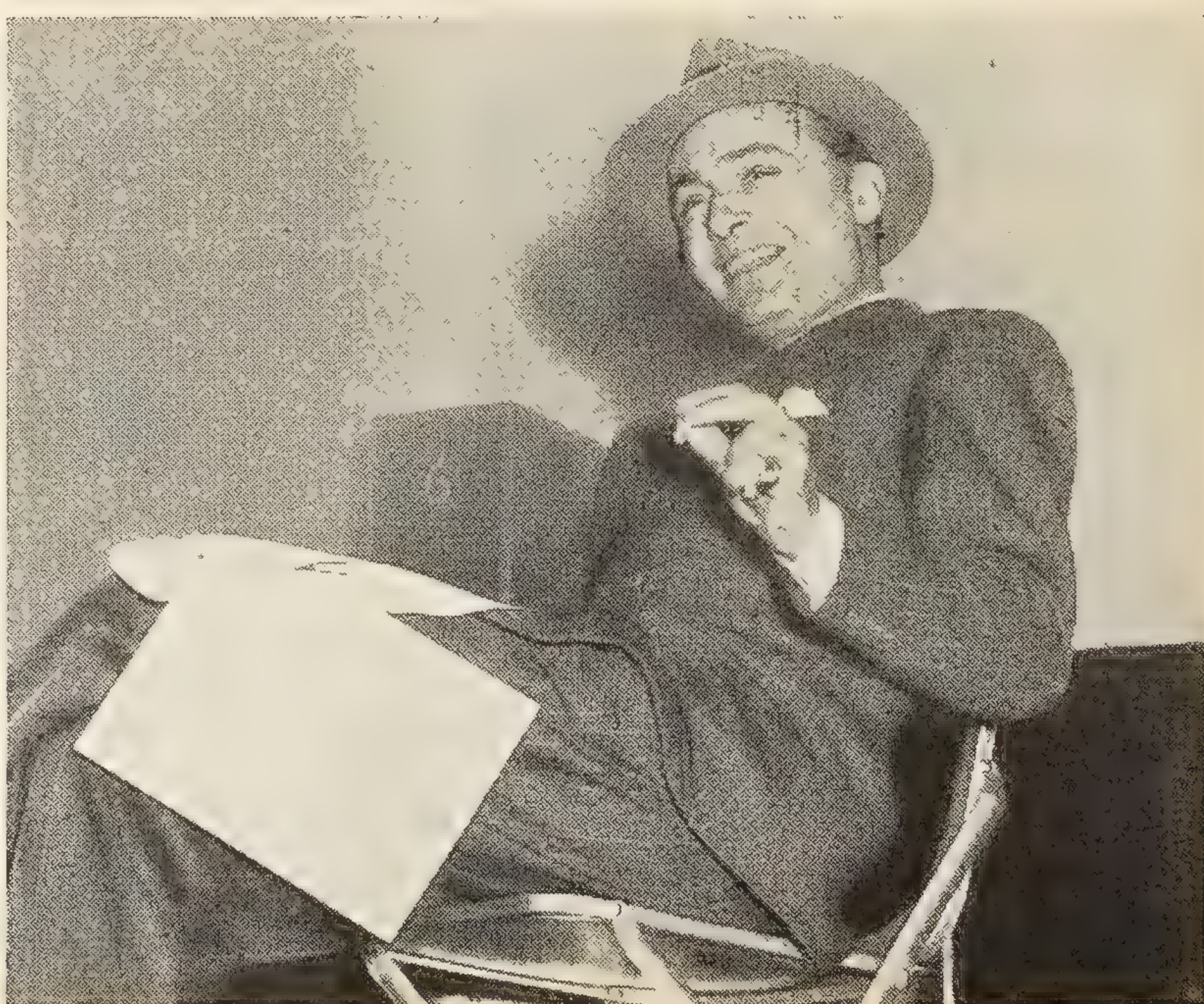
"After a six months' rest at home, I'll return and work exclusively for them. I'm rather looking forward to getting back, for everyone tells me I'll like Hollywood much better the second six months. I'm sure we will, for we've already made friends there. I think my favorite person on the coast is Bette Davis. Besides being such a grand person, she's my idea of a perfect actress."

Probably, and just by way of saying I told you so, our Geraldine would never have been able to accomplish all this if it hadn't been for that proverbial "if"—in each case pronounced *luck!* Had she not made her first picture, she wouldn't have been borrowed for the second. And, "if" she'd not been borrowed for that second, her option would have in all probability expired on completion of the one picture deal. Further, if, and we say "if" advisedly, she weren't such a fine young actress, she couldn't dictate her contract.

HOWEVER, Geraldine's life is charmed and, as a result, she can spend six months on the coast and the other six months of the year doing stage plays or vacationing in Ireland.

When we inquired of our Miss F. whether she preferred working in American films to those of her native land, she glanced up and with a twinkle in her big brown eyes replied, "The truth is, and here's where I make some of my homefolks sore, I prefer working over here. You see, mechanically they're far better equipped here. Now back home when you work in pictures, you have to adapt yourself to *them*. But, in California they adapt everything to *you*. Why they can practically put a mike in your mouth if you want to whisper. And if you want to shout, there's one of those boom things to take it away—practically into County Kerry if you like.

"About the only thing I don't like about working here is that you can have little or no privacy in your personal life. But, then if I'm to become Americanized, and I certainly plan to, I'll accustom myself to this and probably not mind in the least. For, if my luck holds out you'll see another representative of the Irish spending about nine months of the year in America. Mind you, I say 'if' my luck holds out!"



One of Hollywood's busiest leading men these days, Charles Boyer "holds the script" for his fellow players in "Modern Cinderella."

Answers to Quiz on Page 75

1. The traps.
2. They're not divorced.
3. Mrs. Fritz Mandl.
4. No, she wears high-heeled shoes.
5. Three children.
6. "Hearts In Bondage."
7. Alexander Korda.
8. Gene Autry.
9. Errol Flynn.
10. "Now It Can Be Told."
11. He wasn't present.
12. Baby.
13. Grips.
14. "Dangerous" and "Jezebel."
15. All are Canadians.
16. Jackie Coogan's.
17. "Modern Times."
18. Both are bald.
19. Yes, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor are married.
20. Jackie Cooper is taller.
21. Pixilated.
22. Arleen Whelan
23. Chick.
24. On the film.
25. His name was on it.
26. Frank Morgan at three.

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 77)

Helen Plant, Detroit, Mich. No doubt, you will be interested to know that there now are 1,015 child actors and actresses registered in Hollywood, and their average earnings are \$82 a year.

Laurette Lesser, Grand Rapids, Mich. Andrea Leeds' real name is Antoinette Lees, and she was born in Butte, Mont., in August, 1914. Her father was a mining engineer. As a young girl Andrea wanted to become a writer, but while attending school in California she got the opportunity to act in student plays. While at the University of California in Los Angeles, she was "discovered" by Howard Hawks. Then her Hollywood career began. Her first big success was in "Stage Door." After that there was "The Goldwyn Follies," "Youth Takes a Fling," "Letter of Introduction" and soon you will be seeing her in "The Real Glory" with Gary Cooper. Andrea, who is unmarried, is one of Hollywood's popular girls. She has brown hair and eyes. You can write her in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Rosemary Jackson, Springfield, Ill. The following stars first attracted Hollywood's attention in these pictures: Danielle Darrieux in "Mayerling," Annabella in "Wings of the Morning," Hedy Lamarr in "Ecstasy," and Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel."

Jack Case, Portland, Ore. We know you will be pleased to hear that William Powell is returning to the screen in a role which he made famous in 1934 and played with equal success in a sequel in 1936. He is scheduled to begin "After the Thin Man" with Myrna Loy in a few weeks.

HAVE YOU YOUR NEW CHART?

Our revised and up-to-date chart, listing Hollywood's top-notch stars with a thumbnail description of each, is ready for you. This time it's in a very attractive booklet form, compact and handy. Fill in the coupon on page 77 for your barometer vote, enclose five cents in stamps or coin for the chart, and send to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

Ginger Rogers - Hollywood's sparkling star. See her in RKO's new motion picture "Bachelor Mother"



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And speaking of smiles, none is lovelier than that of GINGER ROGERS, as you can see by this picture. Note also her hair and blouse. Both are just right because they truly express her own natural self . . . Chewing is a natural pleasure. Especially chewing refreshing Doublemint Gum which is very popular in Hollywood as it is everywhere else. You'll like it. Get some today.

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DEANNA DURBIN'S FAVORITE ICE CREAMS

BISCUIT TORTONI

2 teaspoons gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
2/3 cup white corn syrup
2 egg yolks
1/2 cup rich milk

2/3 cup dry macaroon crumbs*
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon almond extract
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

15 small paper cases**

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Meanwhile bring corn syrup to a full rolling boil, stir into softened gelatin. Cool. Cook egg yolks with milk in top of double boiler until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add one half of the crumbs. Cool, then combine with gelatin mixture. Add flavorings and salt. Chill in refrigerator (do not freeze). Fold chilled mixture into the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Turn into paper cases, sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Place cases in freezing tray of refrigerator, set control at coldest point and freeze, without stirring, until firm.

*Buy plain not cocoanut, macaroons. Toasted vanilla wafer crumbs may be used if macaroons are not available. They should be rolled out until fine, or better still put through a food mill for an easy job, quickly done.

**Get the small cases that have straight sides and are made of rather heavy quality paper. Or, if more convenient, use regulation paper beverage cups, cutting them down to about 1 3/4 inches in height, using a single edge razor blade.

BANANA ORANGE ICE CREAM

(Freezer Recipe)

2 eggs, separated
grated rind of 1/2 orange
1/2 cup milk
5 ripe bananas (medium size)

3/4 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup orange juice
2 cups heavy cream

Separate eggs. Add yolks and grated rind to the milk and cook in top of double boiler until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Chill thoroughly. Peel fully ripe bananas (yellow peel flecked with brown). Slice peeled bananas into a bowl, add sugar, salt and orange juice. Allow to stand for 10 minutes, then mash through a coarse sieve or food mill. Combine with chilled custard mixture and, if time permits, chill again. Whip egg white until stiff but not dry, fold into banana mixture, add cream. Turn into freezer can. (Do not fill can more than 2/3 full. This amount is sufficient for a 2-quart freezer.) Freeze with a chipped ice and ice-cream-salt mixture in proportions of one part salt to four parts ice, by bulk. (For convenience and accuracy use 2 scoops for measuring.) Turn dasher very slowly at first, then somewhat faster as mixture starts to thicken. When ice cream is the consistency of hot corn-meal mush—that is before it gets really hard—remove dasher, plug hole in can with a cork, pour off excess brine and replenish ice-salt mixture around the can, right up to the top. Cover freezer with burlap, an old rug or several newspapers. (Some of the new freezers have covers—a real convenience!) Allow to stand and harden.

BANANA SPLIT: Peel a ripe banana for each person. Quarter each banana by cutting once lengthwise, once crosswise. Place the four quarters in sherbet glass with points of banana upward. Add a serving of ice cream, pour a little chocolate sauce over ice cream, top with whipped cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Garnish each serving with a maraschino cherry.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

Proportions for use in Automatic Refrigerator
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
4 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 cup milk
16 marshmallows
2 tablespoons milk
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
3 drops peppermint extract (or 1 teaspoon vanilla)

Proportions for use in Ice Cream Freezer
2 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/3 cup powdered sugar
1 1/2 cups milk
16 marshmallows
2 tablespoons milk
1 1/2 cups heavy cream, unwhipped
1/4 teaspoon peppermint extract (or 1 teaspoon vanilla)

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR BOTH TYPES: Melt chocolate over boiling water, add sugar, then stir in the milk gradually. Continue cooking over boiling water to scalding point. Remove from heat, beat with rotary beater until thoroughly blended. Cool in refrigerator. Place marshmallows in saucepan with the 2 tablespoons of milk. Heat over very low flame, folding over and over until about half melted. Remove from heat and continue folding until mixture is absolutely smooth. Cool, add the cooled chocolate mixture and flavoring extract. (Substitute vanilla for peppermint if preferred.) Observe different methods from this point, as follows:

AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR METHOD: Turn chocolate mixture into freezing tray and freeze to a mushy consistency. Whip well-chilled cream until it will hold its shape, but not until stiff. Blend partially frozen chocolate mixture with the whipped cream. Return to freezing tray and set temperature control at coldest point. Because everything is pre-chilled the ice cream will be frozen in surprisingly short order. When firm, set control back a little.

ICE CREAM FREEZER METHOD: Add well-chilled cream, unwhipped, to the chilled chocolate mixture. Turn into ice cream can. Freeze as directed in Banana recipe, above, with the same ice-salt proportions.



Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert knock off a waltz. How do you like her costume jewelry?

FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR

(Continued from page 45)

with two or three pretty blouses to change the color scheme, you can stay fresh and comfortable for days on end, either at home or away. It's all very well to have a suit of uncrushable linen, rayon, cotton or silk if you *know* your weather is going to be constant, but don't expect one of these to take the place of a light wool tailor. If you're on your way to the Fair in San Francisco, remember that it is very cool there right in the middle of summer. Without a wool suit or coat you'd be simply lost. In New York you're likely to strike some hot weather, but there, as so often happens along the seacoast, the climate is subject to quick changes, so your wool suit and top coat will still come in mighty handy.

THIS year's variety of "street clothes," the kind you want for sightseeing and for general daytime wear, is more attractive than we've seen in years. Dots of all sizes are very good, checks from the tiniest hair lines to the widest plaids are fashion news, and stripes, horizontal, diagonal or perpendicular, are in excellent taste.

Prints on white grounds are new and cool looking. Petticoat dresses are charming for the young and slim. But don't attempt them otherwise. It isn't difficult to turn a young thing into a sleek looking sophisticate by draping her in severe and ultra chic lines, but when the hale and hearty or the dignified types try to go ingenue, the results are pretty sad, and sometimes ludicrous. Anita Louise is a picture in plaids and petticoats, but imagine Norma Shearer attempting them! She wouldn't.

White dresses with bright red and blue accessories are the last word in 1939 summer smartness—but don't go in for them either, if you can't keep yours spic and span and band-boxy looking. Cotton knits are always popular because they're both packable and adaptable. And this year dark nets and laces are being made into awfully attractive afternoon frocks. Wear these with starched piqué collar and accessories and you'll have a new and delightfully crisp combination as a change.

Wherever you go—or even if you stay at home all summer—you'll want some kind of a play wardrobe, whether for



*Romance for Andrea Leeds and David Niven in the Samuel Goldwyn production "THE REAL GLORY." Her soft hands appeal! Read (below) how Jergens helps you.

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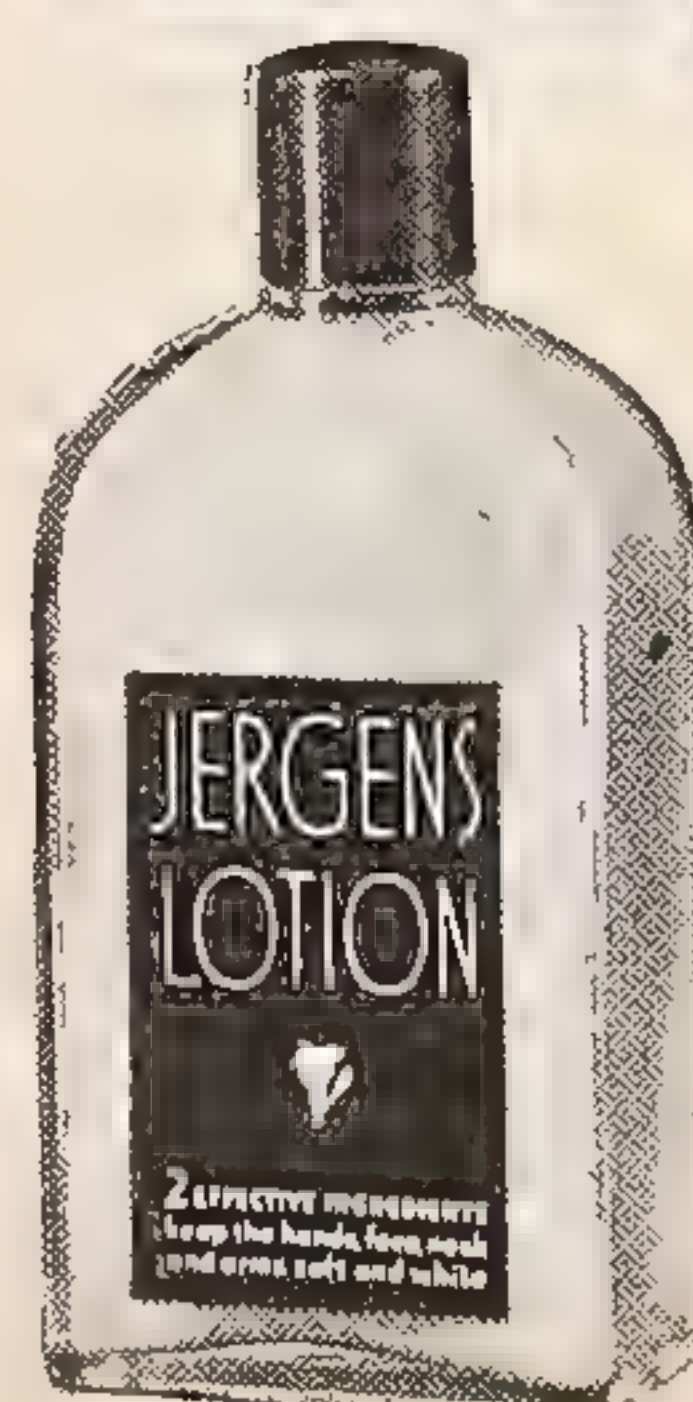
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golf, tennis, riding, swimming or just lolling. If you want to sun-tan on the beach, the briefer the outfit the better, of course. Two piece swim suits in jersey, satin lastex, rayon or cotton afford the most exposure. Be sure to pack dark glasses though, and an eye shade, no matter how well you tan. Too much sun in your eyes may cause serious damage to them. If you don't want to tan, you can still look like a beauty-contest winner on either coast, or even on a mountain top, if you wear those new cotton slacks and shirts in one of this summer's bright new berry colors. Long sleeves are the very last word for both street and sports wear, so try them in one or two of your outfits.

AS FOR evening things, the shirtwaist dresses in gingham or taffeta and lingerie, the crisp cottons in whites or in deep color contrasts are perfect, for either Fair, at home, in town or in the country. Even jackets and evening wraps are made of cotton this year and very fetching they are, too.

If a-traveling you would go, take light weight luggage. Carry an overnight bag with toilet articles, a change of lingerie and the little things you want to get at in a hurry. Then you'll not have to go rooting through your larger bags every time you want something, disrupting the order that Sister Jane or Aunt Martha worked so hard to achieve, and which will be all-important to your well turned out appearance while traveling. A short, packable umbrella, a thin gay-colored raincoat and rubber sandals won't be amiss, even if you do hate to think about that kind of weather. It's better to be prepared than to spoil everybody's fun or, worse, go around with the sniffles.

Remember that the best dressed girls these days are not the ones with the biggest budgets or the most complete collection of clothes. The smartest girls are often those with the smallest incomes, but girls who have studied their own personalities and have learned to dress according to their types, girls who will stop to organize and "edit" their wardrobes, discarding the "extra," unrelated accessories, no matter what pangs that may cost, keeping fresh and "matched" and most important of all, within their budgets. It is a great deal smarter to have one perfect outfit for daytime, one for evening, and a third for play, and have every detail correct, every accessory mean something, than it is to load yourself down with miscellaneous, unrelated wardrobe errors that you have picked up, hit or miss, everywhere "just because you liked them" and then hoped to achieve a presentable appearance. It can't be done that way.

Concentrate on a few clothes. See that your dress is always the right length for you—fifteen to sixteen inches is good this year—your hose the correct shade, your shoes shined and in good repair, your gloves fresh and the right color, your lingerie clean and your blouses faultlessly pressed. Don't wear cheap-looking jewelry. We didn't say it should be expensive—but it should fit the occasion and bear a definite relation to your complete ensemble. Good lines that emphasize your best features and conceal your worst, smart simplicity that sets you off as a frame sets off a fine picture, not disguises or smothers or mocks you—that's the real test of clothes chic. If yours do that for you, you're having a most successful summer.

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HAIR CARE

(Continued from page 41)

unbeautiful hair often have more truth than fiction in them, believe it or not. We've seen it happen.

Comb your hair with the same up and outward motion you use in brushing. Use a wide-toothed comb with blunt teeth when your hair is tangled or wet, a finer toothed one when you want to clean or arrange it. Always be sure that the comb's edges are smooth, not sharp. And, of course, keep both comb and brush immaculately clean. If you have dandruff, sterilize your comb and brush with a mild disinfectant after washing with warm water and soap.

And no matter what anybody says, don't be persuaded to lend or borrow combs and brushes. That's how dandruff and ever so many scalp infections have been spread. Your comb and brush should be as personal as your toothbrush.

Frequent massage, in addition to combing and brushing, is necessary to stimulate the scalp to grow new, luxuriant, healthy hair. Your hair depends on the blood stream for its nourishment, but if your scalp is tense and tight, that nourishment can't get through, and your hair becomes lifeless, dull and literally starved to death. Knead the scalp with your fingertips until it tingles. Rub along the spine at the base of the neck to bring your blood up. Massage across the neck and shoulders to relax and relieve congestion caused by nerves and poor posture. When this blood supply is released before a scalp massage, you will not only feel ever so much better, but you'll also get better results from your scalp massage. You'll sense the difference.

Whether your hair is dry or oily, the same rules of brushing and massage hold true. Contradictory as it may at first sound, both of these conditions often can be entirely corrected by faithful massage and brushing. You see, whichever abnormal tendency your hair may have, these two methods tend to neutralize and correct it by restoring your hair to a healthy, normal condition.

THERE are good tonics on the market which will temporarily remove excess hair oils, besides acting as antiseptics and astringents. Oily hair should be shampooed more frequently than dry hair, as it tends to collect dust, perspiration and pieces of dead skin faster than dry hair. The frequency of shampoos should be decided entirely by the condition of your own hair. When hair is dirty it should be washed, just like anything else. If your hair is oily and appears dirty in a week after laundering—then by all means shampoo it once every week.

On the other hand, if your hair is dry and needs all the oil it can manufacture for itself, keep it clean as long as you can by brushing and the use of tonics. If you live in a clean locality, or if the weather is cool and you haven't perspired much, a dry head of hair may sometimes go as long as three weeks between shampoos. You yourself are the best judge of that. A hair tonic containing oil may frequently be combed or brushed into very dry hair. This will keep it soft and manageable, prevent its breaking and consequently make it last

longer. Light cream wave sets will also help to preserve overly dry hair. And simple oil treatments just before shampoos are excellent.

First, brush your hair, then massage a warm oil well into your scalp. Wrap a hot towel around your head, and keep it there for an hour or so. Then go ahead with your regular shampoo.

Shampooing is a very important step in your quest for a healthy scalp and beautiful hair. It has only one object—that is to clean. But nothing is more essential to health than cleanliness—and that goes double for scalp and hair. Mild, liquid soaps and shampoos are best for your hair. A cake of soap rubbed on the hair is apt to leave a gummy film.

There are three separate steps to a perfect shampoo. They are: washing, rinsing and drying. First, for the washing: Wet your hair thoroughly with warm water. Soft water is preferable when available. (But don't use softeners in your shampoo water. They're wonderful for skin—but not for hair.) Stand under a shower or spray or, if you have neither of these, get your head right under the water in a basin. Pour on your liquid soap or shampoo according to directions. Work this well into the scalp with the cushions of all your fingers.

Now, after a thorough finger work-out, rinse your hair in warm water. Apply the soap or shampoo again, this time being careful to cleanse the ends of your hair between your fingers. Rinse again with cooler water. If your hair is oily or very dirty, you may want to apply soap a third time. But usually twice is enough. The final rinsing must be thorough and copious. Remove every single trace of soap and don't stop rinsing until your hair is so clean it squeaks between your fingers.



Robert Taylor and Loretta Young swing it at the Trocadero. How do you like the petal motif which forms the sleeves of Miss Y.'s gown?

Here is the time to apply a rinse if you care to. Vinegar—about half a cup to two quarts of water—makes dark hair soft and shiny. It also is good to help disentangle snarls in over-done permanents, bleaching jobs, and the like. But be sure to rinse it out thoroughly if you don't want to smell like a salad.

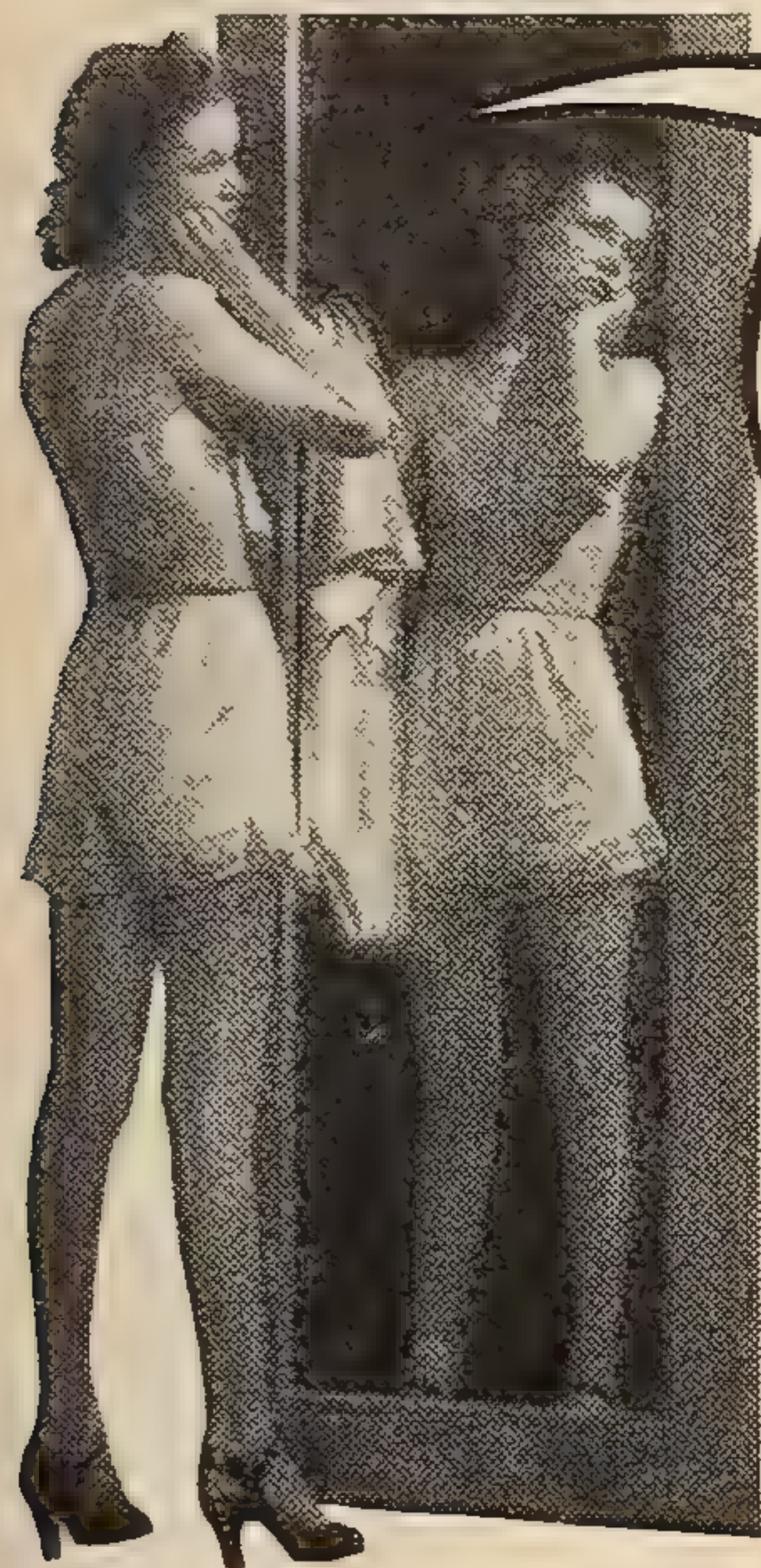
Lemon juice will bring out the highlights in blonde or red hair. Being more drying than vinegar, it is also good for oily tresses. This kind of a rinse doesn't need to be washed off. If you have very oily hair, try rubbing a half lemon directly on the scalp.

There are many harmless vegetable rinses that bring out the sheen and color of blonde, red and brunette hair without in any way injuring them. They will, of course, wash off with the next shampoo, but they do improve appearances between times. They are obtainable practically everywhere nowadays.

Hair should not be left to dry by itself. It should be dried by hand carefully. Wring out all excess moisture by hand first, then rub and pat your hair with a turkish towel, but don't rub harshly or you will break the ends.

Dry your hair in the sun or open air when possible, shaking it out in your fingers. A coarse-toothed comb, gently handled, will help with the worst tangles. Your long bristled brush should be used now too, always stroking up and out. Remember? If you have to have wave sets or lotions applied, try drying your hair under medium warm heat. Air that's too hot is not good for it.

After your hair is thoroughly dry, brushing and combing will *not* disturb the wave. In fact, they'll distribute the oil and help to set it. A dash of brilliantine or pomade is all right, applied lightly, but don't soak it on. It neither



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

Maureen O'Sullivan is a tender and convincing mother, and makes every scene credible. Directed by Richard Thorpe. —Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★ It Could Happen to You

True enough, this could happen to you and all your neighbors and therein lies the appeal of this screen offering. It's the story of a murder, and the innocent man accused of perpetrating the crime is Stuart Erwin. He's the likable, easy-going sort of chap whom everyone knows, the kind who wouldn't hurt a fellow's feelings for anything in the world. So when he arrives home one evening after an innocent spree at a night club with his pal, you can imagine Mr. Erwin's chagrin at finding the body of a woman in the back seat of his car.

The heroine of the story is attractive Gloria Stuart, who plays the role of devoted wife and determined sleuth. When it looks like friend husband is heading straight for the electric chair, she pitches in and solves the crime single-handed, leaving a considerably abashed crowd of super-sleuths pop-eyed.

Stuart Erwin and Gloria Stuart turn in performances that are unusually effective. They have a good story here, crammed full of humor, tragedy, suspense and action. Douglas Fowley, as the glib business associate of the hero, has a role which shows his acting ability, while Raymond Walburn, as the advertising big-shot, provides his usual

quota of hilarious moments. Directed by Alfred Werker.—20th Century-Fox.

★★ Good Girls Go To Paris

"Good Girls Go To Paris" misses being the entertainment which one would expect from the names in the cast. Though Joan Blondell proves once again that she's got what it takes, the lines handed her are so cute they border on coyness most of the time. Walter Connolly blusters around in a state bordering on apoplexy which is becoming a chronic, and tiresome, condition on his part. Melvyn Douglas gives a performance that under no circumstances could be called inspired, but at least isn't marked by over-acting as are the other characterizations.

The story is based on the experiences of a naive little waitress, Joan Blondell, who has ideas about seeing the world. If it takes blackmail to get her a ticket, that's all right, too. She finds the college town in which she works is a happy hunting ground for millionaire's sons, though one of the profs, Melvyn Douglas, warns her that her conscience will never let her go through with her proposed plans. He's right to the extent that her conscience causes many a flutter, but she barges right into one situation after another, nevertheless, getting Isabel Jeans, and everyone else into trouble.

There are certainly possibilities for making a swell yarn out of this picture, but somehow they never materialize. We are inclined to lay the blame for the

picture's shortcomings at the director's door. For the cast is competent enough and the story above average. Directed by Alexander Hall.—Columbia.

★★ Five Came Back

From the time the big transport plane takes off for South America with two pilots, a steward and nine passengers, "Five Came Back" is packed with thrilling suspense and excitement.

Wendy Barrie is eloping with Patric Knowles and both are front page personalities. Lucille Ball is escaping a life of underworld terrors. John Carradine is a cop taking condemned anarchist Joseph Calleia back to certain execution. Allen Jenkins, a racketeer's bodyguard, is smuggling his boss' infant son (Casey Johnson) away from danger. C. Aubrey Smith and Elisabeth Risdon, a college professor and his wife, are on a pleasure jaunt. Caught in a tropical storm, they crash in a jungle far off the regular air course. While the pilots attempt to repair the smashed engines, the passengers enjoy primitive life in the tropics.

When the plane is finally patched together, pilot Chester Morris announces that the weakened engines can lift only five passengers over the mountains. Joseph Calleia steals the picture with his dramatic choosing of the five elected to survive. Beating of tom-tom drums and poisoned arrows from headhunters whip the climax into thrilling melodrama. Directed by John Farrow.—RKO.



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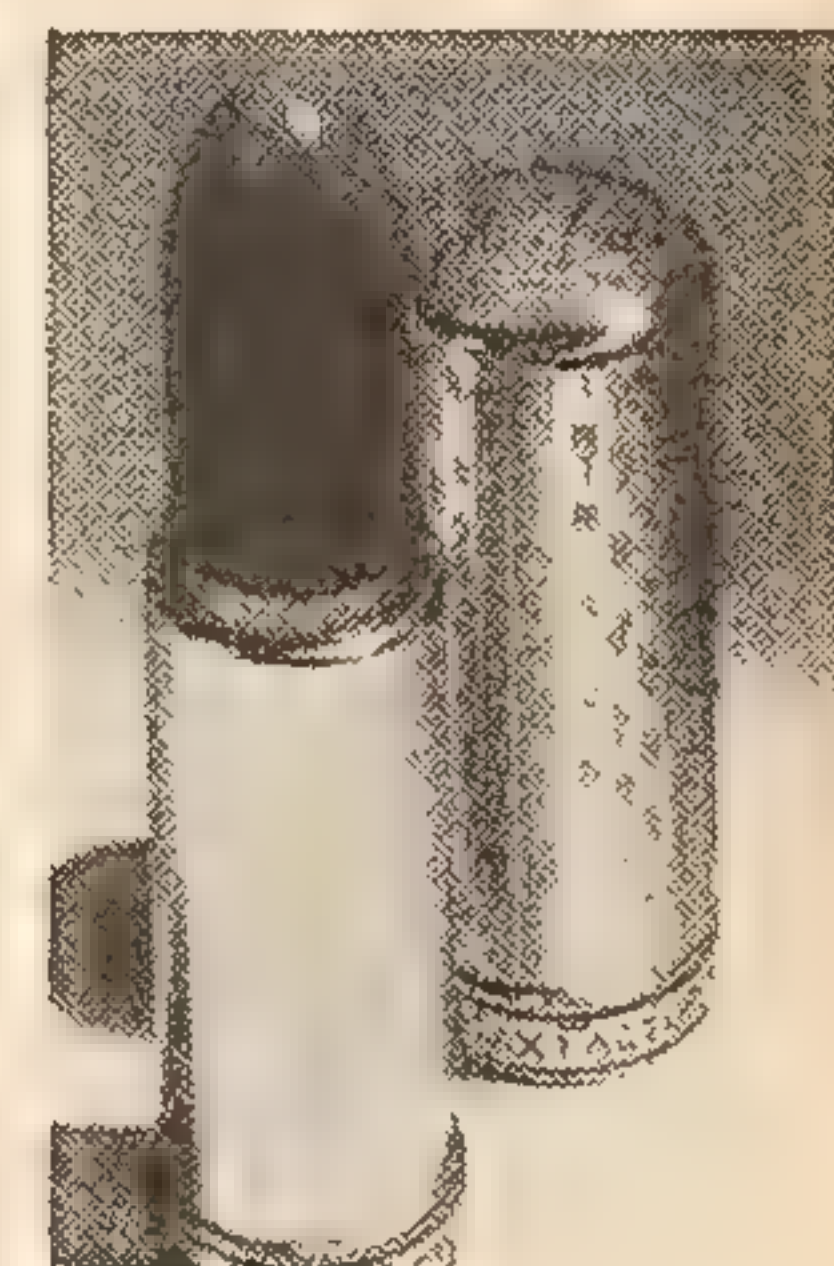
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Creamy	Green	BROWNETTE
Medium	Hazel	Light. <input type="checkbox"/> Dark. <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy	Brown	BRUNETTE
Sallow	Black	Light. <input type="checkbox"/> Dark. <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive	Light	Light. <input type="checkbox"/> Dark. <input type="checkbox"/>
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TELLIN' ON TRACY

(Continued from page 36)

admiringly. "Good Lord, they know me!" said Spencer in honest amazement and shyly fled in a taxi from the adulation.

That night Mrs. Tracy and he went to the theatre and the same thing happened only there were many more fans—a packed mass of them rushing at him. "This is new to me," the popular star said with a grin but there wasn't enough "ham" in him to pretend he didn't like it.

Then they went back to the sumptuous hotel suite and Spencer lounged in one of the gold satin-brocaded chairs. He was silent for a few moments as Mrs. Tracy watched him. His glance wandered around the large expensively furnished drawing-room, a dozen softly-shaped lamps lighting pieces of mahogany and casting jewel-like tones on fragile upholstery. His eyes took on that look betokening those moments when his Irish blood is doing things to the dream clouds of his mind. He looked around the room again, then at Mrs. Tracy.

"This is nice," he remarked simply. "But it isn't home."

The next afternoon he went to the Lambs Club—that sanctuary where once the famous actors of the New York theatrical world could retire and be themselves. They still dust the furniture but there are cobwebs in the atmosphere.

"It's all gone now," Tracy remarked sadly. "I went in and I didn't know one man who was there—strangers, all of them. I realize a lot of the members are in Hollywood but where are the others who didn't go west? I walked around for a few minutes. I guess they thought

I was a salesman." Evidently it never occurred to Mr. Tracy that although he didn't recognize the new members some of them might know who he was.

"This trip's been a letdown to you, hasn't it?" I suggested as we sat in the hotel room which wasn't home to him, and after he had told me of that disappointing visit to his old retreat.

"I guess it has," he answered, "because New York doesn't seem the same. I suppose nothing's ever the same when you leave it and come back a long time after." But Spencer Tracy's the same, I thought, the same eager, enthusiastic actor whose outstanding performance in the stage production of "The Last Mile" more than six years ago earned him the recognition for which he had waited so long and won him his first Hollywood contract.

MAYBE you wouldn't want to come back and do a stage play?"

"What actor wouldn't?" replied Spencer quickly. Then he went on to explain, "I hope to be able to. You know, no matter how much you enjoy working in a picture and how much the audience seems to enjoy that shadow of you on the screen, it's not the same as doing your best across the footlights and watching the reaction on those rows of faces in front of you," a statement, I suggested, that had been made by many other ex-stage actors who have gone to Hollywood these past few years.

"I like Hollywood," he hastened to emphasize. "We've been able to do a lot

out there we could never do in New York. My wife's crazy about horses and I like to ride, too. We can do that, we also have a small boat and enjoy that."

Twice-told tales never seem to lose their savor for Tracy. When he recalled to me incidents of his six years in Hollywood, occasions when the joke was on him, he laughed as sincerely as though they had happened yesterday. We were discussing his experiences in his first Hollywood years when he wasn't so important—the era before the late Irving Thalberg sent for him and painted a bright future in typewritten words of a contract. "I thought that was as far as I'd get. I remember Victor McLaglen felt the same way about himself. He'd been doing 'sez you, sez me' on the screen for six years and then look what happened. In 1935 he gave the best performance of the year in 'The Informer.' Don't let anybody tell you different. That's also the best performance the movie public will see for several more years to come."

Then suddenly he switched to the public and out of a clear sky remarked, "A lot of people don't like actors. Oh, I know, they're entertained by them for a few hours, but they don't think much of them as a class. Actors aren't so different from other folks, except there's so much ham in all of them that they exaggerate their failings because they're so spectacular about everything they do. And the press agents exaggerate their talents and good points so much that even the credulous won't believe them."

Is SEX Dangerous?

Some of Hollywood's glamour girls will be mighty upset about the candid photo story in September SCREEN GUIDE, "Why 'It' Is a Dangerous Thing." It tells truths and reveals photos of Ann Sheridan and other "It" girls, the like of which have never been shown before. Many in full color.

Also, in September SCREEN GUIDE:

"Can Barbara Stanwyck Keep Bob Taylor Happy?" with exclusive pictures at their honeymoon nest. "Norma Shearer at Home." "Swimming with Joan Blondell and Dick Powell." "How Much of a He-Man Is Errol Flynn?" "Is Dorothy Lamour Kidding the Love Experts?" "The Greatest Lover—Charles Boyer." "Don't Invite Mickey Rooney to a Party." "Color Portrait of Loretta Young." Etc., Etc.

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There was no answer needed for that one, so Mr. Tracy's thoughts went roving again. His eye lighted on a very impressive looking bookcase at the far end of the room. "You know I've been gyped here," he exclaimed suddenly and led me over to the shelves packed with bright shining bindings in red and green and black letters. Mirthfully he opened the doors and lightly lifted out a block of the pasteboard fakes.

"Props" he said with a laugh. "And this morning I thought I was going to read in bed for an hour."

The telephone was ringing, people downstairs at the desk were asking for him. He had just turned down a radio offer because as he explained to the broadcast officials blandly, "This is a vacation."

I took the hint, picked up my gloves and departed.

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 17)

Fan Mania

(\$1.00 prize letter)

Newspapers and magazines have frequently carried stories of stars being jostled about and even injured by crowds. Such incidents cast a bad reflection on the mental and emotional balance of all fans as a whole.

Fans should remember that these people are not gods and goddesses but only human beings like themselves. And being human, they cannot lift wings and fly to safety when threatened by a mob, but must stand and take it with a smile. They cannot fight back to protect themselves no matter how closely the crowd presses nor how rough it gets.

Fans should also remember that, as people, the star's time is limited. They have important engagements to be kept and they must get sufficient rest. They cannot, therefore, be indefinitely delayed by their admirers. Perhaps stars would be willing to be seen in public more often if they were treated more humanly.

When one truly likes another individual, he will first of all, be considerate of him. He will respect his person, his time and his feelings. So, as one fan to all other fans, the next time you see that favorite star of yours, prove your admiration and true regard for him by respecting his rights as a human being.—Kathryn Happe, Dayton, Ohio.

A Perfect Villain

(\$1.00 prize letter)

There have been irritating rumors recently to the effect that the arch-villain of the screen, Basil Rathbone, is planning to go straight in his screen characterizations. I, and no doubt other fans were displeased at this news. Basil's supremacy among villains is undisputed. His nasal twang and sardonic sneer have helped to make a great movie out of many a mediocre one.

It must be admitted that Rathbone is quite capable of portraying "straight" characters such as Sherlock Holmes. But there is no shortage of leading men. There is, however, only one actor to make gloriously sinister such roles as Tybolt, Mr. Murdstone, Louis XI or Sir Guy of Guisborne.

I don't believe that theatre fans are so literal as to remain indifferent to an actor merely because he consents to being typed in brilliant, if ignoble, roles. So let's have more Rathbone grimaces.—James Koken, Dryden, Washington.

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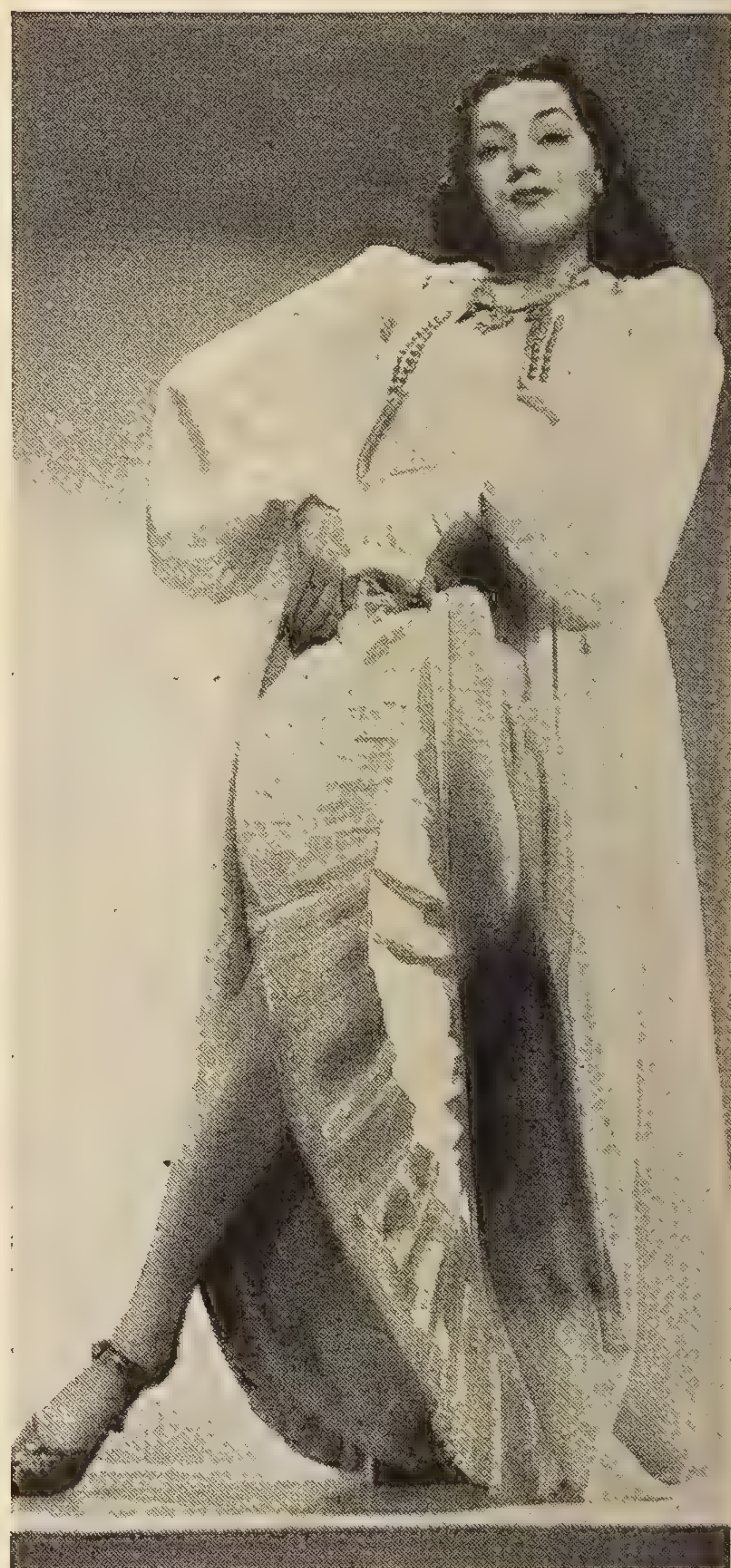
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Meet Gloria Franklin, another "oomph-er," whom you'll see in the Lamarr-Taylor picture, "Lady of the Tropics."

POWELL & CO.

(Continued from page 46)

always danced in bare feet of course—Miss Powell could hardly wait to dash backstage and stick her battered dogs into the pail of ice water waiting there, along with the good stiff scrubbing brush. Scrubbing her talented toes, she prayed four times daily that she wouldn't have to do the next show in a wheel chair. All this, of course, was part of the game and good fun, too, and the grumbling that went on among the members of Powell and Company was the good-natured variety. However, that same pair of battered dogs were, on the second day of the Washington booking, put down quite firmly on suggestions for radio appearances and benefits. "I can't do it! I won't do it!" wailed Eleanor, thereby earning a quite unfair reputation for being difficult.

People always ask if a famous star has remained "unspoiled." Yes, I would say that Eleanor has. I first met her in 1935, in Hollywood, before she had commenced work on the 1936 "Broadway Melody" of beloved memory. She was testing then—not for her dancing ability, which was undisputed, but for make-up, hair, voice and so on. They had her in a blonde wig, and she came running into the office of Jack Dawn, who is head make-up man.

"Oh, Mr. Dawn, please fix my lips. Oh, thank you. Oh, I'm so nervous." And the lightning feet rushed out again. When the picture got rolling, her greatest thrill came from the fact that she had real lines to speak. She was an actress! She was thrilled, grateful, humble, eager, obedient, sincere, twenty years old and she worked practically every minute of the time.

TODAY she is going on twenty-five and is still thrilled. It would be false modesty for her to pretend gratitude or humility, for she has earned her studio many hundred thousand bucks, but she is still eager, obedient and most sincere. She works hard, but she isn't going to kill herself for anybody, because it simply wouldn't make sense.

"What has been your greatest problem," I asked Mama Powell, "since your daughter became a famous dancing star?" I was thinking of fortune-hunting suitors, kidnappers, maybe daughter getting difficult—all those things.

"Her health!" said Mrs. Powell without a moment's hesitation. "I don't mean that Eleanor's health isn't good. I simply mean that I intend to keep it so, and that's a job when she's working. There will be no more of those collapses like the one she had during 'At Home Abroad.' I'm the one who got tough about this Washington date—all the extra shenanigans they wanted to put the child through. She's not sick, but she is tired, and I said right out that I'd just plain cancel the rest of the tour unless Eleanor was guaranteed peace and quiet between shows. So there!" Mama pushed a pin back into her smartly coiffed iron-grey hair and stood ready to fight for her chick against everything from autograph hounds on up."

I asked Eleanor to tell me about her hopes, loves, ambitions and dreams.

"Okay," she said. "Hopes. I hope to get home in one piece. Seriously, I hope to be able to make two swell box-office successes each year for five more years. Then we'll see what happens."

"Loves. Nothing serious. No time."



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"She's had several marvelous offers, though," said mama with a giggle. "Oh, I don't mean that the way it sounds. But she has, just the same."

"How about the various romances reported in the past?" I asked.

"Mostly studio romances—the usual thing and quite harmless," said Mrs. Powell frankly, while Eleanor looked demurely at an aching toe. "The grand thing is, though, that many good friendships have been the result. Notably Jimmy Stewart—such a nice boy!"

"How do you keep your boy friends?" I asked Eleanor.

"I feed 'em well!"

"What do you do for amusement?"

"Take a busman's holiday," she said.

"Go dancing, eh?"

"Yep, that's still my favorite sport."

"Shouldn't think you'd be able to find partners who'd be any fun for you to dance with."

"Oh, we mostly stand up by the orchestra and listen. Strictly a jitterbug, you know. But let's get on. We've disposed of love. And that's on the level. I'm not interested and never have been, seriously. Mama is right. I wanted to be famous and now I want to please the public for a while longer."

"Ambitions and dreams. One is about to be realized. I'm going to make a picture with Fred Astaire. Yippee! You know, once I said I never would, because—well, because I was sure he wouldn't want to, I guess, and I wanted to say it first. I mean, our dancing is

quite different in many respects. But I always had a sneaking wish, way down inside, to team up with him some day. Just as soon as my co-star gets back from Europe, we start rehearsing."

"Hope you get a good long rest first," muttered Mrs. Powell.

"First buzzer, Miss Powell!" a boy called.

"Mama, where's the rubbing alcohol? I must go now," she turned to me. "Thank you for your lovely compliments. What are you going to call this story, or do you put the title on last, like in the movies?"

"Powell and Company," I replied.

"Then meet the President!" she said, and pulled her mother's hand over to clasp mine.

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT BING?

(Continued from page 35)

years of writing about people in pictures.

Bing was off set, in a canvas chair marked with his name. He was wearing a hat, as usual. The same one. It's always that one. He seemed immersed in deep conversation with two very small men, also seated in canvas chairs. Their feet just grazed the floor. They also wore hats and very worried expressions. They were jockeys. Two of Bing's racing entourage. They closed in on the singer whenever he said something. They never smiled. Neither did he. Apparently the subject under discussion was a weighty one, carrying perhaps the portent of great international decisions.

This went on for a goodly forty minutes. Suddenly Bing broke it up by announcing he had to use a phone. The jockeys rose to their feet and looked more worried than ever. Crosby disappeared. Five minutes later he returned. He walked solemnly up to the jockeys and whispered, "Well, men, he came in third!" The jockeys moved on automatically and then they turned back, waving what appeared to be a worried and sad farewell to Bing. And he waved back saying a dispassionate, "S'long, men! Watch your weight!"

After that business was disposed of, Crosby and I had our chat. The first thing I asked was why all the concern on the part of the jockeys. He replied, characteristically, "They always worry. They have to. When it isn't their weight, it's the judges!"

SINCE forty minutes had been consumed by the diverting huddle with the jockeys, and since pictures must be shot even though Bing invests in them, I felt the moral compunction to help expedite the working schedule, so fired at him what I considered the essential question. Namely: Is horse breeding and racing a snobbish pastime for a Hollywood star?

For a second Bing seemed mentally to bolt. Such an idea had probably never before occurred to him. He pushed his hat back from his forehead and proceeded very sensibly to talk the thing over.

"Horse breeding and racing snobbish?" he asked. "That's taking a sort of new angle, I'd say. I'm fond of horses and get a big kick out of raising them and entering them on the tracks. Of course, they don't always come out winners. Sometimes they only make the 'also ran' grade. But breeding them in the hope you'll get a real Derby winner one day is what keeps up your interest."

"I certainly don't think that there's anything snobbish about owning a stable. I regard it as a business. One with a

good future. There are many people who make a better-than-average living out of breeding and racing—and they're way out of the millionaire class that you speak of. Now here's another thing. I don't feel that breeding or racing horses belongs to any one group of people. It belongs to anyone who wants to get into the game, likes it well enough, and can afford it. And there's some satisfaction in knowing that you're keeping many people working while you're experimenting, even if it should be only a man's hobby."

Bing's response to my telling him that he had been accused of "going social" ever since his advent, on a rather large scale, into the sports world, the Del Mar Turf Club, etcetera, was perfectly frank:

"Well, that's too bad. I can't help that. You can't control the other fellow's thoughts. However, there's one rule I've always followed and still do. I go around with the people I like. If my interests happen to take me into a new world, and I meet people there who strike it off right with me—and vice versa—the chances are we'll get together when the occasion and time permit. But that's the extent of my 'social aspirations!'"

The business of changing and exchanging friends is nothing new in any walk of life. And Hollywood is no exception. If anything, Hollywood puts a greater strain on old friendships because of the speed with which everything moves in careers. Bit player today, star tomorrow—and the reverse.

One of Bing's former buddies, who is very hurt over not seeing him much these days and is still sentimental over the seeming passing qualities of the friendship, expressed this thought, "I know Bing has many demands made on him since he is a big career man, and I say 'More power to him!' But that doesn't alter the fact that in my humble estimation he's gone swell-elegant on the gang who knew him when. And he certainly wasn't that way three or four years ago."

Others, too, lay it more definitely, if harshly, on the line—even saying, "Watch the box-office one of these days!" Which probably means they're anticipating less fortunate events for Mr. Crosby.

All of this is not so tolerant, nor does it bend backward with understanding, as do the following words from one who's known Bing since he first came to Hollywood, and has not the least suspicion for envy over his success:

"A couple of us old-timers were lunching at Lakeside a few weeks ago, following an early game of golf, and one of the boys said, 'Say, did you guys know that

Crosby was playing out here the other day with the caddy master? Why doesn't he give that pleasure to some of us who'd like the chance of getting together for a chin-fest and some laughs? What's the matter with him? Doesn't he like our company any more?"

THERE was a note of reproach in this chap's voice and each of us could understand it. Every one of us felt the same as he did. We all think Bing's a swell fellow and I guess we miss him. We resent the fact that we never seem able to get together any more.

"Well, I started thinking about many things pertaining to Crosby, after I left the club house. I mentally compared him today with the Bing of even five years ago. He has changed a great deal, there's no question about that. But how can it be otherwise? His own life has changed. He has a much larger family, for one thing, and he has three times as much work now than when his career first started rolling. He has more obligations—more responsibilities—more people crowding into his existence, one demanding this, another that. He hasn't time for many old friendships, and I'd be willing to bet my hat he'd like to spend some time with certain members of the 'old gang.' Certain others he'd be justified in forgetting because there would be no mutual interests to bind them together."

"The instance, his playing golf with the caddy master, seemed to surprise the boys. It didn't have that effect on me, however, because it has always been typical of Bing to do just what he wanted, when and how! If the mood hit him, he'd walk away from the President of the United States right in the middle of a golf game."

"Some people might call that being selfish or self-centered. Perhaps so. But whatever it is, it happens to be one of the characteristics of Bing—a temperamental quality. Maybe that's one of the reasons why he's Bing. And incidentally, you hear a lot about his simple, easy-going ways. Bing is anything but a person of simplicity. He's complex, difficult to understand. Very deep. His calm, easy-going manner is a cover-up to keep people at a proper distance from him. He has to assume this to survive the amount of work he is called on to do, and the inroads that are made on him. Everybody wants something from him."

"As I said before, he's changed a lot since I first knew him. But that's only reasonable. The thing that is unreasonable, though, are the demands people make in the name of 'old friendship.'"

GOODBYE

DANDRUFF



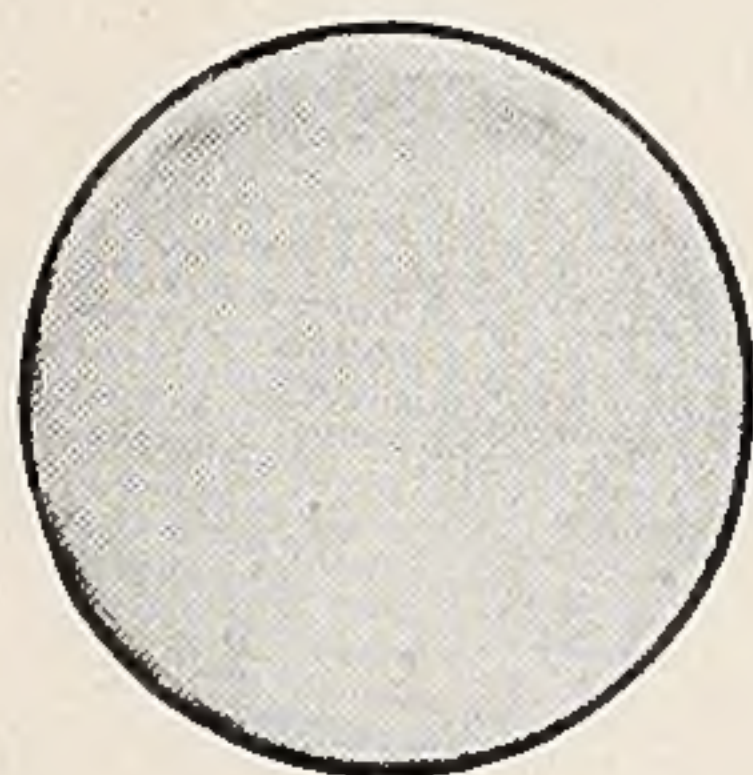
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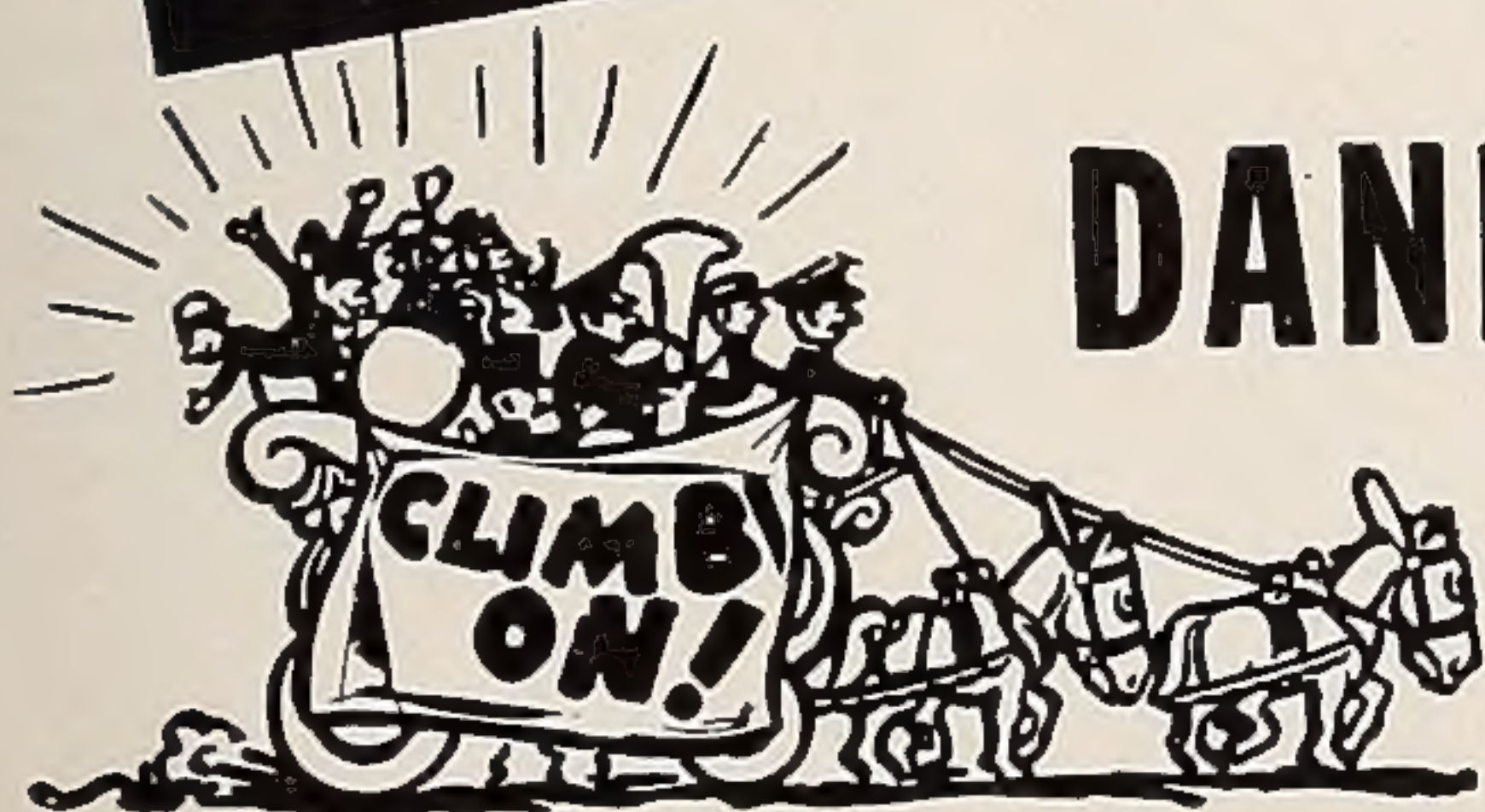
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